ALL AROUND ASIA

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REDWAY

ALL AROUND ASIA

A GEOGRAPHICAL READER

Scene in the Himalaya Mountains.

REDWAY'S GEOGRAPHICAL READERS

ALL AROUND ASIA

BY

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AND "COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY"

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

THE following pages are intended to round out the knowledge of American children concerning our neighbors across the Pacific. With the exception of the countries of the Iran Plateau, the routes followed are regular highways of travel which are open to all travellers. Such a trip may be made without much personal discomfort, and the entire expense need not exceed eighteen hundred dollars. It is hardly necessary to add that the information presented in these pages does not properly belong in a text-book of geography.

I wish to thank the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly* for the use of the two photographs of the bore of the Tsien Tang. They are presented on page 54 of this volume, through his courtesy, and are protected by copyright.

J. W. R.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.,
March, 1910.

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ALL AROUND ASIA

A GEOGRAPHICAL READER

ALL AROUND ASIA

CHAPTER I

THE ASIAN CONTINENT

Asiatic Types—Malay

THE great continent of Asia, of which we are about to learn, is a part of the Eastern, or Asian Continent. Asia is separated from Africa by the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and although they are joined by the narrow Isthmus of Suez, they are so completely separated that they have but little in common. In times past they must have been entirely separated, for the Isthmus of Suez is a low strip of wind-blown sand whose highest point is only a few feet above sea-level. The famous Suez Canal, made by engineer De Lesseps, now crosses the isthmus; but long ago in the time of the Pharaohs, or early kings of Egypt, other canals, on which much traffic was carried, connected the two seas.

The separation of Asia from Europe is not quite so easy to understand, for a map shows the

Asiatic Types—Japan

two great divisions to be a single body of land, which we are sometimes taught to call Eurasia. And although no physical feature seems to separate them, the two divisions of the continent are very much unlike. The great Arctic plain extends across both divisions, it is true, but beyond that feature the two divisions have little in common. From the Arabian Sea northward there extends a highland traversed by very rugged mountain ranges. Not only is this plateau very rugged, but much of it is a desert; and excepting two or three narrow passes across the ranges, there are very few places where it can be penetrated by commercial traffic; indeed, much of it is impassable to all but the hardy tribes who live there. This desert plateau is the real dividing boundary between Europe and Asia. On the Asian side the people are chiefly herders of cattle and tillers of the soil—people who are living in much the same manner as did their ancestors two thousand years ago. On the European side the people have learned the uses of the various metals, of the steam-engine, of machinery, and of coal as a power-producing mineral.

Asiatic Types—Indo-China

The central part of Asia is a basin-shaped plateau as large as the United States. Its floor is from one to three miles above sea level and its rim in places is more than a mile higher. The Himalaya Mountains, which form the southern part of the rim of this basin, are the loftiest mountains in the world, and some of the peaks are more than five miles high.

From the rim of this great basin flow the great rivers of Asia—north, south, and east; several, like the Brahmaputra, rise within the basin and cross its rim through deep canyons,

but most of them flow from its outer slopes. There are more salt lakes, some of them called *seas*, in Asia than in any other grand division, and nearly all of them are within the basin. The Caspian Sea is a salt lake, and the largest in the world; it is about five times the size of Lake Superior. The Sea of Aral and Lake Balkash are also salt. The former is about the size of Lake Superior, the latter is as large as Lake Ontario. Lake Baikal, the wonder lake of the world, is the largest fresh-water lake of Asia; it is larger than Lake Michigan.

Asiatic Types—China

Along the great Arctic plain the plant and the animal life are much the same both in Europe and Asia. South of the plain, however, they could not be more different if the two divisions were separated by a wide ocean; for southern Asia is the land of the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, leopard, hyena, tapir, and many other animals that are not found in Europe. Asia is the land from which most of our domestic animals and many of our foodstuffs originally came; it is also the continent from which come spices and teas, and much of our rice, silk, porcelain, and drugs.

It is thought that mankind first appeared on the earth somewhere in Asia. No one knows the exact locality where man first appeared, but the records of the history of mankind in Asia reach back for more than six thousand years.

Some of the records carved upon stone or stamped on brick may be much older.

Asia is peopled by dark-skinned races. In the eastern part are the peoples of the yellow race, of which the Chinese are examples. In the south-east and in the near-by islands are the brown, or Malay peoples. In the Hindu peninsula we find the real Indians, who, although usually classed with the white races, are almost as black as negroes. In the south-west are the Arabs, who are also dark-skinned, with black hair and bright, wicked black eyes. All these peoples we shall see in a journey around Asia.

We shall start at St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, pass through Moscow, and cross Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok, the Pacific port of the Russian Empire. We shall visit Korea, the "Hermit Nation," and thence we shall enter China at Tientsin and visit Peking, its capital. From Peking we shall go to Shanghai, and thence up the Yangtze River to Ichang. Descending the Yangtze we shall go to Hongkong, to Japan, and then to Saigon in Farther India, or Indo-China as it is now called, visiting also Siam. Thence we shall go on to Rangun, British Burma, stopping at Singapore and Penang. Leaving Burma we shall visit India, and then go to Arabia and the Holy Land. Thence we shall visit Persia and the Iran countries, and return to Europe by way of the Black Sea

CHAPTER II

ACROSS THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

At 8 P. M. our train pulls out of the station at St. Petersburg—or "Petersburg," as the Russians call it—bound for Moscow. Although the distance to Moscow is less than four hundred miles, we find that we shall not reach the city until

"Petersburg"—The Square

eight the following evening. The train, which would be considered very slow in America, is an express in Russia; it has ordinary first, second, and third-class cars, two sleeping-coaches, and a dining-car. The sleeping-car is divided into

compartments, and each compartment is arranged for two passengers. By midnight we are in the heart of the Russian forest. Now and then we cross sluggish streams, and here and there the bright moonlight shows us a little village in the midst of a clearing. The railway is built along a straight line. It is said that, when the route was surveyed, the road was planned to pass through a number of towns. When a map of the route was shown to the emperor for his approval,

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At Eight O'clock Our Train Pulls Out. Moscow—Railway Station

he placed a ruler with the edge on St. Petersburg and Moscow, and drew a line from one to the other: "Build that," he said, and "that" was built. If one will look at a map of Russia, the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow will be found to be a straight line; and if one rides over the railway it proves to be as straight as the engineers could build it.

By four o'clock next evening we are in the midst of a thickly settled part of the country. The villages are larger and seem more prosperous than those we have passed. The

people of the village, or "mir" as it is called, are peasants, or farmers and their families. They were formerly "serfs" or slaves, but were given their freedom in 1861. They do not own the land; they rent it from the nobleman whose great white palace and its adjoining buildings may be seen from the train. In these villages the Greek church is always the finest building, and almost always it has a green dome with a richly gilded top. A little farther on the train passes alongside the walls of a great stone-built monastery. Its great dome and minarets are covered with gold-leaf, and it looks strong enough for a fortress. The building of it must have cost millions of dollars, and the money it represents was wrung from the wretched Russian peasants.

A little after eight o'clock we enter the walls that surround the city. Moscow is the former capital of Russia, and it is often called the "Tartar City," because it was the chief stronghold of Russia when the Tartar, instead of the Russian, ruled the country. The great Kremlin or fortress is in the centre of the city. Its domes, too, are shining with gold. Once it was probably the strongest fortress in the world, but it would make a very poor defence against modern guns and dynamite shells. Moscow is still inclosed by the walls which the Tartars built, and it looks more like an Asian than a European city. If it could speak, this old wall would yield rich treasures of history. When Peter the Great was emperor he occasionally had trouble with disobedient nobles, and more than once he decorated this same wall with the heads of noblemen who did not know better than to trifle with his orders.

The trains of the Trans-Siberian Railway start from Moscow. The "International," as our train is named, leaves at 10 P. M., Moscow time, which is about two and one-half hours faster than Greenwich time and nearly eight hours faster than New York time. A droschky takes us with our luggage from

the hotel to the station. The latter has a large waiting-room for third-class passengers, and a smaller, finely furnished apartment for those holding first and second class tickets. There are three hundred passengers in the third-class waiting-room, and pretty nearly all the space is taken up by the big bundles and bigger babies. The people are wretched-looking

Moscow—General View

and very dirty. A priest seems to be in charge. They are village peasants and are going to Siberia. They do not go even in third-class cars; they are packed in freight-cars fitted up with wooden bunks. The Russian Government has given them land and takes them to their new home free of charge.

At quarter before ten the station usher calls out. His raucous voice is a torrent of gutturals in which we catch the names Omsk and Irkutsk, and so we pass to the train-shed,

escorted by an attendant dressed like a major-general. The train has several sleeping-coaches, two coaches for second-class passengers, a dining-car, a good bath-room, and a compartment for baggage, and in a niche of the dining-car is a piano. The train is lighted by electric lights and one can read very comfortably at night. Each passenger is expected to furnish towels and soap for himself, and several

Moscow—The Kremlin

carry heavy rugs and fur overcoats. The food served in the dining-car is poorly prepared and is served by waiters in soiled aprons.

Beyond Moscow the landscape is dreary enough. The towns and villages are far apart, and the train stops are frequent and long. Two days out from Moscow we cross the Volga River on a magnificent steel bridge, a little less than a mile long. The thirteen spans of the bridge rest on stone piers, each with a sharp steel "cutwater"—designed to break the big floes of ice. The steel of this bridge was made from

Lake Superior iron ore smelted and rolled into shape by Pennsylvania workmen—and the same is true also of most of the six thousand miles of steel rails that span the distance between St. Petersburg and Vladivostok.

Samara, a thrifty-looking city at the crossing of the river, is the capital of the "government," or province, of the same name. As we wait and wait at the station, we hear fine-looking peasants speaking in excellent German. They are Germans, sure enough, for to this part of Russia whole colonies of German farmers have emigrated from the fatherland. They have come hither to make new homes, where land can be purchased for very much less than in Germany. Samara Government is in the "black belt" of Russia, a region of black and very fertile soil, and one of the best wheat-producing regions in Europe. The city of Samara has a population of about 100,000. It is a brisk business place with its flour-mills and tanneries. It is famous also for "kumiss," or fermented milk; and this product draws to the city many invalids. Several fairs are held at Samara each year.

Half a day beyond Samara we reach Ufa. It is a city of considerable size, the population being about half that of Samara. Here, for the first time, we see the Russian "tarantass," a sort of stage-coach drawn by three horses abreast. The middle horse has a high yoke curving over his shoulders, and the team is galloping at full speed, drawing a heavy load. It carries the mail and the czar's official orders, changing horses at stations which are about fifteen miles apart. Passengers who travel over the road must have permits, and these are closely inspected by officials. The station is crowded with soldiers. In their faces they do not look like Russians; and, indeed, they are not Russians, but Bashkiris. Their ancestors came probably from Asia, after the Tartars had invaded Russia. Possibly they may have driven the Tartars

out of the country, for Ufa was a Tartar city long before the Bashkiris possessed it. The soldiers are waiting for the train that is to take them to Orenburg. Their wide, flat noses and slanting eyes give them a Mongol appearance which the Russian caps do not hide, and their faces are brutal. A half-drunken soldier kicks a poor peasant woman who gets in his way, whereupon an officer draws his sword and hits the brute a blow, the mark of which he will probably carry for the rest of his life.

Ufa is certainly an up-to-date town. There are a score or

A Droschky—In Winter the Body is Set on Runners

more of churches, several Mohammedan mosques, excellent schools—far better than those in many larger cities of Russia—a commercial high school, a fine public library, a museum, half a dozen hospitals, and several homes for aged people and orphans. The sad part is that the great mass of people cannot read nor write; nevertheless Ufa is a credit to the empire compared with most Russian cities.

Beyond Ufa the prairie gives way to rolling land, and the pull of the locomotive warns us that we are riding on an up-

grade. In a few hours we are climbing the Ural Mountains. Pine forests have given place to birches, and rock ledges crop out on both sides of the railway track. Almost at the summit of the mountains is Zlatust, a brisk iron-mining town, where several passengers leave the train. They are the principal owners of one of the iron-mines, and they have come

Zlatust—The Heart of the Ural Mountains

all the way from Paris to inspect their property. At this station we overtake a train of freight-cars guarded by Bashkiri soldiers. The cars have small windows with heavy iron bars and we are told that it is a prison train filled with convicts exiled from Russia. Some of the convicts have been taken from the train and are to be put to work in the mines at Zlatust. They are shackled two by two and guarded by sol-

diers. A glimpse of their faces does not excite much pity, for they are as villainous-looking a lot as ever were gathered in by the Russian police.

The train groans as the heavy locomotive zigzags around the curves in the track. A few miles beyond Zlatust we reach the summit station. At the summit is a stone pyramid marked on one side "Europe," on the other "Asia." The train now slips down the eastern slope, into the dreary plains

We are within the Boundary of Siberia

of Siberia. We are still in Russian territory, however, and we do not cross the line that the czar has set as the boundary between official Russia and official Siberia for half a day. At Cheliabinsk we begin to realize that we are a long way from St. Petersburg—nearly two thousand miles. At Kurgan we are well within the boundary of official Siberia. Then we pass Petropovolovsk—which means "Peter-Paul" —once a great centre of the Russian caravan trade, but now more like a decadent mining town of the West. The main

line of the railway passes far to the south of Tiumen, Ekaterinberg, and Tobolsk, to which branch lines have been built.

At Omsk we realize that things are getting to be quite Asiatic. We add a carful of Chinese to our train, and a dignified Chinese merchant clad in a fur robe that reaches to his

Crossing the Ural Mountains

feet enters our coach. Camels are everywhere in sight—little brown Bactrian animals of the two-hump kind. They have thick hair that has become clean and glossy during their long resting-spell. In less than four weeks, however, they will be carrying heavy loads of merchandise across the Kirghiz steppes into Turkestan. But even this will soon be a thing of the past, for the railway is almost within sight of Tash-

kent. The Russians are doing some pretty good missionary work in Turkestan by sending colonies of emigrants there. And already the results are beginning to show better sheep and cattle, better hides and more tallow.

Omsk and its sister city, Tobolsk, are very much of a kind —low wooden houses, streets deep with mud in wet weather and dust in the dry season, a fortress, and a great church-building with its resplendent dome. Both are spoken of as

Camels are in Sight

"dead houses." That means that they have been prison colonies. The old prison stockade of Omsk has long since disappeared, but that of Tobolsk is still in business. Only a few years ago to be sentenced to the stockade meant a speedy death, so horrible were the conditions. Many of the respected citizens of both cities are exiles from Russia. They have their freedom and can do about what they please—except to go back to Russia. Why do they not return? Many have tried it, and a few—a very few—have reached

Europe or America. If they travel along the post-roads, they must have permits or be arrested. If they travel southward across the desert and the steppes, they must have food, water, and arms, or perish—and there you are! The walls of a prison are not more secure than is the heart of Siberia.

Russian Peasants

We cross the Irtysh River near the mouth of the Om, and the upper part of the Ob, about two hundred miles beyond. The crossing of the Tom is two hundred miles farther. A branch of the railway extends to Tomsk, perhaps the largest city of Siberia and the capital of Western Siberia. There are good wheat lands along these rivers, and many thousands of people are yearly emigrating to them. The Russian Government is generous to its colonists and wise in its methods with them. A community wishing to go to Siberia sends one of the "elders" of the mir as an agent. The agent purchases a round-trip ticket, which costs but very little if he travels fourth or fifth class. Once on the ground all necessary assistance is given him to select such lands as his colony may require. In some instances the colonies are transported without cost to themselves, and farming machinery is furnished them free. Once in Siberia their crops will soon be paying freight over the railway. The

railway has already carried about one million colonists into Siberia. The scheme has proved most wise.

A mile or two beyond Krasnoyarsk we cross the Yenesei River, over a steel bridge half a mile or more in length. We are told that the spans of the bridge were put together on the bank and rolled along stringers into place, an interesting and novel method of bridge building.

Eight and one-half days out from Moscow and we reach

Irkutsk—The Capital of Siberia

Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. By this time we are able to reason that there must be an Irkut River, and that Irkutsk is its river port, which is the case; for the Irkut flows into the Angara opposite the city. From the bank of the Angara opposite, we get the best view of the city. Irkutsk has a population of 50,000 or more. Its great domes give the city a stately appearance when viewed from a distance; but in the city streets we see little but shabby build-

ings and bad streets. A thaw having set in, the streets, deep with slushy mire, could not be more unpleasant. The chilly yet sultry air is a disagreeable change from the bracing cold weather of the past week. It is a surprise, too, for Irkutsk is one of the coldest inhabited places in the world. In midwinter it is no uncommon thing for the thermometer to reach fifty degrees below zero and it rarely goes much higher than zero. And yet, Irkutsk is not so far north as Berlin or London; it is but little farther north than Winnipeg. In spite of the cold, however, winter weather is not more unpleasant than that of summer. For in the long days of July the sun beats unmercifully, and the winds keep the air full of dust. Irkutsk has the reputation of being the most lawless place in the czar's dominions. There is an average of more than one murder for every day in the year. This is a result of the practice of exiling convicts, as well as political prisoners, to Siberia. The convicts who have served their time in Siberian prisons are not allowed to go back to Russia; so they gather at such places as Irkutsk.

From Irkutsk we are on the eastern division of the Trans-Siberian Railway. We are told that passenger trains are not now running around the upper end of Lake Baikal, and that our International train is to be made up on the other side of the lake. We are also directed to be at the station before two o'clock in the morning for the special train to Baikal, where sleighs will be provided to take us across the lake.

We are awakened a little after midnight and eat a very early breakfast. The Russian passengers drink copiously of the tea from the steaming samovar, for they have been up all night. A dozen or more droschkies take us to the station, and the line is closely guarded by mounted police. The latter do not leave us an instant until we are within the station, for there are a score or more of villainous-looking convicts around.

It is a run of four hours to Baikal station, on the edge of the lake. There we find, not sleighs, but the ice-breaker *Angara*, which is to take us to solid ice half-way across the lake. The *Angara* is a large and powerful steamship constructed especially for breaking through the ice that forms on Lake Baikal. Half a mile from the long pier we are in thick "sludge," or ice that has been broken and again frozen in rough, hummocky lumps. The *Angara* is practically a "double-ender," and both ends are constructed for ramming ice. She ploughs through the sludge as easily as though it were water. Then we come to the "field," or solid ice, four feet thick. We feel a slight shock as she strikes it, but the pause is only for an instant. Pilot, engineers, and stokers are ready for real work. Clouds of the blackest smoke jump from the two smoke-stacks and the steam roars. The bow lifts up great blocks of ice, her fore-screw breaks them into bits, and they disappear. The ice is becoming thicker and the *Angara* is losing speed. A bell!—three bells: "Stop!—back full speed," a mile or two!—"Go ahead, full speed," the bell signals. Then the *Angara* gets busy. Fifteen boilers, thirty stokers, and tons of coal are making steam. Away we go—crack!—jam!!—bang!!!—big blocks of ice jump into the air, and we are smashing along in fine style. Up in the pilot-house the captain leisurely takes a cigarette from a silver case and lights it. He looks a bit satisfied with his morning's work—and he has good right to feel proud.

Nearly half-way across the lake we see what look like black spots ahead; the *Angara* begins to slow down again, and the black spots gradually shape themselves into "troikas," or sleighs. We take a hasty lunch, debark from the ship, and are soon wrapped in fur robes. Then the race begins. The horses, three to each sleigh, are put to a keen gallop and the sleighs fly through the air. Ten!—fifteen!—twenty miles, and we are at Pereyomnia, on the eastern shore of the great lake.

Lake Baikal is certainly a wonder. It is a "mountain" lake, and yet it is in a great plain. Its shores are high and rocky. When we reached its edge in the morning its surface seemed hundreds of feet below the ground level. It is the deepest lake in the world—forty-five hundred feet to the lowest part of its bottom, and that is thirty-one hundred feet lower than sea-level. Coral, sponge, and fur-seal live side by side in the lake, and its waters are almost alive with

The Ice-breaker, *Angara*

food-fish. One species lives in very deep water, and when a fish comes to the surface its air-bladder bursts, killing it instantly. The very deep water is only a trifle above freezing temperature all the year round. In June and July water-plants form on the surface and nearly cover large areas of water. It is called the "blossoming of the lake." Near the southern part, bits of mineral wax come to the surface; they are eagerly collected, and are much used as a medicine for rheumatism. In midwinter the ice is nine feet or more in

thickness. With the approach of spring great cracks form in it, breaking with a sound like thunder, which can be heard for miles.

Pereyomnia is merely a name, and the station is only a shed with a board walk beside the track. Mysovaya, just beyond, seems to be a trifle better than most Siberian towns. Some of our passengers leave us here, to go down the Amur River. A branch road takes them to Stretensk, where they take the Amur steamboat for Khaborovsk, if the river is open. We afterward learn that they waited several days at Stretensk and then went on in a troika.

We cross the frontier of Manchuria expecting to be in the heart of China almost at once, but at Harbin we have a pleasant disappointment, for it is one of the most modern, up-to-date cities in the world. The Russians certainly know how to do things well when they wish to do them well; and Harbin is an example. They acquired a great area all around by private purchase, in order to keep other foreigners out of reach; then they built a city on the banks of the Sungari. And what a city!—government buildings, banks, railway shops, hospitals, schools, a college for women, and a commercial and trades school, all of the most approved kind. There are also several schools where the Russian language is taught to Chinese and the Chinese language to Russians.

Harbin is already a great milling city, and the mills are large enough to make over one million pounds of flour a day. In addition to the railway trains, steamboats leave daily for ports on the Sungari and Amur Rivers, and each boat has usually one or two barges in tow. Yes, the Russian merchant is wide awake. But even Harbin has plenty of wretchedness along with its business enterprises, for at night the city is overrun with thieves and cut-throats.

Two Chinese officials come aboard the train at Harbin. They are most gentlemanly in their appearance and manners,

and one of them is speaking French easily and correctly. A dozen freight-cars filled with Chinese coolies are attached to our train. The coolies are going on to Vladivostok. Most of our passengers, however, change for Port Arthur or for Peking; as Harbin is at the junction of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

Two days are passed on the trip before we reach Vladivostok. The journey has been most tiresome, and we greatly

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Harbin—The Railway Station

enjoy the prospect of several days of rest in the excellent hotel. Vladivostok is the Russian port of the Pacific. The Russians spent millions and millions of dollars to make it the finest Asian port of the Pacific, and in all respects but one it is that. One thing, however, they could not do; they could not keep the harbor from freezing during the winter, and so the work went for naught—while much of the money went into the pockets of thieving contractors. The city is built on a peninsula that partly shuts in the Golden Horn, or bay.

Vladivostok—The Russian Port of the Pacific

The bay is a fine anchorage for a fleet, but if the ships unfortunately happen to be in the bay when the ice forms they are pretty apt to stay there the rest of the winter. But the Russians have made Vladivostok an attractive city, and in spite of the ice, it is an important naval station.

The plain that we have crossed almost shuts in the Arctic Ocean. It is the largest of the world's great plains. In spite of its great size, however, scarcely more than half of it is adapted to human life. Nearly one-third of the area is so far north that ordinary food-stuffs will not grow. The part that lies next the Arctic Ocean consists of half-frozen swamps called "tundras," in which nothing but coarse moss will grow. Let us see why these swamps are there. Most of the rivers of Siberia rise in the mountains far south where the weather is warm. They flow across the plain into the Arctic Ocean, far north, where the ice does not begin to melt until June or July. But long before May, the snow and ice in southern Siberia have melted and the rivers are bank-full of water. When the water reaches northern Siberia it is in a region so cold that the ice will not begin to melt for many weeks; so it spreads out over the low coast and promptly freezes. Then when the Arctic summer comes along, the whole coast becomes a deep swamp.

The middle belt of Siberia is forest-covered wherever there is water enough for the growth of trees. But there is much open land along the river flood-plains; and these are the lands that are making Siberia a great wheat-growing country. In years to come Siberia will be able to feed a population nearly as great as that of Europe.

Much of the southern part of Siberia is too dry to produce food-stuffs, but it is a fine cattle country and the fertile river valleys here and there will yield great crops. In time, even the arid regions will have millions of sheep, and it is pretty certain to become a famous wool-producing country.

What is still better, there is plenty of gold, copper, iron, and coal, and these in themselves are sufficient to make Russia in Asia one of the great powers of the world. It is a question only of time, education, and money wisely spent.

CHAPTER III

KOREA, THE HERMIT NATION

After a week of rest at Vladivostok, we board a small steamship that plies between Vladivostok and Korean ports. The officers are Russians, but the deck hands, firemen, and coal-heavers are all Chinese. Formerly Japanese were employed, but once upon a time, just after the steamer had left Fusan, something or other happened to the steering gear. For several hours the ship steamed very slowly in a straight line toward Nagasaki. Somehow or other the vessel would steer all right toward Nagasaki, but the Japanese quartermasters could not make her go in any other direction. So the captain concluded to call at Nagasaki. As soon as the vessel was in the harbor, all hands dropped work, bade the honorable captain of the honorable steamship an affectionate good-by, and got ashore as best they could, expressing a wish that the rest of the honorable voyage might be pleasant and prosperous. After that trip no more Japanese sailors were employed on the vessel.

The steamship calls at Gensan, where we see none but Japanese; and also at Fusan, or "Kettle Mountain," where the Japanese have a military post. Then we round the peninsula and sail northward to Chemulpho. Here we land within a fine harbor at the principal port of Korea—the "Hermit Nation."

The peninsula of Korea is the backbone of a mountain range that stretches southward from Manchuria. On one side is the Yellow Sea; on the other, the Sea of Japan; on

the north, rugged mountains form a barrier between it and Manchuria: and thus shut off by seas and mountains it is almost isolated from the rest of the world. It is just as though a high range of mountains extended across the northern part of Florida, from Pensacola to Jacksonville.

Korea is nearly as large as New York and Pennsylvania together, and has nearly as many people—about ten millions altogether. Along the Pacific Coast the surface is quite rugged, but the side facing the Yellow Sea has much level land and many fertile valleys. The climate is about as mild

Chemulpho—The Harbor and Water-front

as that of Virginia. Nature has made Korea one of the most beautiful lands in the world.

The Koreans themselves have always been very jealous of foreigners, and for many years kept them out of the country. Travellers were not permitted to enter, and some of the few who smuggled themselves within the borders were made to remain when discovered. Several French missionaries got in by stealth. For a while they were kept under close watch; then they were ordered to leave. They refused to go, however, and were therefore put to death. An American vessel, the *General Sherman*, attempted to enter one of the harbors.

The master was ordered to leave, but refused to do so. The ship was wrecked in trying to force an entrance and the captain and crew were massacred. All this brought trouble to the Koreans and several times the warships of foreign nations bombarded the coast. At one time a number of American ships entered the harbor of Kangwha and captured the fort, but as the ships retired without making any further attack, the Koreans considered that they had made an end of all foreign invasions.

In the course of time, the Japanese made a treaty with Korea; and then, a few years afterward, the Americans found that persuasion was better than warships. So, in 1883, Commodore Schufeldt succeeded in making a treaty at Chemulpho whereby Korea should be open to Americans as well.

The Koreans resemble the Chinese in appearance, but they do not speak the Chinese language. Moreover, they are a distinct race and are much like the peoples whom the Hindus found in India when they entered that country. The Koreans are remarkable in many ways, and their written history covers nearly four thousand years. Korean customs and manners are very elaborate and ceremonious, but their civilization is vastly different from ours. In spite of their efforts to keep the doors of their nation shut to the rest of the world, they are in many respects more progressive than the Chinese.

As we leave the steamship at Chemulpho, the fine view of the city as seen from the harbor seems to change like the dissolving views of a magic lantern. There is a "bund"—we should call it "Water Street"—about a mile long. It looks like the water-front of almost any European city so far as the paving is concerned, but that is all. Men clad in white are going to and fro. They wear long gowns and at first one might think that they were women. They are government employés—clerks, they are called—and they may be secre-

taries, clerks, spies, policemen, or messengers. We call out, "Boy! Boy!" to a group of Japanese and one of them runs to us, doffing his cap, and speaking very fair English. He tells us that we may go on to Seoul, the capital, by train in an hour, or remain overnight in Chemulpho and go by jinricksha the next day.

We choose the ricksha and are conducted to a Japanese

Chemulpho—A Street Scene

hotel not far away. We step into a chair much like the box of a baby carriage, in which we try to sit cross-legged, while two lusty coolies trot off to a very comfortable hotel.

After the Japanese began to control Korea, Chemulpho quickly outgrew its fishing-village stage and became a seaport. In 1905 there were ten thousand Japanese and thirty thousand Koreans. Once upon a time a considerable amount of American cotton cloth and coal oil used to be shipped to

Korea. The coal oil is still sent into the country, but the shrewd, wily Japanese merchant has captured the cloth trade and he manages also to squeeze a profit out of the oil trade. Moreover, out of these profits commercial Chemulpho has been built.

At sunrise we are called to a good breakfast of fruit, fish, coffee, and bread. The fish seems to have been cooked with fruit of some kind or other. Raw fish is also served, but we cannot quite get our courage to the point of trying it. Our boy has procured a ricksha and two stout coolies for the trip of twenty-five miles over a very rough road that proves to be worse than an Arizona trail. In several places we get out of the ricksha and clamber as best we can, while the coolies actually carry it up banks too steep to haul it. A sedan-chair would have been more comfortable than the ricksha.

Bad as it is, we learn afterward that this road is one of the best in Korea. For short distances here and there it follows the banks of the ditches that separate rice-fields. Most of the way, however, it is a deep rut worn by shuffling feet—soft, slimy mud after a rain and deep with dust in dry weather. Our ricksha men go along at a slow trot. Here and there we pass chairmen also carrying travellers who seem to be rather more uncomfortable than ourselves. Ours is the only ricksha on the road that day, as foreigners almost always take the railway train, which makes the trip of twenty-six miles in about two hours.

By three o'clock we are in sight of the walls of Seoul, the capital of Korea, and also the railway. There is plenty of time to get within the city's gates, for they are no longer closed at night. Once they were closed at sunset; then the time of closing was made nine o'clock, or thereabout. Perhaps the Japanese were responsible for the change, but it was a very sensible one. Once upon a time anyone unlucky enough to be outside the walls when the gates were closed

was compelled to remain outside until morning. The wall is a massive affair. It was built about a century before the American continent was discovered by Columbus, and it has been kept in good condition ever since. There are eight gateways through the wall, each guarded by heavy, iron-covered doors.

We enter the city through the South Gate, together with a long line of people of all sorts—Korean workmen, Japanese soldiers and merchants, and Chinese pedlers. A chair in which sits a Russian, borne by four stout coolies, comes up. The coolies try to push our ricksha aside, but the Japanese guards force them back to their place in the line; whereat the Russian swears most volubly in about every language known, and the guards look sullen and act sullen. The Russian keeps his place, however, and smooths his feelings by swearing in English!

We Enter the City through the South Gate

Once inside the gate we seem to be in a different world. The walls of the little one-story houses are made of clay and cobblestone, and are covered with straw-thatched roofs. In some of the houses there is an attempt at front porches. Clothes lines and clothes lines zigzag from roof to roof, and it seems as though all Seoul must be having a wash-day. A little farther on we see a cluster of Japanese dwellings. They are built of bamboo and the little yards in front of them have a profusion of flowers. Then we turn into a street of shops. It is very narrow and the merchants have di-

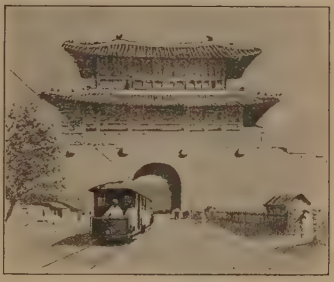
played their wares on little tables and racks that reach nearly to the middle of the street. Little children begin to swarm around us. Some of them are naked, and all are as dirty as dirt can make them. In trying to avoid a little youngster our ricksha upsets a rack piled with vegetables and scatters them. Instantly a dozen or more youngsters pounce upon the wares, while their owner runs out screaming with anger. One of our ricksha men thereupon pushes him over on the squirming pile of urchins. There are yells of laughter on all sides as we scurry along at a good pace. We turn into a wider, well-cleaned street and halt at a Japanese hotel.

The hotel, one story high, is built around a sort of court. Everything about it is neatly kept and the general appearance is that of thrift and comfort. The proprietor comes out to welcome us—which he does in fairly good English. "He would gladly place his wretched apartments at our honorable service but, unfortunately, his miserable establishment is full. He will try to make amends for his unpardonable thoughtlessness, however, and secure quarters for us at the Railway Station Hotel." Then comes a surprise indeed—a telephone! After a short season of screeching, guttural sounds, we are informed that apartments at the station hotel are at our service.

Our ricksha men trot quickly along and we turn into another wide street. Here surprise number two awaits us—an electric street railway! A car comes along; the motorman, a Korean, clangs his gong American fashion and the trolley wheel spits electric sparks in true American style. We reach the hotel, which has somewhat the appearance of an American frontier tavern, but is very clean and comfortable.

The following day we spend in strolling about sightseeing. Our hotel is not far from the East Gate. This gate is at the terminus of the railway between Chemulpho and Seoul, and only a short distance away stands an electric car.

The car was built in the United States and the road was built by Americans. We take the car to the business centre of the city. People throng the principal street, and they move about so leisurely that time is evidently no object. Some are afoot; others are in chairs; still others crowd upon the little street-car. Nearly all the men wear long white robes, the sleeves of which are much longer than the arms. Their hats have high crowns and broad brims, and the collar of the robe is fastened by a colored necktie with long, flowing ends. The hair is tied closely in a round knot or bob just back of the top of the head. That shows the wearer to be a married man. Bachelors and young unmarried men are not permitted to wear the knot; they must go about hatless, with the hair parted in the middle and gathered in a queue or braid which hangs at the back. A bachelor in Korea does not have a very happy life. He is jeered in public and has very few rights in private life; even if old enough to be a grandfather he is considered only a boy.



Seoul—the East Gate

Korean Costumes

Here is a man driving a little bit of a pack-horse no larger than

a Shetland pony. The bundles of wood that the poor brute carries are about as large as the animal itself. The pony is a sorry-looking specimen and the brutal driver is constantly beating it with a cudgel. The large slouching hat he wears is a badge of the class to which he belongs—about the lowest in the scale. In spite of the cruel treatment which they receive, the ponies endure very long trips, bearing heavier loads than the stout Indian ponies used to carry when the pack-horse was the locomotive of the far West. Ugly and vicious they may be, but they are wonderfully useful animals.

A Young Man in Mourning

Another hat of tremendous proportions comes in sight, and it is a wonder! It looks much like a half-opened umbrella and it is as large as a parasol. The wearer of this hat is in mourning for his father. The hat is black and is drawn so far over him that head and face are hidden. For fear that his grief may be seen, he has a cloth screen stretched between two sticks of bamboo in front of his face. He must wear both the hat and the screen for a year after the father's death. At the end of the year he may remove the screen, but he must wear the hat. After the second year he may replace the hat by one of the shape ordinarily worn, but this time it must be of straw color instead of black. For two years he wears in public a long gown of gray or straw color, but during the third year he gradually replaces his mourning clothes with the ordinary garb. For three years also he is supposed to give up all business, though he may carry on business through others; and this he does unless he is wealthy.

We meet several government officers of high rank. They are carried in richly carved chairs, each borne by four stout coolies. Guards are at the front and in the rear of the chair, and a runner with a voice like a fog-horn goes ahead to clear the way. The officer over whom all this fuss is made sits complacently in the chair, seeming to notice nothing. He wears a robe of the finest silk, and the long sleeves hide his hands. The robe is a pale, beautiful yellow in color, and it is bound above the waist by a silk cord. The buttons in front are of amber. Just behind is a chair bearing another officer, but the latter wears garments of European cut and a high silk hat. An official of high rank would not think of going about the city afoot and, indeed, to do so would be neither safe nor proper.

On a side street, in a very plain but neatly kept house, is a Korean school. All told, there are not more than twenty pupils. Their ages vary from five or six to about fourteen. The master is an old man, perhaps sixty years of age. His beard is long and white, and the lenses of his heavy gold spectacles are large and saucer-like. His robe is of white linen and he wears a turban-like hat. Two boys sit on the floor before him reciting in a sing-song drawl; the others are studying from books printed in characters like those of the Chinese language. The studies are much the same as those an American boy must master—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history. Besides these, a boy must also be very familiar with the "Book of Conduct"—a book from which he learns how he must behave and what he should do under all possible circumstances. Within the past few years very good schools have been established in the larger cities of Korea, so that young men may learn European methods of commerce. In these schools the Korean and not the Chinese language is used, for the Korean language has an alphabet, and is much better for doing business with foreigners than is the Chinese language.

Near by are two Korean women doing the laundry work for the family. They are women of low rank, or they would not be in a place so public. One of the women is spreading on the ground the pieces she has just washed. The other is wrapping around a wooden roller a garment that has been folded with great care. She wraps it about the roller so nicely that there are no wrinkles, and then begins to beat it with a stick. This she does until it is smooth and dry. It is a rather crude way of "ironing" clothes, but the Korean washerwomen manage it very skilfully, and the clothing we see is as white and smooth as the garments from an American laundry.

Korean Women

A little farther on we come to a market. It is not a clean place, and the odor of fish, stale fruit, and garlic is rather strong. There are fine apples, tomatoes, oranges, lily bulbs, peaches, Japanese persimmons, and grape-fruit in tempting piles. Rice, American flour, fresh fish, dried fish, poultry, beef, dog meat, and bacon are all for sale. Eggs wrapped in straw and tied in the form of sticks are one of the curiosities of the Korean market. A husky young farmer leading an ox loaded with straw is just coming to the market-place. The straw, twisted into hanks almost as hard as pieces of wood, is used as fuel, for coal is a luxury that few people can afford.

The Korean farmer is patient and hard-working. The tools he uses are rather primitive. His plough, if he has one, is a luxury. It is made of rough pieces of wood and is armed

with an iron shoe, which can be readily removed when the flimsy wooden frame is broken or knocked to pieces. Quite as likely the ploughing is done by a spade and three men. Two pieces of rope are fastened to the lower part of the spade; one man holds the spade in position, the others just pull, and the spade makes a shallow furrow. Rice is the chief crop in the lowlands and such fields as may be irrigated; in the uplands, millet, barley, and a kind of upland rice are

A Korean Farm Village

grown. Rakes, flails, baskets, and ricks for holding the grain are made of bamboo. A heavy wooden or stone pestle suspended from the end of a spring-beam of bamboo is used to pound the grain into a coarse flour.

Beans, peas, potatoes, sorghum, and rice form the chief food-stuffs of the Koreans. Along the coast, fish is used chiefly as meat, but in the interior the traditional pig is kept in the traditional parlor. In spite of his twelve hours of daily labor, the Korean farmer lives pretty well. Betweentimes

he and his family manage to grow a little cotton, flax, and a kind of grass that is used for making cloth When they cannot work out of doors they make cloth sandals, baskets of willow or of bamboo, woodenware, and matting. Now and then the farmer takes a day off and "goes to town." He piles a bamboo rack with the various wares he wishes to sell. It is a heavy, unwieldy load that he carries, but he plods along the deeply-worn trail to the market-town perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. Once at the market, he loses no time in disposing of his wares. This done, he becomes a true "sport" and plunges into dissipation to the amount, maybe, of twenty-five cents.

There are slaves in Korea. In a few instances the slaves are boys; most of them, however, are women. A widow or a single woman may sell herself into slavery. Women unable to support themselves are apt to do this: and a woman doing so becomes the drudge of the family into which she sells herself. If she has children, they also become slaves. The family of a man who has been tried and found guilty of any great crime may be sold into slavery, and this is very often done, if the man has been sentenced to death. But slavery, even in such cases, is by no means so common now as in years gone by.

Two nations are each very desirous of annexing Korea—Russia and Japan. For a long time the Russians coveted Korea. Any one of the Korean ports would have been more serviceable than Vladivostok, the chief Russian port and naval station on the Pacific; moreover, there are rich gold-mines and great areas of fine timber which the Russians wanted. It is not very strange that the Japanese wanted these same things, not to speak of a market for Japanese manufactures. So when the Russians began cutting the magnificent timber along the Yalu River, the Japanese very soon found an excuse for declaring war against the Russians.

The Japanese now have pretty nearly everything their own way, and although they have not formally annexed Korea, it is just about as much a part of Japan as though a Japanese emperor sat upon the Korean throne.

After spending a week in and about Seoul, we take the railway train, returning to Chemulpho, where we await a steamship that is to take us to China.

CHAPTER IV

CHINA—ITS EARLY HISTORY

Long, long ago, so long indeed that the memory of man knoweth not, invaders made their way, through deserts and over mountains shrouded in everlasting snow, into the fertile plains of eastern Asia. Who the invaders were, or whence they came, we know not. Out of the many traditions one can be certain of but little; but somewhere between four thousand and five thousand years ago, these invaders drove the native peoples out of the plains of the Hoang River. That was the name which the invaders gave the river because its swift current was yellow with the mud of the wind-blown dust from the deserts beyond. The invaders massacred the natives who refused to submit; they adopted those who yielded. Thus was created China.

Pan ku

The earliest books of China's history tell us about this great invasion, but the accounts are composed of tales quite as marvellous as those of the Arabian Nights. From these books we learn that once upon a time heaven and earth were all in one. But there came a man of divine power who rent them apart, and brought order in each. This divine man was Pan ku, and one may now and then find

pieces of rare porcelain on which Pan ku is depicted. In these pictures Pan ku's tremendous weapon, half battle-axe, half sledge-hammer, is making suns and moons fly like chips from a log, as it splits the everlasting hills in the misty horizon. But in this fascinating story we get a glimpse of the Divine command: *Let there be Light.*

Apparently Pan ku was a trifle careless about the workmanship on his job, for a few thousand years later a part of the sky fell. But his successor, Nu wa, knew a thing or two about mending broken heavens, and she concluded that mending such a trivial matter as a broken sky was easy. So she fastened each broken fragment into its place with a precious stone—and, in time, each jewel became a star. Perhaps there are people who are incredulous about Nu wa's workmanship; for if one attempts a story that seems a bit too strong for a Chinese listener, he will tell you that you are patching the sky with jewels.

After Nu wa Came Three Sovereigns
(From an antique porcelain loaned by Miss K. V. Clark)

After Nu wa, came three sovereigns, each of whom reigned for eighteen thousand years. This trio of rulers could not have counted for much, however, for in all the four and fifty thousand years of their reign the people had not learned to house, clothe, nor govern themselves.

The "Five Rulers" who followed the three shiftless rulers were mighty decent fellows. One of them, observing that the birds built nests, taught his people to make huts. Another, the Tubal Cain of his times, taught them that fire could be

made by rubbing together two pieces of wood. Then Shin nung, in a reign many times as long as the days of Methuselah, taught the art of agriculture. Shin nung is easily the patron saint of the Chinese, and in his honor the emperor must yearly plough a furrow or two, so that the children of his empire may have example of frugality and industry. Still another emperor taught the art of letters, inventing the characters of Chinese writing that are the despair of every European.

Blending mythical and real history, there follow the reigns of Yao and Shun. They lived and ruled about forty-two hundred years ago, as we reckon time. In his leisure hours, Yao was something of an astronomer and used to trace the movements of the stars. He was also famous for his many virtues; he was so good and happy himself, as the books tell us, that his example infected all the people of the empire. His son, however, did not turn out very well; so, in his old age, Yao looked around for a more worthy successor. The mantle of Yao just fitted Shun; for when Yao inquired who was the most worthy in all the empire to become the ruler of his people, all agreed that it was Shun, because of his love for his parents, and his kindness to all with whom he came in contact. And thereby hangs a tale; to this day the Chinese are noted the world over for the veneration they have for their parents, their ancestors, and their elders. We Americans often use the contemptuous term of "heathen" in speaking of the Chinese. But in this respect, who are sometimes the real heathen?

The most interesting thing that we learn in the reign of Yao was the clear-headed, business way in which he solved a certain problem in astronomy. The good people of the empire were very much put out over a dispute concerning the length of the year, and the proper time to celebrate New Year's day—just the same as happened in Europe in 1752

—about four thousand years afterward. Yao ordered one of his wise men to travel east, while another went west. When they had reached their respective stations each one observed the times at which certain stars were in mid-sky. Then they compared notes, and Yao informed them that the year was just three hundred and sixty-six days. Perhaps nowadays some one might find fault with Yao's method; but who will dispute the result? Did not the wise men of Babylon obtain the same result, and in the same manner?

During Shun's reign, says the *Book of History*, "the waters embosomed the high hills and insolently menaced heaven itself." We may strongly suspect that this impertinence was a flood of the Hoang River. At all events, the ministers looked about the empire to find some one who could punish the waters and keep them within their bounds. The man was Kun. Kun went about his task doing just what the American engineers did when they first tried to control the Mississippi—he tried to straighten the river by building embankments. But the Hoang just washed them away in the same manner that the Mississippi does to-day. For his failure, Shun permitted the unfortunate engineer to be his own executioner and to choose the method of his execution; and so Kun was gathered to his fathers.

It was rather hard that Kun's son, Ta yu, should be ordered to take his father's place. Nevertheless, he took the job in the spirit of a true engineer For nine years he worked and he worked. Thrice, as he passed his home, he heard the voice of wife and child, but he turned a deaf ear. For his fidelity, heaven granted him success. And at last, when Shun saw the shadows closing upon him, and looked for a worthy successor, there was but one whom he could trust. So Ta yu, the son of the beheaded Kun, became the ruler of all China.

Somehow or other it is difficult to count the "Five Rulers" and make less than seven. Perhaps one of the wise men of

China would tell us that this way of reckoning would puzzle barbarians only. But even Confucius does not explain how they are to be counted as five. Moreover, it is better to take the records of the *Book of History* not too literally. Like the accounts of any history of ancient times, the real facts are apt to be badly mixed with myth and romance. Of one thing, however, we may be fairly certain: when the peoples of Europe were still savages, the Chinese were using written speech; they were making beautiful cloth fabrics; they used the magnet as a compass; and they were skilful workmen in clay and metals.

Ta yu was something of a geographer as well as an engineer. He caused surveys of his domain to be made, and maps of the nine provinces were engraved on as many bronze tablets. These date back to about 2200 B. C., and the outlines thereon are not far from correct.

For the next two thousand years there were emperors and emperors, good, indifferent, and bad. In this period, however, there came a man whose thoughts were to reach to the whole world—Kung foo-tse, or Confucius, as we best know him. Kung was born about five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Had there been railways and ocean greyhounds and postal service in those days, he might have visited both with Socrates and the prophet Isaiah, and they would surely have considered him a great man. As a simple priest, Kung studied the conduct of the true life. At the age of forty or fifty, he became a "foo," or high priest, and at sixty his "tse," or code of morals, began to be the belief that was to leaven all China. "Do not unto others," he said, "what you would not have them do to you." "My first principle of conduct," he also said, "is fidelity"; "the second to put one's self in the place of another."

About 246 B. C. China became an empire, and the name of the emperors, Tsin, gave the empire its present name,

China; for "Tsin" and China are different forms of the same word. During this time literary men and scholars of all sorts flocked to China, and the greatest engineering project the world has known, the Great Wall, was begun. Nevertheless, the memory of an emperor, Tsin, is hated by the Chinese—all because he burned the sacred writings of Confucius, and persecuted disciples of the great philosopher. The Great Wall was built to guard the empire from the Tartars and Manchus. The grand canal, the only engineering work of real value to China, was built six hundred years ago by the people the Chinese sought to exclude.

The Great Wall is about fifteen hundred miles in length, twelve feet wide at the top, and thirty feet high. It consists of "facing walls" of brick filled in with earth and broken stone—grouting, we should call it now. At intervals of a few hundred feet there are towers with battlements; and a coping, not quite the height of a man, protects the top both on the inner and the outer side. The building of a structure like this might be compared with the building of a double-track railway embankment, thirty feet high, from New York to Kansas City.

But the Tsin emperors were overthrown because they made too many reforms. The "empire on horseback," as it was called, was succeeded by the Han emperors. These rulers taught the wisdom of Confucius. One of them, Ming-ti, encouraged Buddhist missionaries and teachers; and Buddhism is probably the only important thing that China sought outside her own boundaries. Under the Han emperors, the boundaries of China were extended both north and south.

The half-savage tribes of the north were extraordinary people. Some Chinese historians say that they were the ancestors of the Huns, who overran Europe; others say they were Tartars. Certain it is, they were brainy fellows. In bringing new ideas into the "Three Kingdoms," by which name China was then known, they did much for China.

The Great Wall

Paper was invented about the first century. The hair pencil, or brush, still used in writing, came two centuries later. The art of printing came in the tenth century. Gunpowder, or "Chinese snow," as it was called by the Arabs, is described by a writer of the thirteenth century. It was used to scare the enemy, because of the fire and noise it made. The canals that connect the Yellow and Yangtze Rivers were constructed about the end of the sixth century.

Confucius

But the building of these same canals brought an end to the emperor who constructed them. The work was done by conscript labor, and the taskmaster was just as cordially hated by the Chinese as he was in Egypt. The army finally turned against the emperor, who was stricken down by one of his generals.

Li Yuen was the first of the Tang emperors, and the line thus founded lasted for three hundred years—until A. D. 907. In no other period of its existence did China make such rapid strides. The system of examinations for office was extended. It was the common saying alleged to have been taught by Confucius—"Study poetry; learn the art of practising politeness; then apply yourself to music." That was the way in which China taught her young men to be good citizens; and there are some who follow his advice to-day.

At one time there arose a great scholar named Wang. He was great because he achieved the highest percentage at the examinations. He had a theory that the empire should own and operate all industrial enterprises. Perhaps the plan might have worked smoothly had not the Manchu Tartars

begun to raid the northern provinces. But Wang's theory did not keep the Tartars out; so for a few years the Tartars were bought off by money payments. Such a policy can have but one ending, and the Chinese emperor soon became a vassal of the Tartars. Then he did an even more foolish thing!

Marco Polo

Genghis, the fierce Mongol khan, had conquered the country northwest of China; so the emperor sought his aid, and hired him to make war on the Tartars. Genghis was not only a warrior; he was a business khan as well. When he had disposed of the Tartars he turned his army on China, and quickly made himself master of the country. Kublai, the grandson of Genghis, occupied Peking in 1264; and within a few years he had subdued the provinces.

Just about this time there happened an incident that is a landmark of history not only to China, but to the whole world. This event was the first European invasion of China. It was a very peaceful affair, it is true, and the invaders were the brothers Polo, merchants from Venice. In 1261, the Polos had found their way into Bokhara; hearing there of the magnificence of the Grand Khan, Kublai, they went on to his capital. Kublai saw there might be many advantages in Western methods; so he bade the brothers return to Venice and fetch with them a hundred Europeans. In 1275 they arrived the second time at Peking, bringing with them Marco, a son of Nicolo Polo. For seventeen years the Polos held positions of honor and confidence under Kublai. When Kublai died they went back to Europe.

In time the Chinese again came into power, under an

emperor named Ming. Ming means "light"; and a secret society, sometimes called Chinese Free Masons, still bears the name. The Ming emperors lasted from 1368 to 1644.

It is interesting history that the causes which led to the discovery of America also led to various invasions of China by Europeans. The voyages of Bartholomew Diaz and Da Gama had opened a new, all-water route to India—and China was only a little beyond India. So, early in the sixteenth century, Portuguese and Dutch trading vessels began calling at the coast cities. At first they were kindly received, but in the course of years their behavior became so bad that trade with them was forbidden.

St. Francis Xavier

In the meantime missionaries had penetrated the coast regions, but the Chinese did not take very kindly to them. One of them, St. Francis Xavier, died after a long-continued effort to enter the empire; but for every one that fell by the way a score of missionaries came. Father Ricci spent twenty years in trying to enter Peking; and at last he baptized both the emperor and his daughter.

The old saying, "the conqueror has no worthy successor," is many times true in the history of China. Manchu soldiers were called in to aid the last weakling of the Ming emperors, who could not put down a rebellion against him. The Manchu general first scotched the insurrection; then he quietly dethroned the emperor; and China has been ruled by Manchu emperors ever since. One of them, Kanghi, who reigned from 1662 to 1723, easily ranks with Elizabeth of England, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Peter the Great of Russia as a statesman and ruler. "He was every inch a king."

CHAPTER V

AN OVERLOOK OF CHINA

By looking at a globe we find that China is just about half-way around the world from the United States. If we trace its outlines on thin paper, and cut out the tracing, the outline will cover the United States, southern Canada, and northern Mexico. From the globe, or from a map, we may also discover several other interesting facts: the northern part of China is in the same latitude as the thickly peopled part of Canada, and the southern part is in the tropics; moreover, there is about as much mountain land in the one country as in the other. There is also about the same proportion of dry and of desert land in the one as in the other. In fact, because of their situation in the same latitude and in like parts of the continents, the two regions are much like each other.

American travellers say that the climate of China is not so pleasant as that of the United States, but a Chinese traveller might also make the same claim for his own country. However, in the northern provinces, which correspond in position to Quebec, the summers are hotter and the winters are colder; the climate is also materially drier than that of Canada, and the forests have long since dissappeared.

There are mountains, rivers, and plains in China as well as in our own country. On the west and south-west, China is walled in by the highest mountain ranges in the world; on the north the great plain descends to the Arctic Ocean. So

this great empire is almost completely shut off from the rest of the world, and perhaps that is one reason why the Chinese so long kept to themselves; for to communicate by land with Europeans, the Chinese must cross the loftiest ranges and the fiercest deserts on the face of the earth.

Three great rivers open far into the interior of China, and two of them are great highways of trade. In the north of China the word *ho* means "river"; thus Pei Ho is "north" river; Hoang Ho is "yellow" river. The Hoang is one of the long rivers of the world. From its farthest source, in the plateau of Tibet, to its mouth is about twenty-eight hundred miles; sometimes it is more, sometimes it is less, for the Hoang has a very unpleasant way of getting out of its channel and flowing—well, almost anywhere. Nine times in the last twenty-five hundred years, so the Chinese historians tell us, the Hoang has changed its channel, each time spreading death and desolation along its course. A very serious break of this kind occurred in 1851. Prior to that time, from near Kaifong, in the province of Honan, the river flowed into the delta of the Yangtze. As a matter of fact, Kaifong has been a sort of a hinge on which the lower river has swung back and forth. For many centuries Chinese engineers have built great embankments there, and the river has just as surely washed them away. In 1851 the embankment, or levee, was fifty feet high and one hundred feet broad at the base. But the river made short work of it; and when it had been swept away, the stream was making a new channel to the Pechili, nearly five hundred miles from its former mouth.

One may wonder at the freaks of the river, but they are not very difficult to explain. The bed in which the Hoang flows, and the cliffs that skirt it, are composed of dust almost as light as the water itself. This dust, moreover, is wind-blown material from the desert of Gobi. The winds of the

Gobi blow with a fierceness unknown outside of desert regions. The lightest and finest dust is blown the farthest, and now covers much of northern China. This wind-blown dust—loess, it is called—has covered the surface of the country fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet deep. Time and time again coolies by the tens of thousands, under skilful engineers, have worked day and night building banks that one might think would hold back the ocean; then a flood would come along, almost like a cyclone, and the banks would disappear, melting away like snow in a summer wind. But what strength could one expect of banks made of dust almost as light as the water itself! It is not strange that the Hoang is called the "sorrow of Han."

The Flood Plain of the Hoang—the Bluffs are Composed of Dust Blown from the Desert of Gobi

The Yangtze is the Mississippi of China; perhaps it would be more nearly right to compare it with the Amazon, for it is certainly a mighty stream. Big ocean craft steam to Hankau, six hundred miles from its mouth; river boats, mostly stern-wheelers, ply to ports five hundred miles above Hankau; then comes the real battle, for the omnipresent coolie is not to be stopped by such trifling obstructions as rapids; stripped of all unnecessary clothing, he tugs away at a hawser that is to tow a shallow barge three or four hundred miles farther up the river.

The valley, or basin, of the Yangtze is the most fertile part of China. East, west, north, or south, it is a human beehive. Imagine all the people of New England, Illinois, Ohio, Penn-

sylvania, and New Jersey put into New York State; that would represent the population of the Yangtze.

The valley of the Si Kiang, or West River, is another human beehive. The Si is neither a large nor a long river. One can compare it with the Delaware, for it has a wide, navigable

On the Upper Yangtze

delta. But an unusual feature of the delta of the Si is that each arm or passage of the delta is an estuary, and this makes the Si a very important river, for the small craft that ply upon the maze of channels of the delta number tens of thousands. Some of them are steamboats belonging to British, or, perhaps, to Chinese "hong" merchants; but many of them are clumsy flatboats, on which families are born, live, and die.

One of the sights of China occurs at the mouth of the Tsien Tang. As a river the Tsien Tang does not count for much; but the mouth of the river, an estuary as large as that of the Amazon, or larger, is Hang Chau Bay. Now it happens that this estuary faces the tide; and as the tide wave moves up the estuary and is squeezed into a narrower passage, it must gain in height and depth what it loses in breadth. Twice a month, and especially in October, the tides are very high, and the wave moves with great velocity. As the water is slack at ebb, the upper part of Hang Chau Bay is a great mud flat through which here and there insignificant tidal streams, yellow with mud, are trying to decide whether to flow in or to flow out. Then off on the horizon line a muddy streak much like a bit of low-lying, dirty cloud comes into sight. As it advances, the almost inaudible moan grows to a roar, and the "bore," a wave about thirty feet high, broken into dirty foam, comes rolling up the estuary. Woe to the small, skiff-like boats that are not out of the way; one of them would stand about as much of a chance as an eggshell in a cyclone. By the time the bore has reached Hang

The Bore of the Tsien Tang

Chau its force is much broken, but the lazy-looking junks, and even the larger foreign craft, that have been lying in the mud, are caught by the swirl of water and tossed about as though they were bits of wood. For two or three hours the tide fills rapidly; after slack water it slips away—slowly at first, and then like the waters rushing down a mill-race.

Of the countries composing the Chinese Empire, China proper is first in importance, in wealth, and in population. Of the four hundred millions of people in the empire, about nineteen of every twenty live in China proper. Of the eighteen provinces, the smallest, Chih Kiang, is about the size of Maine, but it contains nearly twice as many people as New York State; Szechuan, the largest province, is not quite so large as Texas, but its population is nearly as great as that of the main body of the United States; Shantung, a little larger than New York has more than five times as many people as the Empire State.

Very little land in these provinces goes to waste. The back yard is altogether too valuable a place to be given up to the family pig; so mistress pig is kept in the house, and the yard is utilized to the last square inch; and if there are any odd corners around, pots of earth, each with its half dozen or more plants, are tucked away in those same corners. Even in the mountainous regions not much land goes to waste, for the mountain scarps are terraced, step above step, giving the appearance of hanging gardens.

Of the other divisions of the Chinese Empire, Manchuria is the most important. By looking at the map one will find that Manchuria is in the latitude of wheat production, and wheat is fast becoming the foremost crop in Manchuria. The Russians need the wheat for their own consumption. They also need the Chinese people living there,—for to whom else could the Russians sell cotton cloth and coal oil? The Russians and Chinese built the great city of Harbin together

but it was built on the Russian principle, "What is yours is mine, but what is mine is my own." Harbin is certainly a wonderful place, and the Russian merchants might have everything their own way were it not for a trivial thing. And that thing is the Chinese merchant. The Russian merchant is shrewd, keen, and honest; the Chinese merchant is shrewder, keener, and equally honest. Moreover, the Japanese trader has an eye to business, and especially to business in Manchuria. But Manchuria has a great future in the growth of wheat and the sale of flour and other food-stuffs, and the merchants who find there a market for manufactured goods ought to prosper.

Mongolia and Turkestan are to China what the half-desert region of the South-west is to the United States. Intolerably hot in summer, frightfully cold in winter—and such winds! When the simoon gets down to regular work, other breezes get out of the way. The simoon comes almost like an explosion. Off in the distance one may watch its approach as a dense and rapidly moving cloud of dust. In a moment a blinding, choking, suffocating hot blast drives every living thing to the ground; one might as well try to face a storm of leaden bullets, for the wind drives the sharp pieces of rock waste so swiftly that they cut the flesh cruelly. Then the blast ceases almost as suddenly as it begun, leaving an almost impenetrable mist of rock flour suspended in the air.

Much of Mongolia is occupied by the desert of Gobi—the fiercest of all regions of the kind in the world. Simoon-swept, treeless, and desolate, about the only scenery are the jagged rocks that here and there rise above the surface of an ocean of sand dunes. Still farther west, in the basin of the Tarim, the desert region is so completely walled by high mountains that the rivers have no outlet to the sea.

The northern part of Mongolia and Turkestan, although rugged, are fertile. From this country hordes of warriors

have descended upon nearly every part of the continent. It was the land of Genghis and the ancestors of Attila; it was likewise from this land that the Turks originally came. As between the Tartar tribes of Mongolia and Turkestan there is but little to choose. Fifteen centuries ago they were called the scourge of God, and they have not changed in that time.

Long years ago there came an edict from the throne of China, permitting Russian merchants to bear a tribute to the Son of Heaven once in ten years. At least, that is the way the emperor told it to his people. The Russians make the story a bit different. According to their version, they asked permission to pass a certain outpost, in order to engage in trade and also to minister to the wants of some Cossack rough riders. Permission being refused, they killed about everybody in sight, and when they had finished there was no one to deny them permission. Little by little there followed the opening of a trade route, from the profits of which the Russian merchants grew sleek and prosperous. From Irkutsk and other points this traffic goes to Kiakhta. Kiakhta is Russian and magnificent; Maimatchin, just across the international boundary, is Chinese and wretched. From this point a "post road," as it is called, though nothing but a caravan trail, goes to Urga, and thence to Peking. There are but few towns in Mongolia, and Urga is the only one of interest. It is the holy city of Buddha, and the great monastery there ranks next in importance to that of the Grand Lama in Lasa.

Not many years ago Turkestan included an area nearly twice its present size; but little by little the crafty Russian stretched the boundaries of Siberia until Bokhara and the western part were all under the domain of the czar. The way in which this annexation was accomplished was very simple. Two native tribes would get into trouble and settle the matter by fighting. Somehow or other the trouble always

The Caravan Carries Bales of Tea from Peking to Kiakhta

occurred near a Russian outpost; and just as surely Russian property was destroyed. Then Cossack rough riders were let loose; and when the trouble was over, the line of Russian outposts was moved forward. That the greater part of Turkestan remaining in the possession of China has not been thus annexed is merely because the Russians did not think it expedient to have it.

Ask a Russian official about the annexation of these regions, almost as large as New York and Pennsylvania together, and he will explain to you that under Russian domain the native peoples are peaceful, prosperous, and infinitely better off than under Chinese rule. And every word of it is true; the Russians are certainly kind to well-behaving tribes whom they have conquered. But their methods remind one of the brothers Ali and Mustapha. Ali said to Mustapha: "Brother, an impudent mosquito has settled itself on your head and is feeding upon your blood; behold! I will punish its insolence." Thereupon Ali, seizing a heavy scimitar, swung it with all his might and main; and when it descended it cut the impertinent mosquito quite in two! The Russian will tell you also that, many years ago, Turkestan was occupied by Russian peoples, and that Mongol hordes invaded the country. And in this the Russian is also right. Then the "scourge of God" was a Mongol; now he is a Cossack. But Turkestan has always been the land of fire and sword.

Tibet is even fiercer and more desolate than Turkestan. Put Switzerland three times upon itself and spread it out until it is as large as the Rocky Mountain region of the United States and you have Tibet. From this vast highland the great commercial rivers of Asia break forth. It may not be the roof of the world, but it certainly is the roof of the continent. More than twelve hundred years ago Buddhist monks made their way to the most inaccessible part of the country, where a native king had established his court. The

latter supplied the means of warfare and defence; the former became a great religious power.

Early in December, merchants from all parts of China make their way toward Lasa through the deep snows and

In Tibet—the Road to Lasa

over the frozen wastes. Long before they reach Lasa, fierce-looking cut-throats, armed with antique weapons, are hovering about the caravans in order to intercept all except Chinese traders. So well have the Tibetan scouts guarded the trails

EASTERN CHINA.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
Treaty Ports are underscored.
M.-M. ENG.
MONGOLIA
PE-CHI-LI
MANCHURIA
Mukden
Niu-chwang
Dalny
Port Arthur
KOREA
Seoul
Chemulpo
Wei-hai-wei (Br.)
Chi-fu
Peking
Tien-tsin
Tsi-nan
Kiao-chau
Kiao-chau Bay (Ger.)
SHAN-TUNG
SHAN-SI
SHEN-SI
Singan-fu
HO-NAN
Kai-feng
Yellow Sea
Nanking
Shanghai
Hankau
Wu-chang
Hang-chau
Ning-po
Eastern Sea
CHINA
HU-PEH
NGAN-HUEI
CHE-KIANG
HU-NAN
Siang-tan
Chang-sha
Nan-chang
KIANG-SI
FU-KIEN
Fuchau
Amoy
Canton
KWANG-TUNG
Macao (Port.)
Hongkong (British)
Kwang-chau-wan (Fr.)
HAINAN
South Sea
FORMOSA (To Japan)
Tropic of Cancer
Formosa Strait
Yangtze-kiang
Mouths of the Yangtze-kiang
Yellow R.
Gulf of Pe-chi-li
Korea Bay
Chusan Archipelago
Hainan Strait
TO NAGASAKI & YOKOHAMA
TO YOKOHAMA
TO VANCOUVER
TO MANILA
TO BANGKOK
TO SINGAPORE & BOMBAY
TO BORNEO
TO TRIESTE
TO GENOA
TO MARSEILLE
TO ANTWERP
TO LONDON
TO HAMBURG
110°
115°
120°
125°
50°
40°
30°
25°
20°
115° Longitude East from Greenwich 120°

that, in two or three centuries, scarcely a dozen foreigners have entered the forbidden city.

Nevertheless, a trivial thing is now breaking down the barriers that shut Tibet from the rest of the world. In this most inhospitable and unsocial country of the world, tea is about as necessary as bread. British India has the tea and desires to sell it in Tibet. Law and custom cannot long stand out against hunger; and so it is a question of only a few years before the doors of Tibet will be opened just as those of China have been.

A Corner of Lasa

The interesting feature of Lasa is the Dalai, or Grand Lama. The Dalai Lama is the head of the Buddhist religion. Long years ago the Dalai Lama was a real power and a strong leader. Now, he is only a sickly boy, who is practically a prisoner for life in that great square, prison-like building, the Buddhist monastery. When he becomes of age, he is invested with full power as the ruler of Tibet as well as the chief spiritual head of the Buddhists. But he rarely becomes of age; and the wily monks who control affairs see to it that he does not. The Dalai Lama is supposed to be the soul of Buddha in a modern, up-to-date body. Just before he dies he must predict when and where he will be born again. As soon as he reaches an age at which the monks suspect that

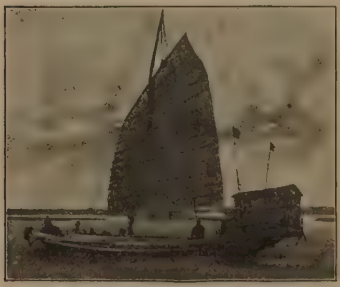
he might know too much, he dies. Then the monks go to the right place—they know the place; at just the right time—they know the time; and find the infant into whose body the soul of Buddha has been born; and they know that infant just as soon as they set eyes on him.

Tibet is certainly the roof of Asia. Roofs are not apt to be fertile and desirable places; and Tibet is about as fertile and delightful as the roof of a gothic house. But the British are slowly getting control of Tibet, and when they do, Tibet will be much better for it.

CHAPTER VI

CHINA—IN AND OUT OF PEKING

THE Pei River is the road from the coast of China to Peking. One may reach this highway by steamship across the Pechili, or by the way of the Grand Canal. The latter way is picturesque but not comfortable. The former is both comfortable and safe if one is aboard a big steamship. It is a bit risky if one is on a Chinese junk, however; for if one eludes a typhoon there are the pirates, and in either case absence of body is more desirable than presence of mind. At the mouth of the Pei are the forts Taku and Tongku, both of which are supposed to be dismantled. These are the forts that, in 1860, peppered the fleet of the allied European powers so effectually that many of the ships were sunk, and others were beached in order to prevent sinking. The guns are now silent and rusty; the boatmen that swarm like bees about the steamer look a trifle rusty, but they are not silent. The larger steamships cannot cross the Taku bar, but those of lighter draught go on to Tientsin. At the bar a bronzed and much bedecked pilot who looks like a cross between Captain Kidd and a militia



A Chinese Junk—The Sail is Made of Strips of Bamboo

Tientsin—the Grand Canal

colonel, takes charge and wears the ship through the sinuous channel. At Sinho one can leave the ship and take the train to Peking, or remain on board until the ship bunks alongside the bund, or jetty at Tientsin.

Tientsin is the port of Peking and that is one reason why it is a large city. It is the northern terminus of the Grand Canal, and that is another reason. The native part of the

Temple of Heaven

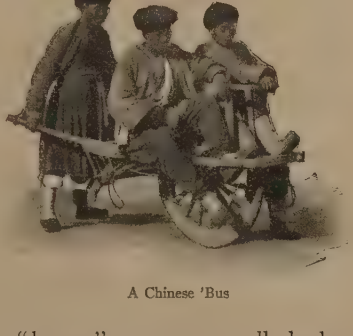
city is not pleasant to the sense either of sight or of smell. The foreign or European quarters below the native city are well kept. A magnificent road has been constructed along the river by European engineers. This was done to make it easier for China's enemies to attack her in case of war. The foreign settlement is a "concession"—that is, the Waiwupu has informed the barbarians that while they cannot be per-

Tientsin—a Street Market

mitted to live within the city of Tientsin, they may build their huts on the outside. The government put it in this form, but the allied forces informed the government that this tract of land must be set aside for Europeans, *nolens volens;* and when the magnificent boulevard was built along the river, thousands of dwellings were torn down and the people who lived in them were turned out homeless; in fact, the tract of land included in this concession is practically European.

There are a great variety of ways by which one can get

from Tientsin to Peking. First of all, there is the wheel-barrow—China's "omnibus." The wheel of this *carriage de luxe*, about the size of a cartwheel, is in the centre of the barrow. On each side an ingeniously uncomfortable seat is built so as to hang over the trunnions of the wheel. In the city streets a coolie is the motive power, but when open country is reached the blandly smiling locomotive hoists a big square-sail if the wind happens to be in the right quarter. If the road is very bad, however, the coolie may commandeer a donkey which he hitches in front of the barrow. Another method of transporting one's self is the horse-litter. The "horses" are very small donkeys covered with very large sores; the litter is a covered chair swung between two poles, which latter, in turn, are swung by the donkey. As a method of rapid transit, it is a trifle more speedy than the wheel-barrow—and occasionally a European who tries it survives! The little, two-wheeled, covered donkey-carts in which one can neither sit, stand, nor lie are a bit more body-racking, but on the whole, quicker. A more stylish and fairly comfortable way is the palanquin or the sedan-chair. Two coolies are enough to make it go; four are much better. But then, one *can* take the train at Tientsin. It certainly gets to Peking more quickly than any other vehicle, and one certainly gains comfort; but one also loses all the fun.



A Chinese 'Bus

From Tientsin the road follows the direction of the river. It is more like a ditch than a road. For one, two, three

thousand or more years carts, barrows, and litters have traversed it, and it is doubtful whether it has been repaired. Millions of wheels have ground the earth into fine dust and the winds have blown the dust. Then the rains have washed the creamy mud back into the deep rut to be again ground into rock flour. For the entire distance the road is bordered by villages, and indeed, it is almost like a village street.

A Palanquin

By starting Monday morning from Tientsin in a palanquin, one can reach Peking Wednesday afternoon. That means two nights in a Chinese hotel. One or another of your coolies may speak enough of "pidgin" English to enable you to make your wants known. At all events, he steers your palanquin to the native hotel when this is accomplished. The hotel is built around an inclosure that might be a court; but it is really a stable. Each apartment is about the size of an ordinary stable stall. Walls, ceiling, and floor are of brick or cement. There are no chairs, washstand, nor table. The bed is a bunk made of brick which, in reality, is an oven; for if the weather is cold, a coolie will bring in an armful of straw or dry grass or leaves and make a fire in your oven-bed, before you retire. This he does again in the morning before you rise. The hotel does not provide mattress, pillows, nor bed-clothing; so a traveller must carry these necessities along with him.

Your coolie brings your supper and breakfast to you, and each is apt to be a pretty good meal. It is not exactly a typical Chinese repast, for most of the guests are American and European travellers. There is an assortment of fruit—small oranges, smaller oranges or cumquats, and bright red persimmons; then comes a most delicious portion of fish served with lettuce cut into shreds; then follows chicken cut into small pieces, roasted and served with mushrooms and chopped pineapple, all covered with a rich brown gravy. Rice is a part of the meal and ivory chop sticks are by your plate; there is also furnished a very disreputable-looking knife and a three-tined fork.

By the afternoon of the third day the enormous tower of the South Gate of Peking is in sight and only a few miles away. Like other large cities of China, Peking is surrounded by great walls about as high as a four-story house. The walls are of earth with a thick facing of gray brick, and for the greater part they are from twenty to forty feet wide at the top. At intervals there are high towers that look much like the turrets of castles. Some of the larger gate towers are forts, three stories in height. They seem to be armed with heavy cannon, but as one gets close to them, some of the guns prove to be imaginary—nothing but muzzles painted on pieces of board. In a few towers, however, there are real cannon, and in many of them are piles of cobble-stones—supposed to be used against foreign invaders. The gates under the towers are frames of heavy timber covered with iron. A hundred years ago the walls and iron gates might have kept an enemy at bay, but nowadays a modern field-gun with half a dozen shells would require about two minutes to batter a hole big enough to let an army in.

Walls and walls surround Peking. First of all the Chinese, or outer wall, is twenty-one or twenty-two miles in circuit. This wall incloses the whole city. The Chinese City, situated

The Walls of Peking—the South Gate in the Distance

in the south, is about five by three miles in area. The Tartar City is in the north and a high wall separates it from the Chinese; separates it in theory only, for the two peoples now mingle freely. Most of the shops and the business are in the Chinese City. "Heaven is round and the earth is square," is the first lesson in geography that the Chinese school-boy is taught in one of his books, and the Tartar City is laid out in the form of a square. Another wall within the Tartar city incloses the Imperial City, where the royal guards of the emperor and most of the officers of the government live. Last and most important of all is the innermost Forbidden City, which is sacred to the emperor and his household.

No one can enter it without permission, and whoever enters must go afoot after passing the gate. Within the Forbidden City there is a maze of marble bridges. pergolas, corridors, and stairways. The buildings are one story in height and roofed with yellow-colored tiles. Yellow is a color sacred to royalty, and yellow roofs are not permitted outside the Forbidden City. When Peking was stormed by the allied forces, during the Boxer War, the Forbidden City, for the first time, was open to foreign visitors—but the court had fled. In spite of the guards, the palaces of the emperor and the empress dowager were looted.

We are carried by a roundabout route to the foreign legations and there are quartered at a club house, which is a most delightful and comfortable private hotel. The foreign, or legation, district might be a residence park in the choicest suburb of an American city. Everything that nature and art can do to make it pleasant and attractive has been done. The European and American officers, who represent their respective governments, live in a colony by themselves, and live most comfortably. The British legation buildings form a "compound," or inclosure, whose walls are so high and strong that the Europeans and Chinese within them resisted

the whole force of Boxer and Imperial troops. We remain pretty quiet during the following day. Thursday morning

Peking—the Moat; the British Compound in the Distance

we are provided with a guide, a chair, and two soldiers; thus equipped we start out to see the sights of the Chinese City.

In the Chinese City the residences, for the greater part, are either palaces or wretched huts. Excepting those of the business streets, the houses are built purposely out of line in

Peking—a Business Street

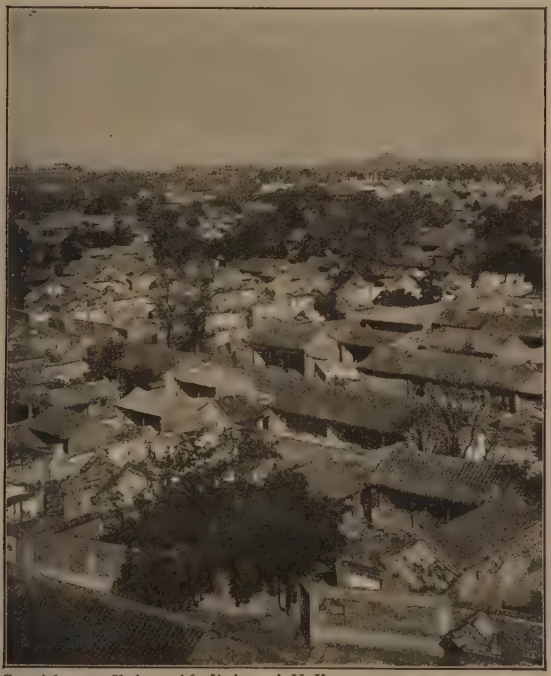
order that evil spirits may have greater difficulty in attempting to enter. The lower class of Chinese are believers in evil spirits of all sorts. In our country we nail a horseshoe on the door to scare witches away; the Chinese put porcelain lions and dogs on their houses; for although a witch is not afraid of a live animal, the sight of one made of clay will frighten a bad spirit out of his senses.

Lu mantze Street is the Broadway of Peking. The shop fronts are richly carved and decorated with the brightest of colors. In front of the more pretentious buildings are high poles surmounted with carved and gilded tops, and from brackets fastened to them swing signs. The Chinese sign-board hangs from one end, the lower end swings in the air. Some are made of silk; some are of thin board; almost all have characters beautifully wrought in gold. No one knows how to use gold leaf more skilfully and effectively than the Chinese artist. Each sign bears not only the name of the firm, but also a motto, such as—"Heaven has made me prosperous," "Health and happiness come to those who buy here," "Virtuous and prudent," "Ever successful," etc. The shape and color of the sign usually indicates the kind of business.

Enter any of the shops and you will be received with the utmost politeness. The proprietor will spend an hour showing you his wares. And whether they are brocaded satins, or filigree of gold, or wonderful porcelains, they will be the finest that can be produced in the world. No matter how strong your resolution to purchase nothing may have been, his suave politeness and graciousness simply compel you to invest in his wares. Truly the Chinese merchant himself is an artist. Not only that, he is strictly honest, and his word is as good as gold. He knows his customers pretty well and charges whatever he thinks the latter will pay; and this he tells you blandly and openly. The shops are small and in

most of them the proprietor is his own clerk. One is not apt to find many kinds of wares in the same shop, and such a thing as a department store does not exist.

There are banks in Peking where money is borrowed and



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Peking—the Tartar City

loaned, as with us, but business is done chiefly with the merchants of Mongolia, Tibet, and with traders from other cities of China. One can almost always distinguish a bank by the

fact that the front of the building is not wide open, as is the case with the shops. The bankers with whom most Chinese deal, however, are the money-changers who sit at the street corners behind little tables. The money-changer will give you silver for your long string of "cash," or he will weigh your silver and give you small coins for it. The coin of China called "cash" is a little larger than an American quarter of a dollar, or an English shilling. It is made usually of brass, but sometimes of copper, with a square hole

Chinese "Cash"

cut in the middle. It takes about twenty of these coins to make the value of one cent. The silver coin most common in China is the Mexican dollar, but silver is commonly bought and sold by the "tael," a weight equal to about one and one-third ounces—not far from seventy-five cents in American money.

At the street corners one may always find a crowd. Perhaps the idlers listening to a story-teller, or watching a snake-charmer, who seems to be a mass of squirming, writhing snakes. The reptiles are in his sleeves, around his neck,

within his cap, and wriggling from his clothing. Near by is a sleight-of-hand performer who apparently swallows a ball half as large as his head, and tosses a sword down his throat after the ball. Then he thrusts a wooden stick as long as a lead pencil up each nostril, and another one apparently through his head—in at one ear and out at the other. A cobbler mends a pair of shoes; and a barber shaves the same customer's head, while he waits for his shoes. It is a case of "your hair cut while you wait."

Then comes along the man who mends broken chinaware. The proprietor of a near-by shop hands the mender a plate broken in three pieces. For the next five minutes they are screaming and gesticulating as though each was about ready to tear the other in pieces. Others join in the altercation and one might think that a small riot is about to break forth. Oh, no; they are merely haggling over the matter of three cash!

As soon as terms are agreed upon, the mender gets to work. First he fits the broken parts together; and while a clumsy frame holds the pieces in place, the mender hacks half a dozen grooves or channels about an inch long across the broken edges using a little steel chisel for the purpose. With a drill and a whipsaw he then bores a minute hole at the end of each channel almost through the plate. Having done this, he sets a piece of copper wire in each hole and bends the free ends down, so that two wires lie side by side in each channel. Another step shows the mender's cleverness and skill; with a blowpipe he solders the free parts of the wires, so that each pair becomes a double-end rivet which clamps the broken pieces firmly. The next step is still more ingenious; he rubs powdered fusible-paste into the channels where the rivets are, covering them entirely, and then turns his blowpipe flame on the paste until it is melted into a white enamel that can scarcely be distinguished from the real

porcelain. "There you are, sir, and a good job." The work requires about forty minutes; and for his time, labor, and know-how, the mender receives the equivalent of about three cents.

The Temple of Heaven is one of the sights of Peking. The hill on whose top it is situated is inclosed by a wall three miles in circuit. Three marble terraces surround it, each with a profusion of wonderfully wrought carvings. At a distance one sees three domes one upon the other, much resembling a pagoda of three stories. The emperor, who is also the high priest, goes to this temple on the first day of the Chinese year, makes a blood sacrifice by slaying a young bullock, and prays that the blessings of Heaven may be on his people during the year. The Temple of Agriculture, erected to the memory of the first man who ploughed the earth, is also a place to which the emperor must repair at the beginning of every year. We are told that after an elaborate religious service, he turns a furrow with the sacred yellow plough. But when one sees the tiny implement and the deep furrow —well, if wise, he will say nothing. In each of the eighteen provinces an officer who represents the emperor also ploughs a furrow, using a rod instead of a plough. The Temple of Confucius is scarcely larger than a country summer bungalow, and looks not unlike one. There are no idols, no images within—just a plain wooden shrine, with tablets, bronze censers, and altar furniture.

It is not easy to make a passage along the narrow streets of Peking, for it has been raining and the streets are puddles of filth, and sickening smells. Beggars assail us; street peddlers endeavor to sell us their wares; a squad of Tartar soldiers look sullenly and suspiciously at us as we pass. We, perhaps, meet some one who is evidently a gentleman of rank. Two servants precede his handsomely decorated sedan-chair calling upon every one to make way; and a rear guard of two

more servants follows. We have just a glimpse of his lordship, who looks scholarly and dignified behind a tremendously large pair of saucer-like spectacles. Then comes a funeral procession, the red and much gilded bier being carried and accompanied by sixteen pall-bearers. Now we must make way for a caravan; the long string of camels numbers nearly fifty. They are the small two-humped animals and they have brought goods from Siberia; when they return, they will carry chests of tea and bales of silk to be delivered to the Trans-Siberian Railway, at Irkutsk.

CHAPTER VII

CHINA—THE YANGTZE, HONGKONG, AND CANTON

From Peking to Kwang tung, or Canton, as it is usually written, the distance is just about the same as from Montreal to New Orleans. The easiest and best way to make the trip is by railway to Tientsin, and then by river steamboat to Tongku. At Tongku one takes the ocean steamship that calls at Chifu and Shanghai, on the way to Hongkong. The steamship is not over-clean, and the staterooms are so small and uncomfortable that it is better to tolerate the variety of smells on the afterdeck. It is about two hundred and fifty miles across the Pechili to Chifu, and a heavy rain is falling. A few hours out from Chifu and the rocky heights of Weihaiwei, the British stronghold, are in sight. The clouds lift long enough to give one a rather unsatisfactory view with the glass. In a few hours more the promontory of Shantung is rounded and the steamship heads due south for a run of little more than four hundred miles. At last we enter the channel of the Yangtze and then a sluggish bayou, the Hoang poa. This we ascend to Shanghai.

Shanghai is the Paris of China. Its four miles of walls inclose the Chinese city, the streets of which are quite as nasty as those of every other city of China; they are not dirtier, because that would be an impossibility. Otherwise it is bright, gay, and picturesque. The land about is highly cultivated, and is so flat that canals from the Wusung, the Ho-

ang poa, and the Yangtze form a very complicated network. The surface of the rice-fields is so low that a flood of moderate height overflows them. When they are covered with water the young plants are set by hand, the dikes are closed, and the plants left to grow.

The "Concessions," as the foreign quarter is called, is outside the walls, and forms a city in itself. The streets are wide, finely paved, and clean. The buildings are quite as

Shanghai—the Foreign Quarter and the Bund

good as those in a modern American city. The Yangtze Road, or Bund, is macadamized for several miles along the river, and it is a favorite drive. Late in the afternoon the "smart set" turn out in great numbers. The wealthy hong merchant who, an hour before, was sweltering in his warehouse, with his arms and shoulders bare, now clad in richly colored robes, whisks along the bund in an autocar. Young bloods ride about recklessly on up-to-date bicycles. The fashions of London, Paris, New York, Rio de Janeiro, Mel-

bourne, and Calcutta are all in evidence; and high-bred horses are stepping at a lively gait before elegant surreys.

But the "upper ten" does not have exclusive possession of the bund. A wheelbarrow man and his helper—both grimy with perspiration one pushing, the other pulling—are trudging along with a colony of five women ranging in years from six to sixty. They chatter like magpies and their clackety-clack is accompanied by the dolorous squeaking of the wheelbarrow.

Shanghai Silk Factory

Years ago, when California was young, the tea-ships used to take whatever freight or passengers might be obtained as an outward cargo to San Francisco, and this was supposed to be all profit; but it wasn't, because the crews would almost invariably desert the ships at San Francisco, and go off to the gold-mines, leaving the vessel tied to the dock incurring heavy expenses for wharfage fees. Then was the time that the captain and his mates got busy. When they spied a husky-looking fellow, they would at once proceed to get him ingloriously drunk, and throw him aboard the ship; this was

repeated until the number of sailors needed was complete. When at last they waked up after their prolonged spree, San Francisco was out of sight and the ship was well on her way to Shanghai. And to this day sailors are "Shanghaied" at Pacific Coast ports.

Shanghai is the starting-point for the ports of the Yangtze, and for the greater part it is a most delightful trip if taken in early spring. One may go aboard the great double-deck boat which is not unlike those on the Mississippi River to-day, go to bed in a comfortable stateroom, and land the next evening at the treaty port of Chin Kiang. At the dock of Chin Kiang, a small army of chair coolies, wheelbarrow men, and cart-drivers yell, gesticulate wildly, and struggle for possession of the passengers. Then a stalwart chair courier, with a retinue of coolies bearing a richly decorated chair, strides down the rip-rap. Seizing his bamboo staff with both hands, he lays about him with thwacks that would knock an ox down. The half-clad mob scatter like rats, and a dignified official attired in a gray satin tunic, and wearing a cap with a gold button, steps into the chair. The Europeans go to the "concessions," where there is a good hotel, a club house, and the latest papers from London, Berlin, and Paris.

The next morning a smaller steamboat takes the assemblage of passengers to Nanking, nearly fifty miles farther up the river. Nanking was a former capital of China, but its forbidden city is now a mass of ruins, built over here and there with hovels. Unlike other Chinese cities, the principal streets are paved and graded, though the paving is covered deep with filth. The moment a visitor comes in sight he is besieged by a mob of donkey drivers and ricksha men. It is best, therefore, to have a courier; his bamboo will command the highest respect—and he uses it without fear or favor.

Nanking's chief sight is the tomb in which the founder of the Ming emperors is buried. That was just about one hun-

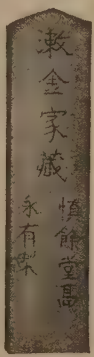
dred years before Columbus sailed on his eventful voyage of discovery. Stone elephants and stone camels, in military array, seem to watch your movements as your sore-backed donkeys shuffle painfully along. But the grandeur of the resting-place of the old emperor-warrior is lost because of neglect, and the heaps of rubbish do not speak well for the successors of the man who did so much for China. The Temple of Confucius is the largest of the various temples dedicated to that great scholar. Its red walls and yellow roof

Nanking—the Road to the Tomb of the Founder of the Ming Emperors

indicate that it is sacred to the emperor, or his representative.

Nanking is famous for two products that are used the world over—rice paper and india ink. Rice paper has no connection with rice; on the contrary, it is made from the pith of a reed-like plant that grows in swamps. The real article is much used as the substance upon which delicate pictures are painted or printed; the beautiful waxy finish is especially adapted to such work. A spurious article of little merit is made in Japan, and a much inferior imitation is made in America to be used as cigarette wrappers. The best

quality of the so-called india ink is a Chinese product, and the greater part is made in Nanking. It is a preparation of ivory black, glue, and camphor, but no one else has made such a good quality as the Chinese manufacturers of this city. Nanking cotton is distinguished by its attractive salmon color. Formerly the cotton fibre had that color naturally. Then a colored imitation was made in England and America; still later the Chinese themselves began to cultivate a white cotton which they dyed to give it the required color.



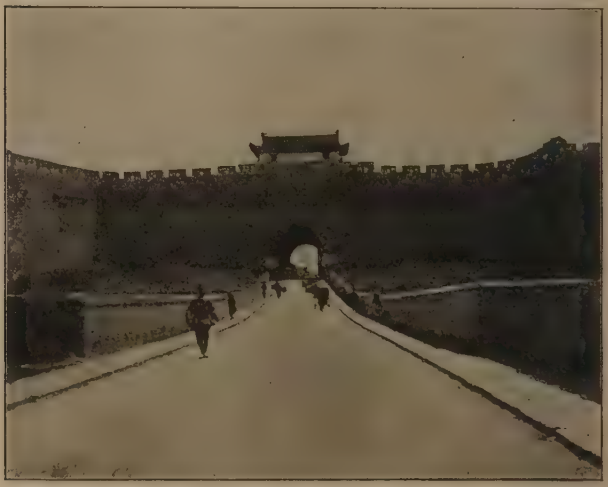
"India" Ink

Another smaller steamer, uncomfortable and unclean, takes us to the "Three Cities," Hankau, Han Yang, and Wuchang. It is a long trip of about three hundred miles through a flat country. The river is bordered by reed swamps; and the reeds, cut by hand, are much used in building the walls and partitions of the houses; when tightly matted and plastered they serve the purpose well. Herds of water buffalo driven by boys graze along the banks, and, strange as it may seem, wild deer are occasionally seen.

Hankau and Wuchang are on opposite sides of the Yangtze. Han Yang is separated from Hankau by a narrow stream, but one would never guess it; for the stream is so thickly covered with house-boats that one would scarcely discover it. Commercially the Three Cities are the Chicago of China. A railway from Hankau connects the Yangtze valley with Peking, and in a few years it will be completed southward to Canton. Hankau has one unique industry—that of brick tea. Brick tea consists of the dust, stems, and miscellaneous scraps that accumulate at the drying-houses, where the tea leaves are prepared for shipment. This refuse, after being moistened, is compressed in metal moulds, by heavy pressure, into "bricks." The business is carried on by Russians, of

whom there are so many that they have a flourishing church. At Wuchang is an up-to-date arsenal, one of the few modern establishments of the kind in China. Han Yang has a fine plant for the manufacture of steel. Altogether it is a great centre of population.

At Hankau we take a small steamboat for Ichang. The current of the river is strong and, although the engines are



Nanking—One of the Gates

powerful, they do not drive the boat much faster than a good ricksha man can go. Ichang is about one hundred and fifty miles if we measure along the line of the railway now surveyed, but it is more than two hundred miles by way of the river. In spite of the strong current, junks, barges, and boats by the hundred ply its swift course—all of them engaged in trade. As we ascend the river it becomes so

A Bridge Across the Yangtze

narrow that at times we are close enough to the bank to jump ashore from the deck. As we approach a village—and villages are not far apart—women, girls, and boys race along, keeping as near the boat as possible. An English tourist throws an empty bottle, thereby making a small riot among the mob, to whom anything is welcome. Small coins, a pipe, several old garments, and pieces of pilot bread follow; and apparently one is just as welcome as another. The following morning we leave the low flood plain and its interminable landscape of reeds, and find ourselves agreeably passing between palisades and cliffs. Nevertheless, those same reeds are one of the chief crops of the Yangtze valley. Many thousand tons are used yearly for building the village dwellings. They not only form the thatching of the roofs, but they also are set in the mud that forms the walls of the huts, binding the wall into a fairly strong and solid mass—a sort of "reinforced Chinese concrete." Thousands of bales are shipped down the river, and many of them go to Europe and America, where they are made into the seats of chairs.

In the afternoon we are at Ichang. It is a "foo" and a treaty port having a population of about 50,000, but with business enough for a city twice the size. It is at the lower end of barge navigation, and here all the products that are gathered at Chung Kiang, above the rapids, are transshipped. The whole river front is lined with barges that have just come down the rapids, or are about to return. The barges are hauled up the rapids by long tow-ropes made of bamboo; and stark-naked, swarthy coolies are the motive-power. If there is no room at the foot of the steep cliff, the patient human beasts of burden will wade the swift current waist-deep. Captain, mate, and bo's'n are all concentrated in one "boss" and he is about as much of a terror as the mate of a Mississippi steamboat. His bamboo stick is used in no

sparing manner on the backs of his crew. But the latter take the lashing as patiently as though they were team-mules. For this service they are paid twenty cents a day each—about twice as much as a skilled laborer in the city receives. The housekeeping expenses of a bargeman are about five cents a day; he is therefore a nabob and a swell among

A Barge on the Yangtze

unionized laborers. At the end of his trip, he gambles away all that he has saved.

The gorge of the Yangtze begins a few miles west of Ichang. The cliffs and wall in places are more than four thousand feet high. In many ways the river at this reach resembles the Columbia above The Dalles. But although on the Columbia one may be out of sight of all signs of human

habitation for hours at a time, on the Yangtze dwellings are always in sight. Whole villages are perched upon high mesas of rock that appear inaccessible; huts are built on crags that seem to be toppling over. One feature has its equal in the Colorado plateaus: the summits of the cliffs produce the fruits and vegetation of the temperate zone. At the bottom of the canyon the scattered bits of flood plain are in a semi-tropical climate, and there grows a profusion of persimmon trees and orange trees, with here and there pineapples. All this wonderful change of scenery occurs within twenty-five miles. It is much like jumping from the Mississippi valley to the canyon of the Colorado in half a day. Beyond the gorge lie the more uncivilized regions of China, which it is not safe for a foreigner, travelling alone, to penetrate, so two days later we are on our way down the river. We change again at Hankau and at Nanking, each time to a larger steamboat. At Chin Kiang we get a cargo of peanut oil, which is carried aboard in bamboo baskets. The baskets are lined with paper, and the oil rides quite as well in them as though it were held in tin cases. At Shanghai we take an ocean steamship for Hongkong—a long and stormy voyage of about one thousand miles.

Hongkong is an island—or, rather, one of a group of islands—and not a city. The island itself is a part of a British possession and is about the size of Manhattan Island, old New York, perhaps ten miles long and three wide. British possessions also include the peninsula of Kow lun and the adjoining territory on the mainland. The chief city and port is Victoria, but it is generally spoken of as Hongkong. About 400,000 people live in Hongkong and its surroundings, and they are there for the money in the place. Moreover, there is plenty of it, for Hongkong is one of the great trade centres of the world. It is a free port; that is, there are no duties to pay on goods entering or leaving the

port; so that the city of Victoria is a great market in which all sorts of commodities are bought and sold. Not far from eight thousand deep-water vessels and twice as many junks enter the port during the year. But little more than half a century ago what is now a beautiful city was a collection of

Hongkong Harbor

huts overlooking an almost inclosed strait. For the greater part, the huts were the dwelling-places of Chinese pirates, and the harbor was the hiding-place of their junks. Now the water-front is one of the three or four most important ports of the world, and certainly the first of Asian commerce.

Topographically, the island is a cluster of mountain peaks

that rise abruptly from the water. The city is on the northern side, well over toward its western end, and stretches about three miles along the shore. The business part is built on the narrow coast plain, and the residence section on the terraces above. Back of all is the "Peak," nearly two thousand feet high—also a residence section. Years ago the wealthy residents were accustomed to be carried back and forth in chairs, but nowadays an electric railway car whisks them up the Peak in less than a quarter of an hour, or drops them down in about half the time.

Hongkong is just within the tropics and, although in the hottest weather the temperature is not so high as that of midsummer days in Philadelphia or Washington, the air of summer is moist and oppressive. The winter weather is much like that of Southern California in May and June. The summer rains are apt to put in a very formidable appearance by the middle of May—formidable, because a single summer shower may shed about as much water as falls in an equal area of the United States in half a year. But with all its drawbacks, Hongkong is one of the most delightful places in the world in which to live.

Much, perhaps most, of the wholesale business between the foreign and the Chinese merchant is transacted through agents known as middle-men or "compradores." The foreigner cannot speak the Chinese language, the compradore cannot speak English; so they compromise on "pidgin," or business English, a compound of English, French, Portuguese, and Chinese. Rarely will a Chinese merchant deal directly with the foreigner. Ask him to sell you a thousand piculs of rice—a picul is the equivalent of about one hundred and thirty-three pounds—and he will smilingly inform you in pidgin, "No have got," although sacks of rice fill his warehouse. To purchase his wares, one must buy through his compradore. Merchants and compradores are scrupulous

Canton—the River Front; the Large Building on the Right is a Godown

and exact about money matters. If a merchant fails, his brother merchants stand ready to make good his debts if necessary. It is no uncommon thing for a merchant to borrow many thousands of dollars from a bank on no other security than his promise.

Canton is only ninety miles distant from Hongkong, and boats of all sorts and conditions ply between them. For much of the distance the banks of the river are an almost continuous garden. Oranges, lemons, cumquats, lychees, and a wonderful profusion of flowering plants are constantly in evidence, and these are here and there relieved by the brightly colored tiles of the roofs. A run of about eight hours brings us to the city, and then the enchantment is gone. The boats become so numerous that it seems impossible to avoid running them down. Pagodas come into vision like magic, and we are on the outskirts of the city. Here and there among the low, picturesque buildings are some well built of stone or of brick, very plain, with severe and ugly outlines; they are the "godowns," or warehouses in which people store their valuables when not in use. These are necessary because of the flimsy character of the surrounding dwellings, which, being almost wholly of bamboo and paper, burn almost like a flash of powder. The manager has an eye to business on the side, and he is always ready to lend money to those who have property in store. So many of the godowns do a brisk pawn-shop business.

Canton is a city of temples and pagodas. In the "Hall of the Five Hundred Wise Men," which is somewhat near a translation of the temple's name, are gilded statues of the chief and most learned disciples of Buddha. One of these, in European costume, is said to be in memory of Marco Polo. In another temple is an inscription—"Man has many reckonings with man, but only one with God." The "Pagoda of Flowers," unlike most pagodas, has but nine stories in-

stead of the traditional thirteen. The mint at Canton has the distinction of being the largest in the world—larger than that at San Francisco. The water clock is likewise one of the curiosities of the city. It consists of a number of copper jars filled with water. A float in the lowest jar moves an indicator that shows the time of day.

Canton—the Pagoda of Flowers

As in most cities of China, the various kinds of business are grouped each on a street by itself. On one, the shops deal exclusively in ivory; on another are the jade merchants; another is occupied by fan makers and fan merchants. The most attractive of all is the street where the lantern merchants display their wares; lanterns are hung from every part of the shop front, from bamboo poles fixed to the shops, and from trellises over the eight-foot-wide street.

Not far away is the Kung Yuen, or examination hall, where yearly are assembled the competing candidates for public office. There are more than one thousand little brick cells ranged in rows for their use. Each student is assigned to one of these, and, after being searched to make sure that he has no "pony" concealed about him, is locked in. The furniture consists of a stove, and a tiny table that serves as a bed at night. Food is passed to the inmate through an iron grate, and the examinee must remain shut off from the rest of the world until his essay is complete and delivered.

The water-front is perhaps the most interesting part of Canton. The great junks that serve as freight-carriers are gorgeously colored above the water-line. They have high

sterns and most elaborately carved bows. The latter are quite apt to be heads of fabulous and impossible monsters, always with great, owl-like eyes. "No have eyes, no can see, how can go?" is the explanation which the junkman imparts in pidgin. The house-boats are anchored fast in rows near the shores, with regular spaces between that serve as streets. There is economy in the house-boat as a residence. It is cheaper to build than a house and can be made quite as comfortable. The owner pays no ground-rent and but little tax money. It is true that he has very little land to cultivate—only two or three square yards of soil not more than a foot deep; but he can sit all day and fish.

A floating hotel is something of an oddity, yet on Pearl River it is a necessity, for the gates of the city are closed at nine, and after that hour none without may enter. But the hotel-boats will take care of all such travellers, and after a good dinner one may spend the evening at any one of a number of theatre-boats. Life on a house-boat is not without convenience. The grocer, fruit-seller, hair-dresser, and the artisan of every sort will wait on you; and at night-time thousands of lanterns make the whole river front charmingly aglow with light.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW CHINA WAS OPENED TO THE COMMERCE OF THE WORLD

UNTIL the beginning of the twentieth century the Chinese Government had always held that foreign governments and peoples were inferiors and that they had no rights that China was bound to respect. If China was gracious enough to have any communication with a barbarian or "foreign devil," it was an act of courtesy on her part and not a right. If a communication was sent to the Chinese throne, it would not be received unless it was a petition; and if a foreigner wished to confer with a high official he was informed that he must approach the latter on his knees with his head bowed to the floor. This position was called the "kow-tow." Moreover, foreigners were told that they were not wanted in China and that China did not care to have any foreign merchants visit her ports.

Prince Ching—One of China's Great Men

This, of course, made commerce between European merchants and China a pretty difficult matter; and so for more than a century, when a European merchant-ship visited a

Chinese port, if the Chinese officials refused permission to trade, the master of the vessel would open fire on the port and bombard it until permission was given. This was called "shooting-up" the port. After the shooting-up was ended the master would then "engage in peaceful trade."

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, after the Chinese discovered that shooting-up was very unprofitable, a few ports were named at which vessels might trade. At first the merchants and traders were not allowed to enter the city; they must carry on business at a guarded landing-place. One of these ports was Canton.

In the meantime, the British merchants in India had found the cultivation of opium to be a very profitable business. The opium was sent to China, where it was sold for a high price. But the Chinese Government saw that the use of the drug was an awful injury to the Chinese, and made a strong effort to stop the sale of it. This could not be easily done, however, because some of the Chinese officers themselves were making a great profit out of the business.

When Lord Napier, the British agent, endeavored to call on the Chinese governor at Canton, he was not permitted to enter the city. Keeping his temper as well as he could, he sent his letter of appointment to the governor; but the latter sent it back in an insolent manner. Lord Napier made several efforts to meet the Chinese officials, but was told that this was out of the question unless he kowtow to the governor of the province. He refused to do this and his mission therefore failed. Had the British Government stood by him, unnecessary war would have been saved; for both nations were beginning to show not a little temper.

A new governor with a peppery temper was appointed at Canton, but the opium was smuggled into China just as readily as before. The British agents sold it to the "hong" merchants, and the latter quickly sold it to the Chinese.

One day, in 1839, the residents of the European quarter found themselves surrounded by Chinese troops. They were informed by the new governor that the opium stored in the floats and barges in the river must be surrendered or every European would be killed. So Captain Elliot, the successor of Lord Napier, quietly handed over the entire amount, about twenty thousand chests, to the Chinese officials. This was

The Kowtow

more than the British Government could tolerate; as the result, a British fleet with decks cleared for action very shortly appeared in front of Canton. When the smoke of the conflict had cleared away it was the Chinese governor who was on his knees.

For the frisky act of the governor, the Chinese Government had to pay six millions of dollars to Great Britain, give

to the British the island of Hongkong, and open five ports for foreign trade. So, for the first time, China was aware of a foreign power that was her superior. She was also rudely awakened to the fact that politeness was quite as great a virtue when practised by herself as when exacted from others.

Several bad rebellions took place in China when the weakness of the Chinese Government became known among the people; for it had always been the claim of the government that foreign nations were allowed to exist only by the consent of China, and for the Chinese to be defeated by foreigners was disastrous to the throne. One insurrection, known as the "Tai-ping Rebellion," was put down only after fifteen years of fighting. It was started by a young man who, professing conversion to Christianity, had returned home and there began preaching. He had great powers of leadership, and soon had many thousands of people under his control. In order to impress his fellows, he used to go into a trance, calling on Heaven for wisdom and aid. This performance appealed most strongly to the ignorant Chinese.

Charles George Gordon

The army gathered by the Tai-ping leaders did not lack zeal nor ferocity. Nanking was captured and not one of the twenty-five thousand of the emperor's soldiers was spared. The army moved northward along the Grand Canal. In every battle with the rebels the emperor's army was defeated. For a time it was believed that Peking would be taken. But a very cold winter did what the emperor's Manchu generals

could not do. The rebel army could not withstand the intense cold and was badly defeated.

After that the war began to drag, and for about ten years little was accomplished on either side. In 1863 two "foreign devils," as they were called, came to the front in defence of the Peking Government. One, Frederick Ward, was an American; the other, Charles George Gordon, later famous in history as "Chinese" Gordon, was an English soldier. Ward was holding the position of admiral in the Chinese navy; Gordon had served his country in nearly every part of the world. Ward was put in chief command; Gordon was made commander of the army, which, up to that time, had won nothing but defeat. They were backed by a young man who afterward became one of the great men of China, Li Hung Chang. In a year's time Nanking was retaken; the rebel leaders were dead by their own hands, and the rebel army had disappeared.

Frederick Ward

The rebellion cost China in money about three or four billions of dollars; and about twenty millions of lives were sacrificed. At heart it was a revolt against a weak government.

Another object-lesson came during the Tai-ping Rebellion. The coast of China has always been infested by pirates, some of whom divided their plunder with officers of the government. In 1857, Governor Yeh seized a Chinese vessel, the *Arrow*. There was never any doubt that the

Arrow was a pirate vessel; but, unfortunately, she had registered at Hongkong and was flying the British flag. Governor Yeh had a right to seize the vessel and her crew, but he should have sent the latter to a British court. To have done this, however, would have been an acknowledgment that that foreign nation had commercial rights with China. So he refused to send the prisoners to the British court at Hongkong. Instead, he sent them to the British consul with an insolent message; and when the consul refused to take them, the governor ordered their heads chopped off. Here was a pretty mess, and the result of this insult to the British Government was another invasion of China. It was very quickly over, however; Governor Yeh was made a prisoner and sent to India for the rest of his life, and a British garrison occupied Canton.

In settling this affair Great Britain invited France, Russia, and the United States to take part, but the envoys of these nations at first refused to meet the Chinese official because the latter was an officer of low rank and without authority; so the conference was postponed until an officer of the proper rank could be sent. But before the Chinese Government would agree it was necessary to shell the forts at the mouth of the Pei River and batter them to pieces.

Lord Elgin, the British envoy, did not demand the port of Tientsin, because he did not wish to humiliate China unnecessarily. This courtesy, however, proved a blunder, for when the envoys returned with the treaties, they were told that Tientsin was not open to foreigners, and they were not allowed to enter. The British, French, and Russian ships then opened fire on the forts; but the American ships refused to take part in the bombardment. The Chinese forts were manned with good guns, however, and the gunners did their work so well that most of the ships were destroyed. It was a most disastrous defeat to the Europeans.

The American envoy then accepted an offer of the Chinese Government to hold a conference, which the others had declined, and went on to Peking. There he was told that the United States was merely a vassal of China and that he must kowtow, or kneel, on approaching the throne. This he refused to do and at once quitted Peking. A few months later the European forces again returned to the forts at Tientsin, shot them to pieces, and attacked Peking. A truce was sought by the Chinese, but the Chinese troops killed the European soldiers bearing the flag of truce. Then Peking was attacked and taken; and the Forbidden City was destroyed. The emperor escaped, but found only a grave. His successor acceded to all the demands of the Europeans; he also opened the door of the empire to the missionary and to the school-teacher.

About a quarter of a century later, the French Republic made war upon China. The cause was trivial, but was thought justifiable. The French fleet destroyed the Chinese arsenal at Fuchau and sunk several Chinese vessels. The important fact about the trouble was that the Chinese Government sought to learn from an American missionary, Dr. Martin, what formalities were to be observed in dealing with the trouble. Here was a fact of great importance because it was the first time that China had agreed to treat other nations as her equals. Many ports were thrown open to foreign trade, and of this trade the Americans obtained a large share.

China had learned her lesson so far as European powers were concerned, but she was unwilling to practise it upon her neighbor Japan, whom she had always despised. From the time of her commercial awakening, Japan had been building a foreign trade with Korea. The Chinese had always resented this, and had considered Korea as a vassal of their own. The trouble between the two nations increased until Japan declared war. Japanese troops landed and advanced

with but little opposition. When the Chinese Government sought peace, Li Hung Chang was sent to Tokio. A Japanese assassin shot and severely wounded him while he was under the shelter of the Mikado. It was a most shameful thing, but it was, nevertheless, an advantage to China, for the terms which China obtained, because of this crime, were much easier than they otherwise would have been.

Li Hung Chang—China's Greatest Statesman

Many of China's reforms, in recent times, have been shot into her by the guns of war-ships; and with each reform a slice of Chinese territory has usually slipped into the hands of a European power. Thus, Macao has been occupied by the Portuguese since 1557. The British acquired Hongkong in 1842 and the promontory of Weihaiwei in 1898. The French forced China to give them Kwang chau wan harbor in the same year; and the Germans seized Kiao chau about the same time. The territory was "leased," but the "lease" was intended to be as good as a deed.

The lease of Kiao chau to the Germans created much bad feeling among the Chinese people. The bad feeling increased when Japan was about to take possession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung peninsula. The Russians, fearing that if the Japanese held Port Arthur it would prevent them from getting a part of Manchuria, joined with Germany and France and ordered Japan out of Port Arthur. The Japanese sullenly withdrew; but a knowledge of the matter spread among the Chinese people and caused an uprising much like the Tai-ping Rebellion.

In 1897 a new secret society, known as the "Boxers," became a very powerful organization. The Boxers had long been known as a dangerous element, but their mischief at this time was due to the growing hatred of foreign nations for taking Chinese territory.

The Emperor Kwang Su was very progressive, but his adoption of Western methods was not always with the best judgment. So the empress dowager stripped him of his power and confined him to his palace. Prince Tuan, the head of the Boxers, became the chief adviser of the empress. Reforms that could be dropped without offending foreign powers were dropped. The hostile feeling against foreigners grew rapidly in the northern provinces. Railways were torn up; telegraph lines were destroyed; foreign goods were boycotted, and threatening placards were displayed. The government did not attempt to stop such actions. Chinese Christians were attacked and hundreds were massacred. Then the foreign powers demanded the suppression of the Boxers, but the only reply was the murder of several missionaries and the destruction of the property of foreigners. The foreign settlement at Tientsin was surrounded by Boxers, and war-ships were ordered to the Pei River. In June, Admiral Seymour, of the British fleet, landed two thousand men at Tientsin, and began to repair the railway to Peking. They were surrounded by imperial troops and Boxers, and before they could retreat to Tientsin nearly four hundred were killed. Captain Bowman

Captain Bowman McCalla

McCalla of the American navy aided in the rescue of the British troops, and was commended for his bravery.

A few days later the Chinese forts at the mouth of the Pei began firing on the fleet. The European war-ships silenced the forts, however, and their troops carried the fortifications. The fighting about Tientsin then became general, and the Boxers and imperial troops were finally driven out of the city. By the latter part of July, thirty thousand European and American troops had gathered at Tientsin, and about half that number were sent to the relief of the foreign residents at Peking. The relief column had to fight Chinese troops and Boxers all the way to Peking.

And all this time the foreigners in Peking had been constantly fighting both the troops and the Boxers. There were eight hundred Europeans and over two thousand native Christians gathered in the "compound," or walled inclosure of the British Legation. The German minister, who went to the Chinese Foreign Office to demand protection, was shot down by a soldier. The troops and Boxers were under the command of Prince Tuan. It was the first time in modern history that the officers of a civilized government attempted to massacre all the members of the foreign legations. But the order to kill the Europeans and Americans had been signed by the empress herself.

For nearly two months no one knew the fate of the foreign representatives. Then President McKinley demanded that the Chinese minister at Washington should find out whether they were dead or alive. A few days later the news came that the foreign troops had entered Peking. The empress dowager, the court, and the chief members of the Boxer party had fled. The allied foreign troops remained at Peking for about six months. Prince Tuan was degraded and exiled, and his son was deprived of the succession to the throne. Many of the leaders were beheaded or ordered to put

themselves to death; others were imprisoned or otherwise punished.

Not the Chinese people, but a few Chinese officers, must be blamed for the Boxer outbreak. The governors of the southern provinces refused to take any part in it, and refused to obey orders from Peking that would molest foreigners. Li Hung Chang took no part in the movement.

The Boxer outbreak was the beginning of a new era in China. When the government was again restored, the door into China was open to all the world. Since that time several thousand miles of railway have been built; telegraph lines have been rapidly extended; iron-mines and coal-mines have been opened. But the most important facts are that China has agreed to respect the rights of other nations, and the latter have agreed to respect the rights of China.

CHAPTER IX

VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA

To learn about the Chinese people one must live in a village rather than in a city. Most of the people of a small village are related either by blood or by marriage. In such a village there is very little wealth; and although the people, as a whole, seem to be very poor, there is not much suffering; moreover, they are apparently happy and contented.

The village is nominally governed by officers whom one might call overseers, and these are appointed by the governor of the province or by his representative. A village in China is much more democratic than in America. The overseers are responsible for the good behavior of the village, and they usually preserve good order.

In China, as in America, the "boss" is very much a part of the political system. In China the boss is usually the magistrate of the village. As a magistrate, he is fairly just and wise in his office, but inasmuch as his income from his office is a mere trifle, it is admitted openly that he is entitled to a "squeeze" on all business that goes through his office. When business comes from outside the village, the squeeze is apt to be generous. If one's property has been stolen; if one is anticipating a lawsuit; if one desires a permit to do anything; it is best to talk first with the magistrate. He may be a trifle expensive, but he is good for what he promises.

The police protection of most villages is put on a very business-like basis. A householder pays a certain sum per year to the police, and the latter insure the return of prop-

erty that may be stolen, or pay the owner therefor. The policeman usually makes a considerable noise as he patrols his beat, a proceeding which serves the double purpose of informing all concerned that he is guarding his post and frightening away thieves as well. If a petty thief is caught,

An Interior Village

his punishment for a first offence is comparatively mild; he is led about the village by a cable-tow fastened about his neck. The policeman who leads the offender proclaims the offence in a high-pitched, shrill voice, while another officer follows, every few steps plying a bamboo stick on the culprit's back. A man who becomes a habitual criminal is pretty certain to receive a death sentence in the course of time.

A severe punishment consists in wearing a wooden frame called a "cangue," about three feet square, around the neck. The unfortunate wearer of this necktie cannot lie down, nor can he rest his head and back against a support, as he sits; he must even depend on some one to feed him. Sometimes

How Some Criminals are Punished

it happens that the poor wretch condemned to wear the cangue drops to the ground from exhaustion and is strangled because he is unable to regain his feet. For a very serious offence a convict may be suspended by the neck in a wooden cage. He stands on tiptoe as long as possible, and quite likely is strangled unless his friends intercede by paying his prison-keeper to lengthen the rope around his neck.

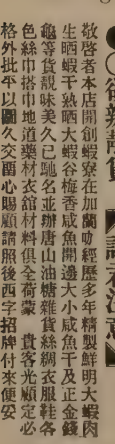
Learning is everywhere much respected in China. The public schools are not supported by the state, as in this country, but every village has one or more schools. The teacher may be a former official who has been deprived of office, but more likely he is a student who has failed in the examinations. Almost always he is a scholarly man, and, next to the government officials, is the most respected man in the village. If a teacher has been successful in the examinations,

A Chinese School

he is considered the most distinguished man in the village. His salary as teacher is anywhere from four to six dollars per month.

The village school is for boys only; girls are not thought to be worth teaching. When a boy goes to school for the first time, he is either accompanied by his father, or else he carries a most formidable-appearing card of introduction. On entering the presence of the master, he kowtows until his head touches the floor. The younger pupils may possibly sit on the floor, but the older boys sit on bamboo stools

around little tables not much higher than an ordinary chair. In learning to read, a boy must know several thousand characters by sight, each character standing for a word. In learning to write he uses, not a pen, but a brush and a cake of india ink. He studies aloud so that the master may know that he is not idle, and when he recites he turns, not his face, but his back to the master. He learns only a little arithmetic—merely enough to handle ordinary business accounts. This he studies by the aid of a numeral frame on which the sliding buttons are arranged in twos and fives. When he is older he studies history and learns the writings of the great scholars, such as Confucius and Mencius. As in America, most of the pupils drop out of school after learning to read and write.



Each Character Stands for a Word

There are no churches in China excepting those established by Americans and Europeans; in the smaller villages such a thing as a church is not known. But every village has one or more temples; Chinese temples are chiefly for honoring the spirits of ancestors. A temple has little in it except a few idols, and perhaps one or

A Brush and a Box of Ink

more tablets containing the ancestors' names. The exterior and interior of some temples are richly carved with intricate

A Shrine in the Temple

patterns and decorated with gold-leaf. The idols are not worshipped, as many suppose, but serve to fix the attention of the one praying on the spirit whom he is entreating. There

are no Sundays in China, but there are many holidays, and, besides these, there are days when families having an ancestor of distinction repair to the temple, burn papers on which prayers are written, and celebrate his virtues by a feast.

Any one who chooses may practise medicine in most parts of China, and Chinese medicines are apt to be what medical students call "shot-gun prescriptions"—that is, there are so many things in the prescription that one or more of them must hit the disease. A prescription may contain twenty or thirty different substances.

The Chinese are quite as fond of taking medicine as are their western brethren, and the doctor who can put up the most villanous mixture—of which powdered insects, lizards, etc., form a generous part—is regarded as a very skilful physician. Educated Chinese usually employ American or European physicians when possible, but in the villages the people are superstitious and believe their ailments are due to evil spirits. "I have a little dragon within me," said a merchant to a Chinese doctor. The doctor looked at his patient carefully and wisely. "No," said the doctor, "it is the spirit of a very large dragon; but in four days it can be frightened away." Whereupon the doctor proceeded to rub a handful of earthworms and honey in a mortar until they were thoroughly mixed; the patient took the medicine; and, sure enough, in four days the evil spirit was scared away!

In most parts of China there are doctors who travel from village to village. On the arrival of a travelling doctor, his servants make a tremendous racket, beating gongs and cymbals, and shrieking the many virtues of their master. No matter what may be your ills, he will cure you; and if an only child happens unfortunately to be a girl, his medicines will change her to a boy! The doctor's booth is erected in the most conspicuous part of a village—perhaps in the temple. Inside and outside hang strings of teeth, dried snakes, bunches

of herbs, strips of bark, and packages of dried insects. He will show you with pride plasters that have cured many and various ailments, and have been returned to be used on other patients. As a crowd of idlers gathers around the doctor's booth, a man with an aching tooth presents himself. A quarter of an hour is spent haggling over the fee that is to be paid, during which time both parties to the transaction shriek themselves almost into hysterics. Then the doctor adjusts a hideous-looking wrench upon the offending tooth, and is ready for business. The howl of pain from the unfortunate patient as the tooth is drawn is drowned in yells of delight from the crowd.

The Doctor

To western people the houses of even the wealthy Chinese are models of discomfort. Village dwellings in the farming communities are all this and more too, for they are also dirty in the extreme. Rarely is there a chimney in a house, and if there are windows they contain neither sash nor glass; at best they are covered with oiled paper. The floor is of clay, which now and then is wet to lay the dust; and if there is more than one room no door shuts off one from another. The fireplace is of stone and mud; the fuel is usually dried grass, reeds, or shrubs, and the smoke escapes through the doors and windows. The furniture consists usually of narrow benches that serve for chairs, a board or two that

may be converted into a table in daytime and a bed at night. Almost always there are three small shrines, and in front of each is a little swinging light and an incense-burner. One of the shrines is usually dedicated to the earth-god and incense is burned before it every evening.

The houses of the wealthy people may have many rooms; the floors may be of stone or of tile; but the furniture is uncomfortable, and there is an absence of plastered and papered walls. In the place of upholstery, the chairs, tabrets, and benches are most exquisitely carved; brocaded satin, worth almost its weight in gold, is used for curtains and table covers; and beautiful porcelain vases on carved teakwood stands take the place of oil-paintings.

A Chinese Lady of Rank

A girl in China has but little to hope for. From the time of her birth she is regarded as a misfortune. The chances of her receiving an education are very remote; they depend chiefly upon her being adopted by Americans or Europeans, or upon the rare good fortune of having parents who have travelled abroad. If her parents are poor, she is destined to be a household drudge all her life; if they are well-to-do, she will be kept in idleness and most likely her feet will be bound so that they are never larger than those of a babe.

During her early child life she has few playmates; she cannot play in the street; and the only boys whom she knows are her brothers. As a young woman she is kept in seclusion; she cannot go to parties, nor can she have the company of young men. Her betrothal is arranged by her parents, and she does not see the man whom she is to marry until the hour of the wedding. After marriage she goes to the home of her husband and becomes the slave and drudge of her mother-in-law during the life of the latter.

A Successful Student

Nevertheless, the Chinese woman is perhaps quite as much respected as the woman of America and Europe. Within the home her wishes are supreme. She may not have the liberties enjoyed by American women, but she has some that they have not. She is the mistress of her household; her advice is always sought on important affairs; and, indeed, she is pretty apt to dominate the political affairs of the village. There is a well-worn Chinese proverb—"Hearken to the counsel of an old woman, for sorrow has given her much wisdom."

By nature the Chinese are very polite, and the first lesson in etiquette taught both at school and at home is that children must respect elder people. In school a boy is taught the rules of good behavior for all times and places with the same care and exactness that he is instructed in reading and

writing. Chinese boys are better behaved in public than are American boys. Impoliteness to a stranger, even to foreigners, was once very rare, but the latter have so often misbehaved that nowadays they are looked upon with some suspicion.

When a Chinese gentleman pays a formal visit to an acquaintance, he prepares for the event with great care. His apparel is what would correspond to our full evening dress. A formal call or an official visit is not made in the morning, but in the evening. It would disgrace a Chinese gentleman were he to go afoot in making his calls; he must hire a chair if he does not own one, and the chair must be carried by four coolies. His servant precedes the chair, bearing the master's visiting card, which is about the size of a page of this book. The card is of the finest paper, red in color, and bears not only the name, but a humble salutation as well. If the one to whom the visit is paid is of a higher rank, the visitor leaves his chair at the outer court; if he is of equal rank, he remains in his chair until he reaches the doorway. On being invited to enter, he salutes his host with low bows, shaking his own hands and not the hand of his host. He praises everything belonging to his host but belittles himself. All these formalities being over, the visitor and his host settle down to a sensible conversation over one or more cups of tea. The visit finished, the ceremonies of leaving are quite as elaborate as those of entering. All are carefully prescribed in the "Book of the Proprieties." An Ameri-

The Apparel of an Officer of High Rank

can might criticise them as senseless, but they are just as sensible as the formalities of fashionable calling in America. Moreover, an educated Chinese is as genuinely polite as his American brother, and he never forgets to be a gentleman.

Chinese skilled laborers are exceedingly clever. Having an old garment as a model, the tailor will reproduce it faithfully, and the workmanship will be of the best, no matter whether it is a man's frock coat or a woman's evening gown. Your watch or a piece of jewelry will be just as skilfully repaired in Canton as in New York. A Chinese carpenter can make almost anything and everything out of bamboo. An ivory carver will cut three balls, one within another, each beautifully carved on the outer surface—all being cut from a single block of ivory. In what might be called "tinkering" the Chinese workman is an artist, and his craft is an art.

A Coolie and his Raincoat

Every trade has its guild or union; and in the cities and towns remote from the seaports the guilds are the social as well as the fraternal centres. Each trade has its own guild-hall, and these are the chief resorts in the town. The guild looks after its sick members, aids the worthy destitute, buries its members at death, and provides for the training of orphans. In many of the guilds the members are forbidden to drink sake, or rice whiskey, or to use opium; even the use of tobacco is forbidden by some of the guilds.

The outer clothing worn by a coolie or by a farm laborer

consists of a blue or brown cotton blouse, a pair of trousers with wide legs that come to the ankles, and sandals. If the day is rainy, he wears also a cloak made of shredded palm-leaves or reeds, the loose ends of which hang down very much like the thatching of a straw roof. This cloak sheds the rain quite as well as a mackintosh. In summer his hat is a scoop-shaped affair fastened to a narrow band that rests on his head. It is a most comfortable hat for hot weather. For cold weather the blouse is padded with cotton, which is quilted into the garment.

The blouse of a well-to-do Chinese gentleman is commonly of silk, and his trousers, of similar material, are carefully gathered at the ankles. His shoes have black velvet or silk uppers, split at the great toe; the sole is of a material like felt. His black silk skull-cap may or may not have a button at the top. The color and material of the button shows his rank. In making formal visits, his blouse is pretty apt to be of brocaded satin of light color, the sleeves of which reach beyond the finger-tips. A gentleman almost always carries a silk fan; if he is a scholar, his fan is covered with inscriptions from the works of other scholars. When not in use, the fan is carried in an embroidered satin case attached to his girdle. If he goes for a walk, his pipe is carried by a servant who follows him.

In the villages as in the cities by far the greater number of people are very poor. They fortunately want but little, and are quite as happy as their brethren of the West; they certainly are more contented.

The Chinese Government is very democratic, and most of the government officers are appointed by competitive examination. The first examinations are held in the various districts. The successful candidates then go to the capitals of their provinces. There the examinations are very severe, and perhaps one candidate in several hundred will carry off

high honors. Those successful in the provincial examinations are eligible to hold office in the province, but many choose to go to Peking and take the examinations for imperial offices.

At Peking the examinations are held in little cells built of brick and plaster. A student is assigned to each cell. The

The Examination Hall, Peking

cell is open in front but has no windows. The furniture consists of two boards, one being a bench, the other a table. The candidate carries food, lights, and writing material into the cell, and there he remains for three days and nights, watched by inspectors. To be successful at this examination entitles the candidate not only to a high office but to honor and fame as well.

CHAPTER X

WHAT CHINA GIVES TO THE REST OF THE WORLD

China is sometimes called the land of "topsy-turvydom," meaning that the way the Chinese do many things is just opposite to the way we in the West do them. To use the Chinese way is "topsy-turvy," because they shake their own instead of their guests' hands at meeting; because they laugh instead of weep in announcing the death of a friend or a relative; because the waistcoat is worn over the coat instead of under it; because they begin at the right-hand lower corner of the page and read upward, instead of reading from the top left to right as we do; because they wear white as a sign of mourning instead of black; because the family name is written first, as Smith Charles, instead of Charles Smith; because fractions are expressed with the denominator over the numerator—because of these things and many others we find ourselves saying the Chinese are a very curious people. Now, inasmuch as the Chinese were a highly civilized nation centuries ago, when our ancestors were the most savage peoples of Europe, it might be a bit more logical to assume that we, rather than our brethren in the East, are the ones that should be called curious.

The Chinese were the first people in the world to have a literature, the first to have the art of printing, and the first to have a newspaper. As a matter of fact, the explosives

and fire-crackers with which the American boy delights to celebrate the Fourth of July were used by the Chinese two thousand years, more or less, before the American continent was discovered by Columbus. The Asian continent has furnished to the rest of the world many domestic animals, food-stuffs, and useful things, and China is still giving us four articles that have had much to do with the progress of Western civilization—rice, tea, porcelain, and silk. These articles have not been confined solely to China, it is true, but Western nations obtained them originally from China, and although all are now produced elsewhere, we still look largely to China for their production.

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Rice Fields—The Fields are Terraced so that Each One may be Flooded

Rice is probably used by more people than any other grain in the world. Some kinds grow in the hill lands, but most of the crop is grown in the low coast plains of southern and eastern Asia and in the flood plains and delta lands of the great rivers. The fields in which it is to grow must be surrounded by dikes, or banks, in order to hold the water; they must also be furrowed so that the water may be drained off. Before the rice is planted the fields must

be flooded for several days, or even weeks. If the flood of the rivers is not high enough to cover them, the water must be pumped or brought by hand. Early in the season one may see thousands of men watering the fields, working night and day. If the field is a small one, two men dip the water out of the river with a huge paper-lined basket and pour it over the surface. More often, however, the water is drawn up by means of wooden

Rice Planting

chain-pumps that are worked by tread-mills. One or two coolies tread patiently for fourteen or sixteen hours on the roughly made wheel that operates the pump, stopping work only long enough to shift the troughs into which the water is poured from one part of the field to another. Occasionally a water-buffalo harnessed to a windlass is the motive-power.

Usually seedling plants are grown in trenches to be afterward transplanted, but sometimes the seed is sown broadcast; in either case, as soon as the seed is sown or the seed-

lings are transplanted, the water is drawn off until it barely covers the surface. After the plants are once started they grow very rapidly—so quickly that it is often possible to get two crops a year from the same field. The stalk grows to a height of about two feet and the ripened grain is not unlike the oat. The grain is cut by hand and the rice is separated from the straw by flicking the bundles against a bamboo rod, or by drawing the heads of the grain over the teeth of a comb made for the purpose. The rice is still incased in husks, and in this form it is called "paddy." Very little of the rice grown in China is sold outside the country. Nearly all is consumed within a few miles of the fields in which it is grown; indeed, the crop is not large enough for the needs of the people, and both rice and wheat flour are imported into China.

Until within a few years nearly all the tea consumed in the world was grown in China, and by far the greater part is still produced there. The tea of commerce consists of the dried leaves of a small tree, the leaves themselves much resembling those of the common rose-bush. The tea-trees ordinarily grow to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, but they are kept pruned to about the size of hazel bushes. The tea "gardens" as they are called, are planted with the trees in rows two or three feet apart. When the trees are three years old the leaves are picked for the first time; at five years of age they yield the best crops; after they are twelve or fifteen years old the leaves begin to be inferior. The picking takes place three or four times a year, but the leaves of the first picking of each year are the best.

To prepare the leaves for the market they are first dried in the sun. In this condition they may be kept without spoiling until they are made ready for the market. The leaves for export are sent to the various factories to be made ready for shipment. Hankau and Fuchau are the chief centres of the

Preparing Tea for the Russian Market

export trade. When the sun-dried leaves reach the factories they are first steamed, and then dried until they are soft without being moist. Then they are taken leaf by leaf and either twisted between the fingers, or else rolled into little pellets between the palms of the hands. In the latter form they are "gunpowder" tea. This done, the leaves are "fired," by heating quickly in pans over a charcoal fire, or else are

Tea Bales on Their Way to Europe

dried very slowly in the open air. The former process produces black tea; the latter, green tea. It is customary to allow the steamed leaves to remain moist for several days before rolling if black tea is to be made.

Most of the tea is packed in chests lined with lead. To keep the sea air and moisture out, the metal joints of the chest linings are soldered. By the time the tea is ready for

shipment, steamships are waiting at various places along the Yangtze. As soon as they are loaded, the race for home begins; and the first steamship to reach a British port earns a large sum of money, for the first tea in port sells at a high price.

The Chinese declare that they were the first to make wares of porcelain clay, and it is pretty certain that they have the right to make this claim. Articles of common use were made of baked clay long before the first records of written history, but it is doubtful if one can find glazed pottery of white clay made at a time before the Chinese manufactured it. Indeed, wares of porcelain clay were made in China more than thirty-six hundred years ago, and to this day porcelain wares are called "china" in Europe and America.

Porcelain clay, or "kaolin," is found in many parts of China, but it is probably named after the Kao Ling Mountains. It is formed when certain kinds of granite rock decompose, and it is deposited by running water in layers. When it is first dug out of the beds it is tolerably hard. Near any large pottery one may see hundreds of coolies—and frequently women are among them—with big bamboo crates or baskets on their backs, filled with the clay which they are carrying from the quarry to the pottery.

The clay contains stones, sand, and other impurities and it therefore must be crushed and washed to remove them. When the washed clay is about as stiff as mud, it is "mixed." This is a long and tiresome process, and no better way of mixing has yet been found than the tramping of human feet. Sometimes water-buffaloes are used, to begin the mixing, but the finishing work is done by the feet and hands of men. The mixed clay is left for a week or more to "temper."

The potter does his work in much the same way the world over, and the Chinese potter is like his brother workman elsewhere. Indeed, if we study the pictures of the potter's art

made four thousand years ago, we find but little change in it since then, and nothing new. The potter puts a mass of soft clay on the centre of his wheel, or revolving table. Then giving the latter a whirl, he moulds the clay into a cup, a plate, or whatever is to be made. He has no tools except his wheel and a little strip of wood or of metal that will reach where his fingers will not. After the piece is moulded, it is set aside to dry very slowly so that it will not crack. Then it is baked in a kiln, or oven, that is kept at a white heat for one, two, or three days. Even after it is baked, the kiln is not opened for a day; it must cool slowly so that the pieces will not crack.

In the decoration of the wares the Chinese have few, if any, superiors. Only mineral colors are used, for the colors must be fired, and the intense heat would quickly destroy vegetable colors. On some of the choice wares the designs are so delicately drawn that one needs a magnifying-glass to see the work clearly. As a rule, each color must be fired separately. When the decoration is finished the pieces must be coated with a transparent glaze. This consists of mineral substances ground into a fine powder and mixed with water. Each piece is dipped into the glaze and a coating of the latter adheres to it. It is just as though it were dipped into white paint, for the glaze covers and hides the decoration completely. When the glazing mixture is dry, the pieces again go to the kiln. Each piece is set on the points of a little tripod so that the glaze will not be rubbed off. The last baking or firing is done by means of charcoal, and the heat is just enough to melt the glaze. The melted glaze is as transparent as glass; it not only protects the colors of the design, but it deepens them just as varnish would.

Much of the china, such as the common Canton ware sold in Europe and America, is of the cheapest kind. Only a little of the very fine ware is sold outside of China. The wealthy

and educated Chinese prize it highly, and several thousand dollars is not an unusual price to pay for a vase not more than a foot high.

It is thought that the making of silk originated in China. More than forty-five hundred years ago a famous empress, Le ling si, taught her people how to rear the silk-worm and reel the silk from the cocoons. There is a story that the Chinese were so jealous of the secret of making silk that to carry the worms or the silk-moths out of China was forbidden under the penalty of death. As the story goes, a princess of the royal family who was to be exiled to India concealed some seeds of the mulberry-tree and some eggs of the silk-moth in her head-dress and succeeded in reaching India with them. From India the silk-making industry was carried to other parts of Asia.

The silk-worm is the grub of a large gray moth hatched from the eggs which the moth lays. The eggs are kept on paper in a cool place until the time for hatching. Then the sheets are placed on bamboo racks in a warm room. The process of hatching is complete in two or three days and the tiny grub is at once ready for his chief work, which is to eat. Its only food is the leaf of the mulberry-tree. At first the leaves are chopped into small pieces, and the grub is put on a fresh piece every half-hour or so, throughout the entire day and night. It grows rapidly, and the feeding process is cut down until it has only three or four meals a day. Each time it feeds, however, it is put on a fresh leaf. Three or four times it casts its skin, remaining torpid until the new skin is formed. In a month it has reached its growth and is about as long and as large as one's little finger.

When the grub completes its growth it ceases to eat and begins to spin its cocoon. The substance which forms the silk is a viscid liquid contained within the body and nearly filling it. This is forced out of the spinning-tube in the form

of a very fine filament, or strand, which quickly hardens. This silken strand the worm winds around and around itself until it is completely incased in it. The process of spinning takes usually five or six days. By the time it is complete the lower part of its body is greatly shrunken and the worm has become a chrysalis, or cocoon. Some of the cocoons are kept until the moths appear, but most of them are placed near a charcoal fire so that the living part may be killed. Then they are thrown into boiling water in order that the silken case may be softened.

The Forest Timber has Long Since Disappeared

For the rest of the work nimble fingers are required, and it is done mainly by women, girls, and boys. If the loose end of the silk strand is not in sight, it must be sought by sharp eyes and found quickly; when found it is wound on a reel. Then several strands are slowly unreeled at once and twisted by hand into a thread. The Chinese silk-weaver has no spinning "jenny" which twists half a hundred threads at a time; his silk thread is spun and made by hand. His loom, moreover, is of the most simple kind. Yet, in spite of all this, no satins, brocades, or plain silk cloths surpass those made in China; and so far as the finer brocades are concerned, nowhere else in the world are they equalled.

Practically all the forest timber has long since disappeared from China, but there is one substance with which the skilled Chinese workman can do anything and out of which he can make a most wonderful array of useful articles—namely,

bamboo; even in our own country we find a score of uses for it outside of its traditional employment for fishing-poles. Bamboo is a species of jointed grass, and it is the most accommodating species in the world. In the tropics it grows anywhere one wishes it to grow, except on the surface of a rock; and it makes a humble apology for this shortcoming by growing readily in the clefts of rocks. It can be cultivated to grow to about any height desired up to forty or fifty feet. If a low, thick stem is wanted, the bamboo can be trained to respond. It will reach its growth in two or three months, but when the conditions are right it will grow two feet in a day. The stalk is a hollow tube with joints from a few inches to three feet apart. When crushed, it may split to the nearest joint, but no farther. It might be stronger if made of metal, but it is just as strong as wood fibre can be.

A Clump of Bamboo

The Chinese house-builder makes the corner-posts, studding, floors, rafters, and joists of the house from it. More than likely the rooms are separated by paper made of bamboo fibre. If one needs a bucket, he cuts a large stalk just above one joint and below the next joint. Then he drills two holes on opposite sides of the open end, twists several young shoots into a handle—and lo! his bucket is all ready. His

wheelbarrow, plough, sedan-chair, tables, chairs, tabrets, and other pieces of furniture are made of it. Bottles, tubes, pencils, brushes, rope, hats, mats, baskets, blow-guns, bows, arrows, and spears are bamboo; the masts of sailing vessels, and even the sails themselves, are made of it. The young sprouts just out of the ground are just as fine as asparagus, and when preserved in rice vinegar are excellent pickles. The feathery tops make good roof-thatching; the seeds ground into flour are wholesome and nutritious; and if a poor chap has a bad cold and doesn't want to call the doctor, he merely doses himself with a cure-all tea made from the fresh leaves.

CHAPTER XI

JAPAN—THROUGH THE INLAND SEA

A CHAIN of mountains off the east coast of Asia curves like a great bow for a distance of eighteen hundred miles. This long mountain chain is partly covered by the sea. The plateaus and peaks above sea-level are the islands of Japan, and four of them contain nearly all the people of the empire. The largest, Hondo—the Japanese call it Honshu—is about as large as New York and Pennsylvania together. Yezzo, which the Japanese call Hokushu, is a little more than half the size of New York. Shikoku is about as large as Massachusetts, and Kiushu, twice as large. In these four islands, not quite three times the size of New York, live forty millions of people, or about half the population of the United States.

Aside from these and to the north-west there is the island of Karafuto, or Sakhalin, as it is called by Americans and Europeans. This barren land the Russians once seized from Japan, but after the recent war between the two nations they were compelled to give back half of it to the Japanese. To the east of Sakhalin the rocky and almost barren Kuril Islands extend northward to Yezzo, almost to Kamchatka, and islands variously called Loo Choo, Liu Kiu, and Ryu Kiu extend southward from Kiushu into the Torrid Zone. Formosa, farthest south of all and half as large again as Massachusetts, was the chief prize won in the war between China and Japan.

All the larger islands are very rugged. The crests of many ranges are more than a mile high, and some of them are

nearly two miles high. Many of the high peaks are the cinder cones of volcanoes, and of these there are several hundred. None of them have had eruptions of lava within the memory of man, but some of them still pour forth occasional clouds of steam. One of these volcanoes, Mount Fujiyama, or Fujisan, is a sacred object to the Japanese. Its beautiful white cone can be seen far out at sea.

A land of volcanic peaks is usually beset with earthquakes,

Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan

and Japan is no exception. Throughout most of the islands light shocks are very frequent, and occasionally there are shocks hard enough to destroy many lives and much property. About two hundred years ago the city of Yeddo, where Tokyo is now built, was destroyed, and most of the people killed; and a little more than fifty years ago, a great sea wave caused by an earthquake rolled in upon the town of Simoda

and swept it away. A severe earthquake quickly shatters the houses, and seams the ground with great cracks.

There is but little level land in Japan. Narrow coast plains skirt most of the shores and the flood plains of the short streams extend back into the ravines a few miles. There are also many mountain valleys, but for the greater part they are small in area. The rugged surface does not worry the farmer, however. If he needs level land for growing rice, he proceeds to dig, fill, and embank until his field may have a dozen different levels, each one a basin that can be flooded when necessary.

Japan has not an abundance of mineral wealth. The coal-mines yield ten million tons a year—just about enough to supply New York City. One-quarter of this is sold abroad; the rest is used mainly in manufacturing establishments. About fifty million gallons of petroleum are produced, and nearly all of this is consumed at home, in addition to the many million gallons which are brought to Japan from the United States. Copper is the most important metal, and Japan is one of the leading copper-producing countries in the world. Gold and silver are so scarce that much of the metal needed for coins must be purchased.

Next to the rice-fields the sea produces most of the food-stuffs of Japan. Fish is the chief meat food of the Japanese and excepting in the larger cities beef and mutton are almost unknown. The government takes great care of the fisheries, even to stocking them with certain kinds of fish.

From Hongkong we take a North German Lloyd steam-ship for this great island empire, the foremost native power of all Asia, and one of the great powers of the world. At first sight the ship seems to be new, and certainly she is spick-and-span. But we learn that she formerly plied between New York and German ports. Being too slow for this service, her upper works were rebuilt for tropical seas. Her boilers are

new, but engines and hull are about as they were when they were built twenty years ago.

Hitherto the ship has sailed between Hongkong and Nagasaki. With this voyage, however, she proceeds to Kobé. Between the islands of Hondo and Shikoku is a great sound called the Inland Sea. In shape it is not unlike Long Island Sound, and the two bodies of water have about the same size.

Approaching Nagasaki, instead of making the usual landing, the ship drops anchor a quarter of a mile away from the foreign settlement. We take aboard some pigs, chickens, a tank filled with live fish, and a lot of fruit. Then a little naphtha launch comes spitting alongside. A ship's ladder is lowered, and three officers in uniform mount to the promenade deck. The last one, a young man, vaults over the rail easily and gracefully. A few minutes later he is talking to another passenger in the best of English. He proves to be a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

After a stay of not more than two hours, the steamship picks her way out of the harbor and is rounding the northwest coast of Kiushu. It is a difficult passage from Nagasaki to Shimonoseki, for there are many reefs and islands off the coast. We therefore take a pilot for the trip. In a few hours we are between the island of Ikeshima and the mainland. This island was the scene of an affair that did not reflect much credit on the American Government. In the eighties an American war-ship steamed close to the island, and, without giving warning to the many villages, the officers and crews began their usual target practice. As a result, several Japanese villagers were killed and many more were wounded. At that time Japan was not a "power," but only an insignificant country that had neither ships nor guns. As a compensation, our government paid the Japanese the princely sum of fifteen thousand dollars!

By evening we are at Shimonoseki. We are told that at

Nagasaki– The Harbor

night-time the ship cannot pass through the narrow strait that forms the western entrance of the Inland Sea; we are also informed most politely that, owing to quarantine regulations, no one will be permitted to land until next morning. But as we are to pass through the strait early next morning, there is not much comfort in the information. Shimonoseki also has a small part in the history of the United States. In the summer of 1863 three vessels—an American, a Dutch, and a French ship—were fired upon while passing the strait. The next year a fleet of war-ships appeared in the harbor, bombarded the town, and destroyed it. Even this was not considered punishment enough, and the Japanese were required to pay a fine of three million dollars. A few years later the American Government, ashamed of its part in the transaction, returned its portion of the money.

In the Inland Sea—Japanese Junks

With daylight we are on deck. The tide is right, and the ship is in the boiling swirls of the narrow strait. There are sampans and junks by the hundred, and even at the early hour of daybreak it seems as though all the city were on the lookout. Dozens of bumboats hover about the ship, but they are kept at a good distance by a spiteful-looking launch that bears the flag of the Imperial Customs. A few minutes only are required to take us past the water-front, through the strait, and into the Inland Sea.

The scenery is not unlike that of the Irish coast; but a fog settles upon us, and we creep along at half speed accompanied by the mournful blast of the siren; then the churn of the propeller stops and we hear the rumble of the cables as the anchors drop. We are at anchor all night, and the nasty roll of the ship makes many of the passengers ill. It does not affect the three naval officers, for they remain in the smoking-cabin playing bridge whist. In this they receive their instructions very gracefully from the young officer, who certainly learned something more than the science of war at Annapolis.

By daylight the fog has lifted and we are again under way. The steamship is pointing at what appears to be a solid wall of rock. But it seems to give way and we are in another narrow strait. We pass wicked-looking fortifications; they are the Takamatsu and Wakayama forts, whose concealed guns might sink any hostile fleet that enters the straits. An inquisitive passenger asks the young Japanese lieutenant about the forts, and the latter says nothing so very politely that no offence can be taken. Then an English merchant who has lived many years in Japan tells us that these forts protect Kobé, Hiogo, Osaka, and Kioto, four of the most important cities in Japan. He tells us also that the channel is set with torpedoes, any one of which can be exploded the instant a vessel is over it.

A few hours bring us to the head of the bay of Osaka. The rugged mountains seem to rise abruptly out of the sea, but as the ship approaches them the low shore comes in sight; then we see the buildings of Kobé and Hiogo behind the multitude of vessels. Kobé and Hiogo together form a great centre of Japanese trade. Formerly Kobé was the residence of foreign merchants, but in recent years many of them have moved into Hiogo. Hiogo has also taken much of the commerce from Nagasaki. We steam slowly past three American ships.

A Panorama of Kobé

They have brought kerosene oil from Philadelphia, and they are waiting for their return cargoes of rugs, matting, and the Japanese wares that one finds in American stores.

From the deck we can see much of the city. The business houses, factories, and godowns are on the bund, a low plain that skirts the coast. The residence streets in steps and terraces reach back into ravines in the mountains, whose slopes are very steep. Along the Japanese end of the bund

Japanese Dwelling—Exterior

are hundreds of junks. A little steamer comes out swiftly toward us, wig-wagging a flag which is answered by flag signals from our steamship. It comes alongside and several officers in uniform board the steamship. They are the health and the customs officers, who check the passengers by name. Everything seems to be right, however, for the ship keeps right on to the wharf.

At the dock a policeman summons one after another of the

waiting rickshas. There is a good hotel and also a club-house in Kobé, but a private house has been engaged for our use, and a Japanese servant, or "boy," is in waiting to accompany us. He is a natty, well-groomed young man, named Matsu, who has been a steward on a Canadian Pacific steamship and a bell-boy in Seattle. Rickshas take us along the Motomachi, the principal street of Kobé, and then into a

Dwelling Interior—Sliding Partitions

winding way that is a bit too wide for a sidewalk but too narrow for a street. The house before which we stop looks small enough to be a doll's house. At first sight it seems to have no front whatever, but two servants slide wooden screens into place which shut in the front of the house. Paper screens are arranged so as to divide the house into three rooms. Matsu has also arranged "American" furniture for us—several bamboo chairs and a very small writing-table.

The Japanese themselves sit on small cushions instead of chairs, bending the legs back so as to rest on the heels. The table, or tabret, on which they serve their food is about four inches high, the top being but little larger than a platter. The bed consists of one or two thick quilted mats with a thinner one for a cover. The pillow is a little wooden saddle hollowed so as to fit the head and neck, and covered with padded cloth. Matsu knows pretty well that no foreigner could rest with such pillows, and he has provided us with rubber air-cushions instead.

In a little while tea is served. A small cup is filled half full of tea leaves; hot water is poured into it; it is covered with a porcelain saucer that fits loosely inside the cup; after a minute it is poured off into a second cup, from which it is drunk. The water is kept hot in a little metal-lined box, ashes surround the little kettle, and there is a handful of burning charcoal at the bottom. Oranges, soup, and most deliciously cooked fish make the rest of the evening meal. When night comes, all Kobé and Hiogo are glowing with the light of lanterns. Even the junks off shore have lanterns at their mast-heads and these sway as the junk is rocked by the waves.

CHAPTER XII

JAPAN—KOBÉ AND OSAKA

NEXT morning the bath is announced as ready. The bath-tub, an oval-shaped affair, is more than half full of hot water. Under the tub is a metal box in which charcoal is

burning, and the pipe extends up through the water to heat it. Breakfast consists of grape-fruit, Japanese persimmons, some very good bread, a mysterious dish in which egg is the chief part, and tea.

Before sight-seeing, Matsu invites us to his brother's house. As we approach, his little niece comes out, drops on her knees, and touches her head to the mat. Matsu has already told us that it is proper to remove the shoes on entering a house as a guest; he has provided us with cloth slippers, and the little lady who greets us takes our shoes. The family receive us with many bows, drawing breath audibly

A Very Formal Tea

through half-closed lips and teeth as a mark of respect. A small tray with burning charcoal is brought in, and we are invited to smoke. Then tea is served in tiny cups scarcely thicker than an egg-shell and about as large. The brother tells us in good English that he once lived in Portland, Oregon, working as a clerk by day and studying at night-school. He is now a merchant and is prosperous.

The rooms of the house are large, and they are very light and pleasant. We try to sit on the cushions easily, but our feet are always in the way, and we cannot drop gracefully on our heels as our host does. But it would be very impolite to stand, so we put up with the discomfort as best we can. There is very little furniture in the room—only a carved tabret on which is a beautiful Satsuma bowl. Matsu tells us that his brother has many choice pieces of porcelain, which are kept in a godown near by. As a rule, not more than one or two pieces are kept in the house at a time, for Japanese houses easily catch fire and they burn quickly. But every day or two a different piece is brought from the godown.

A Japanese house has neither stoves nor furnaces to keep it warm in winter. In place of the stove is a box of polished wood, lined with brass and half filled with ashes. Charcoal, a handful at a time, is burned as fuel, and on one side there is a frame on which to set a little kettle. This little fire-box, a "hibachi," is the only way of heating most dwellings. In cold weather more and heavier clothing is worn. Perhaps an American, who is used to furnaces, fireplaces, and steam registers, might be uncomfortable in cold weather, but the Japanese have accustomed themselves to it and do not mind it at all.

As we note the beautiful matting, it is explained to us that the long strips of woven matting which we see in America are not used in Japan. The mats which the Japanese use for floor covers are about as thick as ordinary door-mats. The body of these mats is coarse straw, or sometimes rush-grass, but the upper surface is faced with fine, soft rice-straw, and the edges are bound with cloth. These mats are all the same size, practically six feet long and three feet wide; and the rooms of houses are always so proportioned that these mats will fit evenly.

When we have finished our visit there is more bowing. We offer to shake hands. Matsu's brother understands this custom, but wife and children hold out their hands inquiringly and timidly; they do not know what it means. Then our shoes are given to us and we resume sight-seeing.

Kobé is the foreign settlement and business centre of a large manufacturing district, and also of the chief part of the tea trade in Japan. Hiogo is the Japanese quarter and the two cities are practically one. A few years ago the railway was extended from Osaka to Hiogo. Since that time the growth of Hiogo has been very rapid, and Kobé and Hiogo together have about a quarter of a million people. A small river formerly flowed between the sites of Kobé and Hiogo, but the stream was turned out of its course and forced through a narrow channel; now the old stream-bed is a children's park and playground; with camphor-trees and a profusion of flowers, it is as beautiful as Japanese art can make it.

A Formal Visit

Kobé and Hiogo are the market for much of the Japanese matting, porcelains, and toys that are sent to the American market. Of matting alone, millions of dollars' worth are sold in the United States. Formerly the matting was made of straw and rushes; now cotton is used for the warp, or strings that run the long way of the piece, and the matting is not only finer, but it is far more durable.

The trade of Kobé is not all one way, for the steamships and sailing vessels that are carrying all these goods to America are also returning with American coal-oil, which is used all over Japan.

A century or more before the American continent was known to white men Hiogo was a fortress and arsenal. Here was fought the last great battle of the War of the Chrysanthemums, and the Nanko temple is dedicated to the vic-

Kobé—Decorating Japanese Lanterns

torious General Kusunoki. There is also a famous Buddhist temple, and near by is a great bronze image of Buddha at the top of a granite monument.

In spite of the fine harbor, Hiogo was a small and unimportant place until the railway was built to it from Osaka. Then it grew like a western American city. In 1868 there were less than ten thousand people; at the close of the century there were about two hundred thousand. In going along the streets one might think that nearly every house was a little

factory in which something or other was made for the American market. In one house it is lanterns; in another, fans; near by, father, mother, and children are decorating white "biscuit," as the uncolored porcelain is called; at still another house all hands are making lacquered ware.

From Kobé a gap in the mountain wall is threaded by a narrow ravine along which a good road has been built. At

Arima

the far end of the road is the village of Arima. A little widening of the ravine gives room for rice-fields, but the sides of the ravine are so steep that the ground-floors of the houses on one street are as high as or higher than the roofs of those below. The streets of Arima wind about in a perplexing way, and pretty nearly every street leads to the hot springs, which are famous all over the empire. The place is both attractive

and orderly, for the Japanese Government does not permit the robbery and gambling that one finds at some American and European resorts. The water is conveyed to a great bath-house in the centre of the village, where the pool is free to all, and there are also private baths where a fee of a few cents is charged.

But Arima is famous for another product that is sold all over Europe and America. The little dainty work-baskets of bamboo one finds in almost every country in the world pretty surely were made in Arima. The bamboo is grown in every nook and cranny of the ravine where a plant can be made to grow, and skilful Japanese hands fashion it into baskets of a thousand varieties, and also into about every commodity that is not made of metal.

It is an hour's ride by train from Hiogo to Osaka, and the twenty miles of railway follows the bend of the coast. Osaka is built on the narrow coast plain where a mountain stream crosses it. Years ago, when all its commerce was carried in junks, Osaka was the chief port of the Inland Sea. But steamships cannot cross the bars and shoals in front of its harbor; the foreign commerce therefore moved to Kobé and Hiogo. So the thrifty Japanese have made Osaka a great manufacturing city. In twenty-five years its three hundred thousand people increased to more than six hundred thousand. The many channels in which the river crossed the plain were straightened and diked, the mud flats were raised, and the new city was built upon them. Because of the rapid growth of business, Osaka sometimes is called the Chicago of Japan, but in appearance it is more like Amsterdam, on account of the net-work of canals that cross it.

All around the city are rice-fields. Scarcely any two are on the same level, but each is surrounded by an embankment so that it may be flooded when necessary. As in China,

there are so many people that not a foot of land is wasted, and along the coast it is not uncommon to see steep slopes dug out in the form of little basins one above another, all producing rice.

Osaka is commonplace in looks; but, as in Hiogo, there are many industries that show the ingenuity of the Japanese. Years ago a German taught Japanese workmen how to

Osaka—A Street Scene

make little pearl buttons out of shell. They learned so well that now pearl buttons made in Japan are sold in Germany even. A clever Japanese mechanic pulled a Waterbury clock in pieces and began thinking. When he got through thinking he, too, began to make clocks. There are now several clock factories in Osaka and a score of them in Nagoya. A publisher in Philadelphia had a school

geography that was sold in many of the English-speaking schools. After a while a Japanese printer imitated it so closely—cover, printing, maps, and pictures—that thousands of them were sold before they were discovered to be imitations.

But Osaka has great industries quite as important to Japan as those of Chicago to the American States. There is a gun factory where guns as fine as any built at Woolwich or Essen are made. The first machinery for making them was purchased in Germany; soon the Japanese themselves made larger and better machinery. There is a mint nearly as large and modern as the wonderful mint in San Francisco. There are great iron-foundries and rolling-mills where steel for every purpose is made, and the bronze-making establishments are among the best in the world.

But Osaka is a city of manufactures. In 1875 there was scarcely a piece of machinery in the city; at the close of the century there were more than five hundred factories run by steam or by electricity. There is one cotton factory, nearly as large as any in Lowell, with the most modern machinery, that turns out as good cotton cloth as is made anywhere in the world. Women operate the spindles and looms. They begin work at six in the morning and work until six at night, with a half-hour at nine, at twelve, and at three. The daily wages are about ten cents. A woman's wages in Japan rarely exceed twelve cents per day.

One of the chief sights in Osaka is the fair, or exposition, where specimens of about everything made in the city are to be seen. To visit it is much like spending a day in one of the great department stores of New York. A small admission fee is paid as we enter, but we are not required to take off our shoes, and there is no salesman to lure us into buying something we do not wish. A price mark is on each article for sale, and in many instances it is marked in English

and German as well as in Japanese. A young officer tells us, through Matsu, that enough fans are sent to the United States every year to supply each of the eighty or ninety million people with one. As Hiogo and Kobé are noted for

Osaka—A Tea-House and Garden

matting, so is Osaka noted for the blue and white rugs of which millions are sold in Europe, Australia, India, and America.

One can stop almost anywhere on any street in Osaka and

be in sight of a tea-house. This very pleasant and convenient institution is something like a dairy lunch room in an American city; but it is also vastly different. A dainty little waitress takes charge of your shoes and provides you with a cushion; another brings you tea, and perhaps fruit, with a little cube of sponge-cake. There is no noise, rattle of dishes, nor shrieking of orders. It is a very pleasant place in which to obtain a lunch and a few minutes of rest, but an American does not get much comfort sitting cross-legged on a cushion.

Osaka—the Pagoda

The great castle of Osaka is a wonder. It has curved lines, and at each angle is a tower, also with the curved roof. Some of the stones are of mammoth size. One great piece is about forty-five feet long, and a little more than ten feet square at the end. Several others are half as large. The castle is very old, and in recent years has been surrounded by a quite modern fortress. Trim little soldiers whose movements are very military, and officers in white uniforms, are going here and there. Matsu tells us that we shall be closely watched to see that we make no snap-shots with the camera. Then the officer, with many bows, directs Matsu to conduct us to the old well which has never failed to yield a copious supply of cold water.

Osaka, being a centre for Buddhist religious orders, has temples and many, many Buddhist priests. A great pagoda

is the interesting feature of a temple near the castle. Inside the pagoda is a pendulum of heavy timbers bolted so as to form a solid piece. It is made to swing in such a manner as to take much of the shock should a severe earthquake occur. In the bell-tower near by we see hundreds of children's garments hanging from every possible place. It is a shrine, and the garments belong to children who are very ill. Their sad-faced mothers cluster about the altars, while Buddhist priests are chanting prayers for the recovery of their little ones.

CHAPTER XIII

JAPAN—FROM OSAKA TO TOKYO

We now prepare to go to Yokohama and Tokyo. Kioto is about two hours' ride by train from Osaka, and it is to be our stopping-place for several weeks. We are loath to give up our pleasant cottage at Kobé, but Matsu has arranged for our stay in a famous hotel in Kioto. The hotel is unlike any American hotel, but it reminds one of some of the monasteries in the Alps. And a monastery it certainly was in the time when the shoguns ruled Japan. But years ago two brothers who, as guides, had saved a bit of money, purchased the old monastery, annexed a near-by tea-house, built several cottages, and made the establishment a hotel that is now famous.

Kioto was once the capital of Japan. It is on a level plain at the foot of a high mountain range. The river that flows through the city is full of islands, bars, and shoals. Several long bridges span the river from bank to bank. On the bars and islands are many tea-houses and pleasure resorts, some of them seeming to be built on timber platforms. The little islands in the river-bed are connected by tiny foot-bridges. Here are fruit-stands with melons, peaches, cumquats, oranges, and persimmons. The fruit is most tempting, and is kept fresh by fountains of spray. The river-bed is the central park of Kioto, and what nature has not done the Japanese have added to make it beautiful.

At the foot-hills, paved walks, stairways cut in rock, and terraced roads lead to the temples, that are farther back on the side of the mountain. When the first streak of sunlight

Making Silk

falls on the city, the temple gates are thrown open, for the first worship of the day is then celebrated. No other city in the world has grander temples or finer architecture than those of Kioto. Such wonderful rock work and magnificent c rv-ing are not found elsewhere. The Yasaka pagoda, the masterpiece, is neither more massive nor more richly wrought than the other temples; it is merely old. Its gray and white

Nagoya—the Great Castle

tiles, its arched roofs, its bronze bells, tongueless and cracked, and its altars have heard the prayers of the faithful for more than fourteen hundred years.

Kioto is not a great commercial nor a great manufacturing city, but it is famous for porcelains. Here, in addition to cheap and common wares, are made the choice cloisonné and idzuma wares. A long street leads from the Gojo bridge to

a rather steep hill. The hill is the pottery district of the city, and the street is a bazaar of godowns and china-shops. Japanese guides are ready to declare that Americans and Europeans care little for the temples and much for the china-shops; they therefore call it Teapot Hill. They also declare that one American lady, within an hour after reaching Kioto, had collected three hundred and sixty-five teapots, paid her hotel bill, and was on a train for Hiogo where she had learned that other designs in teapots could be purchased. Kioto is also famous for its silk manufactures; and many thousand people are rearing silk-worms, or else working in the silk mills.

From Kioto, Matsu engages rickshas to take us to Yokohama and Tokyo. Our route is along the Tokaido road, and we can thus loiter on as we please. We leave Kioto at daybreak. It is a hard pull up the mountain, and two stout coolies are required to pull the ricksha. Before noon, however, we have crossed the mountain and have reached Lake Biwa. A very pleasant hotel in Otsu furnishes us a most excellent dinner. The courses consist of a chowder of fish in which chopped pineapple is a part. This is followed by thin slices of raw fish covered with "soy," a sauce or relish much esteemed in the East, served with rice. Salads and chop suey, the Chinese dish, follow, and then fruits. Matsu informs us that it is an American dinner served in our honor. It is not exactly American, but no American dinner could be better.

We go by easy journeys to Nagoya. Long before we reach the city we can see the giant castle. It looks as though after one castle had been completed, another had been built on the top of the first, a third on the second, and a fourth on the third. There are five stories in all above-ground and a dungeon or two below the surface. At each of the two highest points of the tower is a golden dolphin—not gilded, merely,

but all gold. The gold in them is worth about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Once a robber made an enormous kite with the intent to steal them. Just how he planned to get them with the aid of the kite does not appear. The important fact is that he was caught and put to death. Nevertheless, one of the dolphins had a narrow escape. It was loaned to the great fair in Vienna. On its return the vessel sank. The place where the steamship sank was marked, and in three months the dolphin, none the worse for its bath, was atop the tower again.

The Golden Dolphins

Nagoya is a city of the greatest potteries in the world, and a few years ago thirty thousand people in the city and its suburbs were employed in making cheap wares, daubed with ugly designs in blue. Americans and Europeans call the stuff Japanese "art"; and the Japanese believe that they are suiting the tastes of Western peoples.

By slow stages we follow the Tokaido until we reach Yokohama, the port of the steamship lines from San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver. Yokohama is near the lower end of a clover-leaf bay; Tokyo is at the head. Half a century ago, when Commodore Perry made the visit that opened the doors of Japan to the world, a portion of land was set aside for foreign merchants; it is still called the "Settlement" although its population, many thousands in number, is Japanese. Near by—so near that the two have grown into a single mass of people—is Kanagawa, which is the official

name of the port. A little farther south, where most of the business is now carried on, Yokohama began years ago as a small fishing and rice-growing village. But it, too, grew rapidly, and now forms a considerable part of the greater city. A little farther south still, where a spit nearly shuts in the bay, is Yokosuka, the great naval arsenal and the dry-dock. Although the dry-docks and shops were built chiefly for the repair of Japan's war-vessels, the fees received from the repairs of foreign vessels almost pay the cost of supporting dry-docks.

Some Japanese Pottery—Cloisonné, Kaga, Satsuma

There are many good hotels, club-houses, and restaurants in Yokohama, at which one will fare quite as well as in London or New York. The shopping district, especially the Honcho Dori and Benten Dori, is always crowded with foreigners. Like most Chinese shops, those of Yokohama are wide open in front. There are few display windows and bargain counters. One sees only the cheaper goods. Most of the valuable wares are kept at the godowns, and boys are constantly running back and forth bearing baskets filled with silks, or porcelains, or precious ivory carvings. Most of the time the shops are filled with tourists, who are anxious to buy at once, although at Nagoya, Kioto, or Osaka the same articles can be purchased for one-half the price charged in Yokohama.

From the shopping district a short walk across the iron

bridge takes one to the Coney Island of Yokohama. Little theatres, catchpenny shows of every sort, and restaurants crowd every nook and cranny. "Ice cream" is advertised in unique English; it consists solely of shaved ice sprinkled with sugar. A street juggler comes along, sets his canopy, and a crowd begins to gather about him. First of all, his col

Yokohama—The Harbor

lectors announce that fifty sen, or half a dollar, must be collected before he will perform. As his audience has a good number of tourists, the amount is collected several times over. He lights the stump of a cigar and smokes vigorously; then the cigar disappears, seemingly going into his mouth; which he fills with water. Then he produces three or four tops with which he does marvellous tricks. One top travels back and forth along a string stretched taut; another slides up and down his hand and arm, disappearing in one sleeve

to reappear from the other. A large top is set a-spinning; the cord dangling from the top of the canopy is wound around its peg; and up it goes to the top of the canopy where it unfurls a dozen or more national flags. He then

Yokohama—The Bund

ejects the water from his mouth, and in an instant out comes the cigar stump which is still lighted and smoking.

But the masterpiece of the show is performed with a large bamboo basket, which is passed around to convince the crowd that it is an honest basket with neither false bottom nor trap-door. An American takes the performance so much to heart that he pulls and thumps the basket to find what and where the trick about it is. With a great show of assumed awkwardness, the juggler climbs into the basket, and to make certain that he is in it, the American pushes his way to the canopy "just to be sure there is no trick, you

know." He announces to the crowd that "it's all right," and falls back to his place, keeping his eyes sharply fixed upon the basket. The crowd waits a minute or two and then begins to laugh—all except the American, who by and by discovers that the crowd is laughing at him. Then he perceives the juggler at his side, making the grimaces that only a Japanese can make.

Tokyo is an hour's ride by train from Yokohama, and Matsu has engaged a cottage there for our use. As the carriages go swiftly along the main street it is hard to tell whether we are in the far East or the West. The buildings are modern and stucco-covered. The American electric street railway and the English 'bus are both in Tokyo. Soldiers are almost everywhere in sight. A great moat extends through the city, and here and there are bits of old castle walls that guarded the Yeddo of a century ago.

Tokyo—River Junks

Foreigners live in almost every part of the city in fact but not in theory. Except the legations and embassies, all foreigners are supposed to live in what was once the rag-pickers' district; a great many do live in that district at the present time. But once upon a time it was ordered that any foreigner employed by a Japanese might live outside the district. So hundreds and hundreds of foreigners became in name teachers, or clerks, or secretaries of Japanese friends, and were thereby permitted to live in any part of the city they might choose.

Uyeno Park is the breathing-place of Tokyo. The Japanese are the most wonderful landscape-gardeners in the world, and the park is a masterpiece of both nature and art. Cherry-blossom Sunday is the great holiday of Japan; and nowhere is it more generously cultivated than in Tokyo. Then every little grove is an out-of-door tea-house and all the city seems to have gathered about the benches, drinking tea or sipping saké. There are no "Keep-off-the-grass" signs and no po-

Tokyo—The Castle Moat

licemen in sight; neither is there any rude behavior, nor drunkenness. Strangers who may be in the park that day are courteously received and entertained most hospitably. Indeed, no people in the world are more truly hospitable than the Japanese.

The wistaria is a great favorite of the Japanese gardener, At the private house it may be grown on a trellis or as a screen; in the parks, it may be trained into the form of a tea-house. At Kasukabe, near Tokyo, is a wistaria more than five hundred years old. It has spread so that the arbor which supports it covers about five thousand square feet. The chrysanthemum is the show flower of Japan. The varieties

in color, form, and size are almost without number, and on the emperor's birthday, in November, all Japan is decorated with the sixteen-petalled flower. Japanese florists train the flower into most wonderful shapes. It is not uncom-

Uyeno Park—A Family Party in a Wistaria Tea-house

mon to see a group of figures with heads and faces moulded in staff, or in wax, the garments and drapery being masses of growing flowers.

The residence of the emperor is in the heart of the city, and the imperial estate, or inner city, as it is sometimes called, is many acres in extent. Wide moats, winding in a spiral, inclose the estate. When the shoguns ruled Japan and

the emperor was but little better than a prisoner, the moats were flooded in order to keep him secluded; now they are flooded in order to grow the lotus flowers for which Japan is famous, and magnificent marble bridges across the moats permit the public to go and come as they please.

The palaces would be more properly called temples so far

Tokyo—The Government Palace

as appearance is concerned. They are built of wood and contain many hundred rooms. As in other Japanese buildings the rooms are formed by sliding screens, but instead of bamboo frames covered with paper, the screens of the palace are either of plate-glass, or of wood with wonderfully carved panels. The rooms are richly decorated with designs wrought in silk. In the embroidered work gold thread is freely used,

and one large ceiling decoration is made almost wholly of gold filigree.

The gardens contain pretty nearly every plant that grows in Japan, and the lakes have a great variety of fish. Wild ducks are very common in Japan, and great numbers of them alight in lakes and moats, where they always find plenty of

Tokyo—The Palace of the Mikado

food. Netting wild fowl is one of the sports of the young princes. The ducks are attracted by food to the place where the net-thrower is concealed. At the right instant the net is thrown in much the same manner as a cattle-herder throws the lariat. To throw the net over the wild fowl requires great practice and skill.

The Parliament buildings are near the imperial estate, and are surrounded by high walls. The Parliament is much like

that of Great Britain; one house consists of nobles, the other of men who are elected by the people. To be a voter in Japan a man must be twenty-five years old and pay taxes amounting to about fifteen dollars a year. The post-office

Tokyo—A Business Street

department is much like that of the United States. All the larger cities have free delivery and there are rural deliveries along all the principal country roads. The postage on letters is two cents and on cards one cent, as in Europe and the United States.

Japan is a military nation, and Japanese soldiers are

ranked among the best in the world. With the military rifle invented by a Japanese they excel in marksmanship; and in the accuracy with which they use the heavy guns of the warships they also rank among the best. Many of the officers of their army and navy were educated in the military and naval academies of Europe and the United States.

The police of Tokyo are very military in appearance. They wear uniforms of dark-blue woollen cloth in winter and white duck in summer. They carry swords instead of clubs, and when an offender is arrested, instead of handcuffs a short rope is used to pinion his arms. The man who is to become a policeman must have a long and thorough training. He must know enough law to avoid breaking the law himself; he must know enough about medicine surgery to act promptly in severe accidents; he must know a great deal about criminals and where to find them if wanted; he must be so clever at wrestling as to throw his antagonist by a simple twist of the hand. In the practice of this art, which is called "jiu jitsu," the Japanese police are experts. Once a little mite of a Japanese, who was exhibiting the art of jiu jitsu in New York, threw a famous wrestler half a dozen times in succession with but very little effort. The Japanese policeman, therefore, has but little trouble with a refractory prisoner. Now and then a drunken sailor attempts to use his fists on the policeman who arrests him, but in an instant he is sprawling on the ground. If he still shows fight he is thrown again; and by the time his

Yoshihito—Mikado of Japan

arms are tied behind him he has become very tame and obedient.

But whatever one may find in Tokyo either that delights or that disappoints, a visitor cannot help seeing that the best of Eastern and the best of Western civilization are brought together in this the most wonderful city of Asia.

CHAPTER XIV

JAPAN—HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE

THE streets of the large cities in Japan may remind one of those of Peking, or of Shanghai, or of Canton; but they are noticeably different in many ways. They are broader; usually they are paved; and almost always they are clean—indeed, the habit of cleanliness in Japan is so general that one finds little of which to complain. One may walk about the streets in comfort, and everywhere politeness is the rule. Years ago the sedan-chair and the kago, a most uncomfortable cart, were the chief vehicles, but all these have given way to a Yankee invention—the jinricksha, or "ricksha," as it is universally called.

The ricksha is a little two-wheeled cart with springs and a sun-shade. A ricksha of the better class is much like a very large baby-carriage; and its motive-power is a man. Somewhere in the sixties there came to Japan a missionary, Jonathan Gobel, of Connecticut. The good dominie was possessed of two disqualifications for walking about the streets of the Japanese city: In the first place he had a very rotund body that did not readily fit into a sedan-chair; he also had an exasperating rheumatism that forbade his riding in a kago. He therefore took a packing-case, fashioned it into a carriage body, and placed it on two wheels. That was the first ricksha.

A useful invention the ricksha certainly was, and in less than a score of years it was introduced into China, India, and Korea. The word jinricksha means "man-power car-

riage." The modern ricksha is a handsome affair that is made and sold in Japan for twenty dollars and upward. In many instances the rickshas are owned by the coolies who draw them; in the main, however, they are operated by companies. In any case, the ricksha man is properly registered and numbered, his number being displayed upon his hat and likewise on the lantern he carries at night.

The ricksha man wears a loose tunic and a pair of short, tightly fitting trousers, in shape not unlike bathing-trunks. A paper or cloth covered hat of bamboo frame and a pair of rice-straw sandals complete his costume. A pair of sandals will last perhaps a day, and he may have two or three pair fastened to his ricksha. A swift runner may discard all clothes except his trousers and sandals.

The Ricksha Man

The ricksha man is usually good-natured and anxious to please his fare. He trots along at a six-mile gait, taking one hour's rest in three or four. On a good road he will carry his fare twenty miles in three hours. On muddy or very hilly roads he requires a helper. For an ordinary trip of a mile the ricksha man's fee is about five cents, but ricksha men have learned the fine points of labor-union organization and prices are advancing.

The routes of many American railways follow old Indian trails. The railways of Japan follow the lines of former roads. These old highways are government roads. The principal one extended from Kioto, the old capital, to Tokyo,

and was called Tokaido, or Eastern Sea-road; another extended from Kioto northward; a third connected the more remote provinces with the capital. Of these the Tokaido was the most important. A better route could not be found to-day. The foundations were stone; its surface, covered with

A Village Street

graded sizes of rock, was nicely rounded off like a modern macadamized road of to-day. On both sides it was flanked by runways that carry the storm waters into the various irrigating ditches.

In Italy the railways were built upon the old roads; in Japan the iron roads were built alongside them. The old roads are still kept in excellent condition, and the railways do not seem to interfere with the great local traffic, for the

ricksha and the multitude of packmen are yet competing with the train service on the iron road.

About the first road to be built was the line from Yokohama to Tokyo. The distance is eighteen miles, and a better-built road-bed does not exist in the world. In building it

A Bit of the Tokaido

the English plan of road-bed-making was followed. At first English-built locomotives were used, but it was found very quickly that American locomotives were better adapted for the grades and curves. Now the Japanese are building their own locomotives and they are quite as good as those formerly purchased abroad. When the railways were first built, American and European engineers were employed, but the Japanese put bright young men in training for such

work, and now practically all the engineers and trainmen are Japanese.

A trip on a Japanese railway is not a very comfortable affair. The coaches are much narrower than ours. There are first, second, and third class coaches to choose from. Most of the Japanese ride third class for which they pay about half a cent a mile. Foreign travellers usually travel first class. Most of the coaches are divided into compartments like those of the English railways, but cars of the American pattern are used on some of the roads. The seats are not comfortable, and there is no place where one can wash the hands or get a drink of water. There are neither parlor cars, dining cars, nor eating stations on most of the roads. At many stations, however, a little pot of tea and a box of cooked rice may be purchased. First-class fares are half as great as on most American railways, being about one and one-half cents per mile.

Japanese farming is carried on in about the same manner as flower-gardening in America. A Japanese farmer plants wheat or rice in little bunches, and when the plants are three or four inches in height they are transplanted in rows. Each plant is cultivated, watered, and weeded as though it were a flower. When ripe, the stalks are cut close to the ground, tied in bunches, and hung upon bamboo poles to dry. Sometimes the heads of grain are cut off and threshed; more often they are drawn through the teeth of an iron comb. In winnowing the grain, one woman pours it from a basket, while another fans vigorously to blow away the chaff. The straw is carefully saved for a great variety of uses; hats, matting, sandals, wall-partitions, baskets, and rope are some of the more common ones. With the butts fastened to a cloth cape, it becomes the water-proof coat of the Japanese farmer and ricksha man. All the softer parts are carefully saved for fodder, for the grass of Japan makes very poor hay.

There are very few horses in Japan. The native horse is not larger than a small pony; it is ugly in disposition and cannot do hard work. Oxen are more common but they are used chiefly for drawing loads. Instead of the yoke, a padded collar is used; and rope instead of leather is used for tugs. The ox-cart is two-wheeled and is not more primitive

A Japanese Farm-house

than those in America. The plough is a small pointed blade fixed to a curved piece of wood; it has but one handle, and it is usually drawn by man-power.

A Japanese farm is rarely more than two acres in extent. If the land can be flooded, rice will be the chief crop. Japanese rice is very superior in quality and commands a high price. So the farmer commonly sells his entire crop, and buys Chinese rice for home use. An ordinary farm will have—besides wheat and barley—onions, lettuce, turnips, beets, sweet-potatoes, beans, and peas. Any part that cannot be made to grow fruit is planted with trees for timber.

The farmers live in villages and a farmer may live more

than a mile away from the land which he cultivates. There are no fences or walls to separate the farms; usually the line between is an irrigating ditch. Women do a large part of the farm work, and there is no distinction between the kind of work done by women and by men.

The public schools in Japan are not unlike those of the

A Japanese School

United States. All children between six and ten years of age are required to attend schools. There are high-schools for those who wish to attend the universities and trade-schools for those who wish to fit themselves for the various trades of skilled workmen. The Japanese write with a brush in the same manner as the Chinese. There are forty-seven letters in the Japanese alphabet, and nearly one hundred thousand characters are used. When a Japanese boy goes to school he leaves his shoes at the outer door.

At the approacl of the teacher he bows very low and draws his breath through his half-closed lips and teeth as a mark of respect. The beginning of a Japanese book is at what we would call the end. It reads up from the lower right-hand corner of the page. In figuring, the Japanese use the

Japanese Carpenters at Work

"soroban," a frame with buttons which slide back and forth on wires. A partition extends along the box; on one side of the partition five buttons are strung on each wire; on the other side, two buttons. The five buttons correspond to the fingers on each hand; the two buttons to the two hands. It is not difficult to perform most calculations in arithmetic by the use of the soroban.

A Japanese carpenter pulls the saw toward him instead

of pushing it from him. If he uses a hand plane he also draws it toward him. Sometimes the blade of the plane is set edge upward in the bench; then he pushes the board across it. In building a house the roof is made first and then raised to its place. In the place of studding, bamboo is woven or braided between the corner-posts. The skeleton wall is plastered both inside and outside; it is then covered with clapboards, or perhaps with stucco, which is painted. Board surfaces are usually polished instead of being painted.

There is far more growing timber in Japan than in most parts of China; and whenever a tree is cut down several are planted in its place, for the supply of timber is less than the demand for it. Bamboo groves are everywhere cultivated, but the timber is used almost as rapidly as it grows. There are pine and fir in the northern islands, but lumber can be purchased more economically and shipped from Puget Sound. Building-timber is also brought from Korea.

Most of the camphor now comes from Formosa. The camphor-tree is one of the largest trees of the tropics. It grows in the island of Kiushiu also, but camphor is no longer produced from it. The camphor-tree is a kind of laurel and somewhat resembles the common laurel of the United States. To prepare the camphor of commerce, the tree is hacked into chips, and the chips are boiled with water in tanks that are lined with straw. The camphor crystals gather on the straw.

The lacquer-tree is also one of the valuable products of Japan. The tree is of the same kind as the poison oak. The lacquer is obtained by cutting little gashes into the bark, and from these a thick sap flows. The sap is very poisonous and not many are willing to gather it. The varnish, called lacquer, made from it is the hardest known. If it is to be black

it is treated with nut galls. A coating of this varnish is applied to wood-work and rubbed down until it is fairly smooth. Several other coats are added until it has the required thickness. Then it is ground until the surface is smooth and regular. Japanese lacquered wares are sold in nearly every country. A moist climate does not affect the lacquer.

Japanese parents are held responsible for the conduct of their children. If a child is disobedient or becomes dis-

Rapid Transit

sipated, the parents share the disgrace. A Japanese boy would not think of speaking to a stranger without bowing, and a stranger is always received with politeness. We are apt to think of the Japanese as inferior to ourselves. They certainly are not so wealthy, and perhaps as a whole they are not so learned. Their houses are not so comfortable as ours. But there are some things which we may learn from them. The government of cities is much more economically and

honestly carried on in Japan than in the United States. As skilful farmers they are not surpassed by any other people in the world. Their home life and their patriotism are an example that other peoples may well copy.

CHAPTER XV

IN AND ABOUT INDO-CHINA

At the steamship agency in Yokohama we find that in three weeks we can take a steamship for Saigon, by way of Hai Fong; but we are also told that by going first to Manila and taking there a steamship we may reach Saigon about two weeks sooner. The steamship for Manila leaves Yokohama in two days, and we find that many passengers are already booked, several of whom are Americans. Some are tourists, others are merchants, and we hear much about San Francisco in their conversation. There are several Japanese whom by their manners we suspect to be officers in the army. The steerage is filled with Japanese coolies on their way to Manila, who are noisy and quarrelling.

During the passage we have a taste of the typhoon of the Chinese coast. It catches us as we are passing through the strait of Formosa. The ship rolls and pitches so that most of the cabin passengers are glad to stay in their berths. We almost cut a Chinese junk in two, but not one of her crew is in sight. Her sails have been torn in shreds and her mast is broken. An officer of the ship tells us that she may have been a pirate junk abandoned and turned loose on the high seas. Another steamship meets us and signals "High winds at Manila." But by the following day we have ridden through the cyclone; for the wind, still high, is in almost the opposite quarter.

We are far within the tropics by the time we are opposite Manila Bay, and the weather is very warm. When we reach

the entrance to the bay, a signal gun from the ship announces our approach, and a flag is flown on the shore. It is evidently a signal, but the sailing-master tells us that the signal code for so important a place as Manila is very crude when compared with that of Japanese and Chinese ports. As we reach the head of the bay the great dome of the cathedral is in sight, but instead of going on to Manila we drop anchor off Cavité. Near by is a steamship with steam up, taking on coal from a lighter; it is the ship on which we are to take passage to Saigon. She signals us that she starts at daybreak the following day.

A launch comes alongside and takes our passengers and baggage to the dock at Manila, about three miles away. It is a surprise to see an American cab, but there are a dozen or more at the dock, and we are carried to a very pleasant and comfortable hotel. We hasten to the steamship office to arrange our passage, and find that only a few passengers are booked for the voyage. The next morning, half an hour before sunrise, the lighter is taking us out to the steamship. As we reach the ship, a stairway is let down from it to the deck of the lighter and we are soon aboard. Cook, stewards, and crew are Chinese. One of the passengers is a Chinese gentleman, evidently of high rank. His blouse is of the finest silk and his face shows him to be a man of intelligence. He is attended by half a dozen servants. With him is a young man in American clothing who speaks English fluently and correctly. The young man, we learn, has just finished his studies at an American university; the Chinese gentleman is a commissioner who has been visiting the Philippine Islands and is going to Saigon, and thence to Hongkong.

The ship is old, but comfortable and clean. At the table we find much of the food cooked in Chinese style. Chop suey is one of the meat courses, and it is a most relishable dish. It is a stew of chicken meat containing mushrooms,

chopped pineapple, and rich gravy. Rice is served in various forms, but our steward tells us that most foreigners like it best when served with finely chopped mutton and curry sauce. Fruit sherbet is served at our meals, for the water at Manila, whence our supply came, is not good.

Just before we reach Saigon, an outcry in the steerage makes a great deal of trouble for the officers of the ship. It

Manila—Pasig River Landing

is all due to Ah Muk. Ah Muk is an enterprising Chinese man of leisure who has found that life is much easier when he gets money by forcing it from a brother Chinese than when he works fifteen hours a day for it. Some time before this he informed Toy Lun that a small part of Toy's wages would help him greatly. But Toy, being both frightened and unwilling to divide, quit his business in Manila and became a cook on the steamship. In the course of time Ah Muk learned that certain well-meaning officers of the law in

Manila wished to put him in a place where he could look out-of-doors only between iron bars; so he concluded to go elsewhere in preference to staying in Manila. Through bad luck he went on the vessel that carried Toy Lun, and when Toy and his friends discovered Ah Muk aboard, they planned to pay off old grudges with interest. At the first opportunity they fell upon him and began to pummel him in true Oriental style; but in a very few minutes every one in the steerage seemed bent on punching everybody else. Then the officers of the ship took a hand and banged all parties in the quarrel till the fight was out of them. When things had become settled, Ah Muk and Toy Lun were both peaceful, the former in the cook's galley, the latter rubbing his bruises in the ship's "brig," or lock-up.

The trip has been so pleasant that all are rather sorry when the ship rounds Tang Than light and enters the mouth of the Donnai River. The low coast plain seems a tangle of ditches and embankments, for it is a great rice-producing region. Farther up the river the open rice-fields give way to a forest of betel palms, cocoa palms, bananas, and bamboo clumps. The steamship does not dock at Saigon, but anchors in the river several miles below the city. The river is full of house-boats, and three very small French gun-boats are in the anchorage. From the dock we take a ricksha to an electric car, and the latter whisks us to Saigon, where we find quarters in a diminutive café.

This part of the great peninsula of Farther India, or Indo-China, as it is now called, is Cochin China. The Dutch sailors thought it resembled the Cochin coast in India; so they named it Cochin China. The country to the north was formerly the kingdoms of Annam and Tonking. Joining Cochin China is the native kingdom of Cambodia. All these states, including Cochin China, are now governed by France, and are called French Indo-China. It is an area about one-

quarter the size of the United States. Cochin China is the only prosperous part of French Indo-China. Much of the country is mountainous. A very large part of it is covered with a dense thicket of bushes, vines, and other growths, forming a "jungle." The jungle regions are famous hunting-grounds, where lions, tigers, and elephants are found. But on account of the rainfall, there is a large area of land that produces crops. All along the flood plains of the Mekong River and its branches rice is grown. Canals have been cut along many of the lowlands so that the land can be flooded for the rice crop.

There are so many streams on which the crops may be brought to the coast in boats that only a few miles of railway have been built, but the French Government is now spending many millions of dollars in a great system of railways that will connect the cotton-fields and rice-fields with the coast. Cotton is one of the best-paying crops of French Indo-China, and as many as two hundred thousand bales have been sold to Japan in one year. Silk is another product of the country. Most of it goes to France, for the reason that a tax is levied on all silk that is exported from French Indo-China to any other country.

There are many half-savage peoples living in the Indo-Chinese peninsulas, but the greater part of the population is more or less civilized. They seem to be of mixed Hindu and Chinese blood, and many have the features of the Malay as well.

In the cities and villages the houses are built with timber frames covered with boards or bark, or else with bamboo. They are little square buildings with curved roofs forming a peak, and are not unlike those in Canton. The houses are made rain-tight, and are much better than those we saw in some of the Chinese villages. Most of the houses built on land are set on posts five feet or more above ground. This is done

on account of the high floods that are pretty certain to occur during the rainy season.

Many thousand people live in house-boats, and these are the most comfortable of all. The house-boat is built on a raft. Sometimes the raft is so carefully built that it would pass for a scow, but more commonly the timber consists of rough logs. The raft is usually about fifteen by twenty feet. In some of the house-boats an opening in the raft is left so that a small boat can be floated within it, but usually the latter boat is hoisted out of the water and hung on davits. The house-boats are well built, and the roofs, neatly thatched with palm leaves, are rain-tight. With necessary furniture they would be very comfortable, but the only furniture we see in them consists of a few mats and a box in which fire is kept. Most of the boats are dwellings, but there are peddler-boats, freight-boats, and fishing-boats. Very many of the natives are fishermen, for fish and poultry are about the only meat that can be obtained.

Saigon, the chief port of French Indo-China, has a population of about forty thousand. The native merchants are French and English. We do not find a single American agent or merchant. A regiment of French soldiers is stationed in the city, and there is a magnificent government building that looks as though it might have been taken from a boulevard in Paris and set down in Saigon. The streets are broad and paved with brick. The bund is shaded by rows of trees. Two canals lead out of the river almost across the city, in order that the loading of boats may be done quickly and easily. The French have done much to make Saigon an attractive place. Good schools, libraries, and clubs have been established, and the cost of living is small.

Cholou, the native town, has about twice the population of Saigon. There is a large Chinese population, and, so far as appearances go, it is a Chinese city. The streets are crooked

and filthy, and the houses, dirty as those of a Chinese fishing town, reek with the odor of putrid fish.

A small steamboat takes us on to Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, when the latter was an independent kingdom. One product of Cambodia has had a world-wide use—gamboge, the fragrant gum of a tree that is both a valuable medicine and a bright-yellow painter's color. Once upon a time a botanist named this tree "cambogia"; years afterward, when almost all the gum came from this little kingdom of Farther India, the latter got the name Cambodia. Cambodia is about as fertile as Cochin China and produces about the same crops. The cotton, rice, silk, pepper, and opium go down the Mekong to Saigon. We pass many villages along the river. The houses usually are built on posts, and many of them are in the midst of gardens. Melons, cucumbers, pumpkins, and fruit trees grow in great profusion.

Pnom Penh is built on both sides of the Mekong River at a point where the latter joins the outlet of Lake Thalasap. Little ferry-boats cross every few minutes from one side to the other. Near the steamer landing-place are the barracks and parade-ground where the French troops live. There is no hotel, but a French officer provides us with a native house and two Chinese servants, one of whom speaks French very well. Several pieces of board are laid upon tea-boxes for a bedstead, and a mattress is sent from the barracks. We are served with excellent meals, partly in French and partly in Chinese style.

Excepting the royal palace, and several mills in which cotton is made ready for shipment, there is little to be seen in Pnom Penh, but the palace is one of the finest buildings in Asia. The principal street of the city extends along the river. It is paved with broken brick mixed with clay and sand. The surface is hard, but the street is not kept clean. The

shops are little bamboo stalls, and most of the shopkeepers are Chinese. Many of the places are gambling-dens or opium-joints. The natives are great gamblers, and many of them are willing to go hungry rather than lose an opportunity to gamble. The King of Cambodia still wears his crown, but he has only the shadow of power. His palace has a great audience hall and a throne, but his only duty is to sit as a judge; he is the highest court in the kingdom. When he sits in judgment on the bench a Winchester rifle is near by, for experience has shown it to be both necessary and handy. Nevertheless, the king is intelligent and upright, and, though he has but little real power, he has a good influence over his people.

We hire a boat with four lusty oarsmen to take us down the river, on our return trip to Saigon. The boat is about twenty-five feet long, and in the middle is a rounded cover of palm leaves fastened to a frame made by bending bamboo poles in a loop. We stop overnight at a native village. Our coolie purchases a plump chicken and some fruit wherewith to make chop suey. The oarsmen, being Buddhists, prefer rice, which they mix with rancid butter and green peppers. The natives of the village gather about us, laughing and chattering like magpies. They are in the best of humor, but the head boatman raps several of them with a bamboo when the crowd gets too near for our comfort.

The natives are not like those we saw in Saigon. They are much smaller in size and very ugly in features. The men and women are so much alike that it is hard to tell them apart. The clothing consists of a piece of cloth fastened at the waist. The children have fat and rotund bodies and small, spindle-like legs; they remind one of little kegs running around on knitting-needles. They go about stark naked, and bring to mind the brownies we see in the Christmas books. These people have no resemblance to

the Chinese; they seem to be a mixture of Malay and Negrito blood.

At four in the morning we have a hasty breakfast of tea and bananas. We start with the turn of the tide and by sundown are at the river town of Neitho. Thence we take the railway to Saigon. The cost of boat-hire, oarsmen, railway fares, and food for the trip from Pnom Penh is a little over sixteen dollars.

French Indo-China cost the French people many millions of dollars more than they have received from the colony. Before the country was acquired it was thought that a great deal of commerce with China might be carried on by means of the Mekong River to Saigon. But this proved a disappointment, so the French Government has undertaken the making of railways and canals in order to get the crops of rice, cotton, spices, and raw silk to the various seaports. This plan has proved so successful that it is rapidly bringing back the money spent in order to make the venture pay.

Rice, fish, and cotton are the chief exports. A considerable part of the world's supply of spices comes also from Indo-China. One product of the country is betel, the green nut of a kind of palm. Its use enables one to endure hard work and fatigue, so the natives consume a great deal of it—just as Americans use coffee, and the English tea. A bit of the nut crumbled and mixed with lime is wrapped in tobacco leaf. This is kept in the mouth and occasionally chewed for half an hour or more. In the course of a few years the betel-chewer's teeth are blackened and the lips have a swollen and most disgusting appearance.

Two articles from the United States are sold in French Indo-China—kerosene oil and flour. Wheat flour is more nutritious than rice, and in spite of its great cost the natives are using more and more of it every year. Kerosene oil has certainly had a civilizing effect on the native population.

and it is used all over Southern Asia, even by the peoples who are scarcely above savagery. It has encouraged working at night when otherwise they would be idle or at gambling.

CHAPTER XVI

SIAM—THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT

We leave Saigon for Bangkok, a trip of about seven hundred miles. Bangkok is the capital and chief city of Siam, as Europeans have named the country; by the people themselves the kingdom is called Muang Thai. As we reach the mouth of the Menam River we are signalled that the water on the bar is low, and we wait nearly three hours before the steamship can cross it. We learn also that the King of Siam refuses to have a channel dredged across the bar. Perhaps he is wise in doing so, for his country is between Great Britain and France, and every few years it grows narrower by a slice or two. To deepen the channel might permit a hostile fleet to enter the river. Yes; the king is wise.

Bangkok is about twenty-five miles above the bar at the mouth of the river. We stop at Paknam long enough to deliver a bulky envelope to the custom house. If we look at his head and shoulders only, the customs officer has quite a military appearance, for he wears a smart jacket and a natty cap. But from his waist down, his uniform consists of a strip of white cloth that reaches to his knees and is fastened by a belt at the waist.

The scenery along the river banks now is most delightful. We have passed native villages, but we have had a glimpse of nothing more than the house-tops. As we approach Bangkok we see the docks and ways of the shipbuilding yards below the city. We are told that the city is near at hand, but we see nothing except the jungle and palm-

trees, although the river is not more than a quarter of a mile wide. Not until we are almost opposite the city do we see the slender spires of the Buddhist temples and the dome of Wat Cheng—the great pagoda.

The steamship anchors in the river, and we go ashore in the captain's gig. A ricksha takes us to our hotel, which is built on high stilts, as are most other buildings in the city, especially those near the river.

Bangkok—One of the Temples

There are thousands of boats on the river, and they line the bank in rows three, four, and five deep; most of them are house-boats; some are skiffs that are hardly larger than canoes; others are freight-boats piled high with sacks of rice. For the greater part the boats are handled by women and boys. We see a beautiful barge with its bow richly carved and gilded. Six rowers propel it swiftly, and other boats make haste to get out of the way. It is the king's messenger and it has the right of way over all other boats.

The Sampeng is the most interesting street of the city. It is narrow, but it is a continuous bazaar from one end to the other. There are many open-air theatres and gambling-dens, which are always crowded with natives. The chief business street for foreign trade is a bund that extends along the river six or seven miles.

We see no sedan-chairs and but few rickshas. There are no horses and carriages except those used by the king.

Bangkok—The Klawng, or Canal

But every family has one or more boats, and these take the place of rickshas and chairs, for many of the streets are "klawngs," or canals, and one can go to almost every part of the city in a boat. As in Canton, every youngster is taught to swim and to manage a boat as soon as he can walk.

Once upon a time a wall thirty feet high surrounded Bangkok, but the city has long since outgrown its wall, and

Siam—Every Family Has One or More Boats

extends eight miles or more along the river front, on both sides. Some of the buildings along the river front are well built, especially those occupied by European merchants and agents. The native dwellings have frames of bamboo, and are covered with the leaves of the atap palm. They are square-built and fairly substantial, but they lack the graceful form that one sees in the dwellings of China and Japan. Most of the dwellings have two rooms—one for the men, the

other for women. As in other parts of Asia, there is no furniture of any sort except the cooking utensils and the mats used for bedding.

The Siamese people are uglier in feature than most other peoples of Indo-China. Their lips are thick and their noses are broad and flat. They are quite as intelligent as any of the other natives of southern Asia, but they have not made

Siam—A Native Dwelling

great progress in civilization. A Siamese workman wears nothing more than the strip of cotton cloth about his waist. One end passes between the legs and is tucked in at the waist. He wears neither shoes, jacket, nor turban. The women have much the same sort of dress, but the skirt extends below the knees. A well-to-do Siamese has a waistcloth of silk and a beautifully embroidered jacket of silk or satin. The king and most of the men of his household wear clothing

of European cut. As we see the Siamese about the streets or in their boats, it is difficult at first to tell the men and women apart; their dress is much alike, and both men and women wear the hair cut very short.

Food is plentiful and it costs but little to live as the natives live. An acre of ground will yield all the rice needed by a large family. A few banana-trees, some cucumbers, melons,

A Native Village

mangosteens, and betel-nuts, are enough to make a villager independent of all the rest of the world excepting the king. Every native must serve the king at his pleasure, and the king's taskmasters are about the only ones whom the natives fear. At their meals the villagers have very free manners. After the rice has been cooked by the women of the household, the family sit around the kettle, each squatting upon his heels. There are no dishes, knives, forks, nor spoons.

Each one takes a handful from the kettle, cramming it into his mouth as rapidly as he can. A kind of sour preserve made of the rind and meat of unripe melons is eaten at the same time.

All the work about a native village is done by the women. The men do little but loaf, smoke, and chew betel. In Bangkok and other cities the men catch fish, which are salted and exported, as very few Buddhists will openly eat meat. In many ways the king's taskmasters are a blessing rather than an evil, for they are about the only ones to get good, wholesome work out of the natives.

Siam—Two Little Princes

The business of Bangkok and, indeed, of most of the other cities of Siam is carried on by the Chinese. Chinese agents of the hong merchants buy and collect the rice, pepper, fish, and hides to be found in the interior and ship them to Bangkok, where the European merchants can purchase them. Chinese hong merchants also own the rice-mills, where the paddy is made ready for market. Most of the cattle brought into Siam come from the south of China, and the Chinese also control this business. Some of the cattle are trained to work, but in the main they are valued for their hides, which go to Bangkok. About the only business not

managed by the Chinese is the cutting and shipment of teak-wood. Even this enterprise is not managed by the Siamese; it is controlled by the Burmese.

The king's palaces are within walls surrounded by walls. Once, the palaces formed a forbidden city like that of Peking, and any one who entered the king's presence must kowtow or approach on hands and knees, with his forehead touching the floor. But the present king, Chulalongkorn, is a very bright and capable business man. He puts aside all such nonsense, and permits his people to approach him freely on matters of business. Any one may enter the palace grounds.

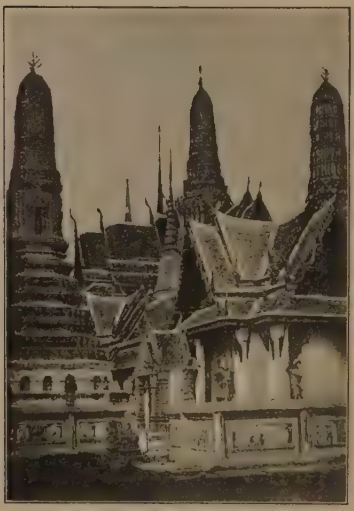
The gate of the palace stands open, but it is guarded by soldiers. The palace is not unlike a public building such as one might find in Europe or America, although it has the Oriental curved roof. On the fine paved walk in front are great lamp-posts each with four globes of glass covering the gas-jets. Marble steps lead to the entrance from both the right and the left side, and these are flanked by gilded elephants each on a pedestal of marble. The walls of the great audience hall are covered with designs wrought in gold, and the ceiling is a mosaic of jewels cut from colored crystal and set in gold. Plants, shrubs, and little trees are ranged against the walls so as to look like a garden, and these, too, are of gold and silver. A tree or shrub of gold is considered the proper sort of present for the king, and most of those in the audience hall are gifts from his people.

The throne is covered with designs wrought in gold. Near it are umbrellas also decorated in gold. In Siam the umbrella is one of the signs of royalty, and when the king is on the throne, receiving visitors or giving orders to his officers, one or another of the umbrellas is held over the throne by officers of high rank.

In another part of the palace grounds are the royal apartments of the king's wives. Most of the women of the house-

hold are attendants or ladies-in-waiting; others are servants. The queen is a half-sister of the king, and this relationship is required by law.

The great Wat Cheng is the most wonderful pagoda in the world, and one of the largest. As we look at it in front, it is like a cone-shaped tower about two hundred and fifty feet high set astride a building with a high peaked roof. The top is a high, slender dome set in the middle of a cluster of four smaller domes, or spires. It is built chiefly of brick and stone, but the surface is covered with staff, or white plaster. The outside is ornamented with little turrets, spires, statues of Buddha, and figures of animals. Some are gilded; one is covered with gold plate; all are decorated in color. In one temple is a giant statue of Buddha sitting with legs crossing each other. The statue is about twenty-five feet high. In still another is the famous sleeping Buddha, a reclining image measuring not far from one hundred and fifty feet from foot to forehead.



Bangkok—The Wat Cheng Temple

About five hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ there arose a great teacher in India. He was a prince by birth, but when he began to teach the people he put on the

garb of a beggar. Like Confucius, he taught that people should be kind to one another, and that brotherly love should be the practice of our lives. He called himself the "Buddha," a name which means enlightened. Many Buddhists believe that when a human being dies, his soul enters the body of a dumb animal, and for that reason a strict Buddhist will neither kill nor harm an animal. The Siamese Buddhist priests also teach that the soul of Buddha himself lives in the body of a white elephant, and for that reason white elephants are the most sacred objects in Siam. When one is captured it is kept in an apartment furnished by the king and has a special guard of honor. That is one reason why Siam is sometimes called the "Land of the White Elephant."

CHAPTER XVII

SIAM—HUNTING THE ELEPHANT

The Siamese elephants are not so large as those of India, but, as few are permitted to be killed, they are more numerous; moreover, in Siam all elephants are the property of the king, and the king's mahout, or chief driver, is an officer of high rank. In the interior of the country some of the natives carry on an illicit killing of tuskers, sending the ivory to China and Japan, but the business is very risky and the hunters, if caught, are put to death. In capturing an elephant the illicit hunters dig a pit about eight feet deep along the trail that leads to a watering-place. The pit is covered with brush, and dirt is spread upon it so that it looks to be a part of the trail. Once the animal steps upon it he falls into the pit.

The region over which the royal herds of Siam roam is quite large, and one of the chief mahout's duties is to know where the herds are to be found. This is not difficult because natives trained to the business are employed for that purpose. Once or twice each year one or another of the herds is rounded up. In some of the herds there are as many as two hundred animals. When a herd is to be rounded up and driven to the kraal, or great stockade, it requires perhaps four or five weeks in time and hundreds of men.

The herd may be scattered so as to be six or eight miles from one side to the other. Under the direction of the chief mahout the line of men strings out back of the herd. But little noise is made, and each man tries to keep out of the sight and also beyond the scent of the animals. The power

of scent in the elephant is very keen and the scent of a man alarms him. He thrusts his trunk high into the air and makes a loud, shrill sound somewhat like that of a trumpet. The drivers do not attempt to start the herd for two or three days or even a week after it is found. They wait and watch, falling back to get behind stragglers as well as to avoid frightening the herd. The elephant is both nervous and timid, and will not fight unless angered by being wounded or irritated. All the time, however, the line of men little by little is gradually closing in. There is no sudden movement, and the greatest care is taken to avoid frightening the animals.

The line is so managed by the chief mahout that the animals do not turn back; they are pointed in the direction of the nearest kraal, which may be thirty miles or more away. Night is the time of greatest danger, for elephants are nocturnal in their habits; at this time they take most of their food and water and are most active. The drivers must have at least a little sleep each day, for their work may require two or three weeks, and the herd must not escape.

In India, when a herd has been surrounded, the hunters beat gongs and shoot off fire-arms to frighten it. But the king's herders are better trained. There is neither shooting nor gong-beating. Instead, brush fires are sometimes made a few yards apart. Even this is not always necessary, for to avoid frightening the animals is the secret of driving them. Now and then an elephant attempts to break through the line, but he rarely succeeds; the drivers close around him and, setting fire to bits of dry bush, force him back with the rest of the herd.

In the course of a few days the elephants lose much of their fear of the drivers. At first, they do not attempt to force the herd, which sometimes does not advance more than five or six miles in a day. But as it nears the kraal the advance is more rapid. The circle of drivers

narrows, and the animals grow restive and nervous. Within a few miles of the kraal a few tame elephants are turned in with the herd, and a number of mahouts, mounted on trained animals, join the drivers. Most likely the herd must be driven across the river. In this case the mounted mahouts

Captive Elephants in the Kraal

form two lines across the river and the herd is driven between the lines.

When the kraal is reached the circle of drivers closes in around the V-shaped entrance. At this time begins the most difficult part of the drive, for the animals, discovering that they are trapped, become very nervous. The chief mahout rides fearlessly among them. He and his mounted assistants separate the tame animals and drive them to the front, so that they are the first to enter the kraal. This is done because it would be almost impossible to drive a wild ele-

phant through the narrow passage if a tame animal had not preceded. When several of the tame elephants are within the kraal, the mounted mahouts surround one after another of the wild elephants. The frightened animal may make a fierce fight, but a dozen or more prods are brought into service and freely used; grunting with pain and trumpeting wildly, he clears the narrow gate and enters the kraal.

The kraal is built of heavy teak posts set deep enough in the ground to withstand an elephant's strength. The posts are set far enough apart to permit a man to pass between them freely, and the kraal is about twelve feet high. The posts are strongly braced on the outside, and a stout rail is fastened along the top.

At first most of the captive elephants are pretty ugly. They rush madly against the posts that imprison them; then they kick and plunge at one another. An elephant's kick is about as bad as a blow from his trunk; should it strike a driver with full force, it would crush every bone in his body. But the chief mahout knows just what to do at the time the herd is in an ugly mood. His own animal is chosen for both strength and intelligence. The mahout picks out an animal that is especially ugly and charges his own against the beast. The latter goes down to the ground, tumbling over and over. As soon as he gets up, fighting mad, he gets another ramming that tumbles him quite as forcibly; perhaps he gets a third knockout; if so, the fight is all out of him. Sometimes three or four others get a taste of the same treatment, while the rest stand by trembling and trumpeting. As soon as the fracas is over, the old tusker will thrust the end of his trunk down his throat, withdraw it filled with water, and placidly squirt it over his back. Many of the others begin to follow his example. And if a driver or mahout is in sight he is pretty apt to get a free bath that is enjoyed better by others than by himself.

After the herd has been in the kraal one or two days, the animals that are to be kept are selected, and noosed. Noosing an elephant is a risky thing. The rope or chain that is to hold him a prisoner is heavy, and cannot be thrown like a bolo or a lariat. The noose must be slipped over the animal's hind foot. Sometimes it is held on the end of a

Trained Elephants

long prod which is handled by a mounted mahout, and the elephant is kept moving until it can be slipped upon his ankle. Sometimes the mahout jumps to the ground and slips it upon the animal's leg. As soon as the noose is fastened and made taut, the loose end is dropped to the ground. Then the animal is driven to the side of the kraal, and a mahout watches his opportunity to pass the loose end to the outside. As soon as it is made fast, mounted mahouts close around

the prisoner, pushing him against the side of the kraal; the slack of the rope is taken up, and the beast is tethered close to the side. By this time the fight may be out of him, but he is sullen and ugly until weak from hunger. When he has become submissive, a harness of braided and twisted rattan is fastened to his neck and shoulders, and he is marched off to the royal stables, "handcuffed" between two trained elephants.

From that time on his training begins. Perhaps he may become a riding animal, perhaps a mere beast of burden taught to carry logs, lift timbers, or to do the heavy work of road-building. The elephant is not lacking in intelligence, but he rarely shows much intelligence until he has been trained by a skilful mahout.

The white elephant is not a distinct species. Some naturalists think the animal's color to be merely a freak; others are of the opinion that the whiteness is due to a diseased condition of the skin. Of the few that are kept in the royal stables in Siam, not a single one is white all over; the white color is confined to the ears and a part of the head; the color is not a real white, but a dirty yellowish hue. A genuine white elephant at one time was brought to the United States by the proprietors of a circus, but only a small part of the body was of the sacred white. Several other elephants have been exhibited as white elephants by various circuses, but the animals were clumsily whitewashed.

CHAPTER XVIII

SINGAPORE, THE MALAY PENINSULA, AND BURMA

From Bangkok we go on to Rangun by way of the Malay Peninsula. From Bangkok to Singapore is a journey of over nine hundred miles, and we take passage on a steamship that is crowded with steerage passengers, most of whom are Chinese. We enter Singapore Strait, and very shortly a launch comes toward us flying a red-and-white flag, upon which is worked a letter P in blue. It is the pilot vessel, and both the pilot and the customs officer come aboard. The water is deep enough so that the steamship can tie at the dock instead of anchoring at a distance from shore. Singapore island is about twenty-seven miles long and half as wide. It is separated from the mainland by a strait so narrow that tigers not only can but do swim across it.

Singapore is very much a European city so far as the business part is concerned. A long line of godowns stands near the water-front, and beyond them are the business houses. The European population is fifteen thousand or more, and the total population is nearly a quarter of a million. The native Malay peoples are few in number; the great mass of people are Chinese. There are also many Hindus.

Singapore is one of the great markets of the Indian Ocean, and its harbor is full of ships of every nation. It is a free port; that is, merchandise of about every sort may be brought into and carried away from the port without the payment of duties or taxes. In some of the ports of Asia, as we have

learned, a tax must be paid, not only on goods that enter, but also on those that leave the port; but as Singapore is a free port, ships of all sorts go there in preference. That is the chief reason why it has grown to be such an important business centre. It is sometimes called the "half-way" house of the world. Less than a century ago the whole island

Singapore—The Public Square

had but one or two native villages, but if we look at a map we may readily see why it has become a very great commercial centre. In the first place, it is situated on the dividing line between two oceans whose coasts are densely peopled; and in the second place, it is on the line of one of the greatest trade routes in the world; indeed, vessels trading between Europe and eastern Asia cannot well avoid passing within sight of the city.

The Malay Peninsula is a ridge about one thousand miles long. It is the dividing line between the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and the only convenient passage between the two is the narrow strait between the peninsula and the island of Sumatra. The upper part of the peninsula is a part of Siam; the lower part is a British colony called the Straits Settlements. Although mountainous, the cultivated lands are very fertile, and produce the greater part of the spices consumed in the world.

There are few regions with a greater number of wild animals —elephants, several species of tiger, hyenas, jackals, the one-horned rhinoceros, the Malay tapir, two kinds of bison, and many species of the monkey family are among them. Birds of paradise are numerous. One kind of bird is remarkable for its habit of accompanying the rhinoceros. Whenever or wherever this bird is seen, a rhinoceros is certain to be near by. The plant which yields gutta-percha is also native to this peninsula.

The people are mainly of the Malay race, but they are gradually disappearing before the Chinese. The Malays are intelligent and peaceable, but they are indolent and shiftless. They are good workmen and laborers when required to work, but few of them will do any sort of labor unless compelled. In many ways they are like the American Indians. The Malays are Muhammadans in name, but their worship is far from the strict teachings of the Koran. Malay women are kept in seclusion, as in other Muhammadan countries. There are no large cities on the peninsula excepting the great ports that have been built by Europeans. The native villages consist each of a few houses built much like those which we saw in Siam. Many Malays are accustomed to use a strong liquor called arrack, made by distilling fermented rice, molasses, and palm nuts. The use of the liquor often causes a drunken frenzy, and it is not uncommon to see

a drunken Malay "running amuck," and stabbing every one whom he can reach.

Pepper is one of the most important products of the Malay Peninsula. It is the fruit of a vine that formerly grew wild, but it is now cultivated. The vines are trained upon poles or upon mango-trees, and grow in much the same manner as do hops and beans. They do not die at the end of the fruiting season, but bear for twenty years or more. Black pepper and white pepper are prepared from the fruit of the same vine. The berries are about the size of peas. If black pepper is desired, they are picked before ripening and dried in the sun.

For making white pepper the berries remain on the vine until they have ripened to a bright-red color. Then they are bruised and rubbed in water until the seeds can be separated from the pulp. The ground seeds are white pepper. Nearly all the white pepper made in this manner is sold in China. The white pepper, so called, sold in America, is made by rubbing the berries until the black, outer skin is removed.

Nutmeg is the seed of an evergreen-tree. The nutmeg of commerce was obtained at first in the Banda Islands, but the trees are now to be found in many parts of the Straits Settlements. When the fruit ripens it splits open so that the outer skin can be removed. Next to the outer skin is a pithy layer that is stripped off and dried; this is the mace of commerce. There remains a nut with a hard shell. The nuts are dried in ovens for several weeks, the shells are broken, and the shrivelled kernel, carefully cleaned, is the nutmeg of commerice.

Cinnamon is thought to be a native of Ceylon, but it is now cultivated in the Straits Settlements. The Malacca cinnamon is regarded as quite as good as that of Ceylon and much superior to the cassia-buds, which are the cinnamon of China.

Cloves also are now cultivated in the Straits Settlements, and are an important product. The clove of commerce is a dried flower bud. The trade in cloves was the first beginning of a commerce that now reaches an amount of several hundred millions of dollars each year. Coffee and cotton are now grown in the Straits Settlements, but perhaps the

Capturing a Man-Eating Tiger

most interesting product is the cinchona-tree, from the bark of which quinine is prepared. This tree was brought to the East Indies from South America, and it grows quite as well there as in its native place.

A greater part of the trade in these spices centres at Singapore. As in other parts of the East Indies, the trade is very largely carried on by Chinese hong merchants. The Chinese

own many of the plantations and they carry on whatever business there may be with the natives. They are usually the foremen of the plantations owned or managed by Europeans.

Some of the most valuable plantations are in the native state of Johore, just across the narrow strait that separates the island from the mainland. Although it is a part of the British territory, the real ruler of Johore is a wide-awake sultan who has an eye to business and is very wealthy. A railway fourteen miles long, and a ferry across the strait, take us to the sultan's palace, one of the most beautiful in the East Indies. This part of Johore, near as it is to Singapore, is infested with man-eating tigers and poisonous snakes; and in spite of the reward offered for every animal slain, many natives and many domestic animals are killed by them. Formerly the island itself was overrun by them, but in recent years much of the jungle growth has been cleared away in order to get rid of them. Even now it is not an uncommon thing to see a native jogging along in the direction of Singapore with a basketful of live snakes that he has caught in order to get the reward that is paid for them. He handles them fearlessly with his naked hands and snaps their heads off as though he were cracking a whip.

The town of Malacca is one of the oldest settlements made by Europeans on the peninsula. It was founded by Portuguese about twenty years after the discovery of America. Only a few Europeans now live in the place; all the business except that connected with the shipping is controlled by Chinese merchants. The European settlement is on a hill back of the water-front. In the crypt of the old Catholic church near by, the remains of St. Francis Xavier the famous missionary once rested. The narrow streets are much cleaner than those of most cities in this part of Asia. A considerable trade in spices and cabinet woods still remains to Malacca, and there are good tin-mines near by.

After Singapore, Georgetown is the most important city of the Straits Settlements. It is situated on Penang Island and is perhaps better known as Penang—just as Victoria is almost always called Hongkong. We are taken ashore in a sampan manned by a Chinese oarsman. In spite of the fact that it is within the tropics, Penang is much cooler and pleasanter than the coast towns of Florida in summer. It is only eight or ten miles to the mountains, where the summers are as pleasant as in the Adirondacks or the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Showers are apt to occur every day, but in August and September the rains are heavy.

Burmese Men of the Upper Class

The streets are well paved. Europeans usually go about in the little cabs called "ghurries," or in rickshas. The houses of the foreign, or European, quarter, built usually with yellow walls and red-tiled roofs, are surrounded by beautiful gardens and are far more comfortable than most American and European dwellings. Even the native quarter of the city is clean, and an excellent police force keeps the city orderly and well regulated.

As in most of south-eastern Asia, the retail business is chiefly in the hands of Chinese. Their shops are the chief feature of the business streets. Many of the godowns are owned by them and all the work necessary to prepare commercial products for shipment is done by them. Chinese laborers are somewhat partial to "bhang," a liquor which contains hemp

and produces long-continued sleep; and they are also great gamblers. Nevertheless, they are far superior in every way to the Malay population.

Georgetown is famous for mangosteens and dorians. The mangosteen grows upon a tree not unlike the orange-tree. The fruit has a thick and bitter rind of red-brown color. When this is carefully broken the pulp may be eaten with a fork or spoon. It has a very pleasant flavor, somewhat like that of grape jelly. The dorian is a little larger than the pineapple, and is covered with short thorns. The pulp surrounding the seeds is the part eaten. The odor is like that of stale fish; the taste is pungent and a trifle like garlic. The dorian is much relished by those who have acquired a taste for it, but the first impression is very unpleasant.

From Georgetown we take the small steamship for Rangun, a voyage of about eight hundred miles. We make a short stop at Mergui, passing through an archipelago of the same name, and also at Maulmain, the seat of government of the Tenasserim provinces. The steamship stops at Amherst and we ascend the river to Maulmain in a small lighter. Maulmain is a market for teakwood and rice and it has become one of the important ports of the Indian Ocean, in spite of the fact that large ocean-going vessels must anchor twenty miles below it.

On nearing Rangun, our steamship makes for Fairway buoy, where the pilot comes aboard. We reach the mouth of Rangun River, dodging the mud flats and bars by means of buoys which mark the channel. Just below the mouth of the river we pass a number of ships at anchor. We learn that they receive their cargoes at this place from lighters and barges, thus avoiding the payment of port duties which would be required were they to anchor nearer shore. The city is about twenty-five miles up the river and the water is deep enough for most ocean vessels. Not until we are very near

the city is any part of it in sight; then we see the spire of the great Shoay Dagon, one of the famous pagodas of Asia.

Rangun is on the low delta plain of the Irrawaddi, about one hundred miles from the mouth of the main stream. The area around and about is one of the great rice-producing regions of the world, and we find many great godowns where rice is stored while waiting to be shipped. Like Singapore, the business part and the European residence section are clean and attractive. Many of the buildings are set on posts, high from the ground; for the floods of the Irrawaddi are as great as those of the Mekong or the Ganges. We have our choice among several excellent hotels, to which we may be taken either in a ricksha or a ghurry. The servants at the hotel are Chinese, but the manager is a Parsi, or Persian who came from India. There are Parsis in several of the banks, and we see many white-turbaned Hindus.

Burmese Women

The Chinese do not carry on so much of the business in Rangun as in the other cities of the East Indies which we have visited. They have very keen, shrewd rivals in the Burmese women, who manage a large part of the retail business of the city. The shops are not like those we have usually seen in other East Indian cities; most of them are collections of little "stalls," or compartments in a great building, such as one finds in the market buildings of American and English cities. These buildings with their little shops are called

"bazars," and the bazars of Rangun are among the most interesting in Asia.

The Shoay Dagon is probably the largest pagoda in the world. It stands on a terrace about one thousand feet square, built of earth and stone. The pagoda itself is built of stone and mortar, which seems to have been shaped in

Rangun—The Shoay Dagon

much the same way as are concrete buildings in America. The outer surface is covered with gold-leaf, and it is estimated that about two hundred pounds of gold were used in gilding the iron lattice-work that forms the spire. Inside the pagoda are various temples and shrines, and in each is an image of Buddha. Some of the images are more than fifteen feet high; most of them are heavily plated with gold and set with gems and colored glass. The Shoay Dagon is about three hun-

dred feet high. It is safe to say that the builders did not intend it to be a channel range for steamships plying the Irrawaddi, but that is its most important use to-day!

Burma, of which Rangun is the commercial capital, is now a part of British India, but for several centuries it was an independent kingdom governed by a native king. It was the richest and most powerful country of Indo-China. The Burmese also have reached a higher civilization than any other people of Indo-China. In the native villages their houses in many ways are much like those of the Chinese in the south of China,and they are far better than the houses of the Siamese. In Rangun and Mandalay the well-to-do Burmese live quite as well and as comfortably as do the same class of people in China or in Hindustan. There is so much timber that many of the houses are built of teakwood. The native village has usually a single street, both sides of which are planted thickly with date, banana, and cocoanut palms.

In the villages the native costume of both men and women consists of a long strip of cotton cloth wound around the hips, and a jacket reaching below the hips. The women frequently wear sandals; the men go barefoot. Both men and women wear the hair long; the men gathering it in a knot at the top of the head; the women fasten it at the back of the head. The men usually wear a colored piece of cloth about the size of a large handkerchief folded into the form of a skull-cap. Burmese men are very apt to be tattooed from the hips to the knees. The lobes of children's ears are almost always pierced and the opening is stretched until it will hold an ornament an inch across. Well-to-do Burmese as a rule are richly dressed.

Salt fish, rice, and fruits form the principal food, and a relish made by rubbing stale fish into a paste with spices is also much used. The Burmese use the betel-nut quite as freely as do the Siamese, and they also smoke tobacco very

freely; indeed, it is a common thing to see very young children puffing at big cigars.

We take a river steamer that goes up the river to Mandalay, but the water on the bar of Rangun River is so shallow that the steamer returns to the city. So we take a train for Prome, to remain there until the steamer goes around by the China Bakeer channel. The railway is well built and the carriages are divided into compartments in the same manner as are English railway carriages. Prome is in the flood plain of the Irrawaddi, where the river curves sharply. It is more attractive than most cities of Indo-China, and we walk about the city through clean streets. Custard apples, bananas, and cocoanut palms grow profusely. We pass open cottages in which the women are weaving silk cloth. The looms are very simple but they are very cleverly made. The patterns are gay and brightly colored. There is a large pagoda, and in one of its temples is a bronze image of Buddha that is most wonderfully wrought.

We pass the night at a very comfortable hotel, and early in the morning our steamer is at the dock. Twenty or thirty coolies are carrying big bundles of wood down the steep bank to throw them in the hold. Nearly half of them are women and the bundles they carry must weigh each about two hundred pounds. All along the river flood plain are great rice-fields, and this is one of the chief rice-producing lands of the world. The plants are first started in nurseries and planted when the field is covered with water. Women do most of the work. Above Prome the river scenery is delightful. We pass many towns and villages on the way, and anchor in the river at night. In the daytime we are scarcely out of sight of pagodas. Passengers are coming and going at each stop, but most of them are natives who are crowded into the forward part of the lower deck.

Then we come in sight of the temple spires and pagodas of

Mandalay. The landing-place is a sand-bank and our hotel is three miles away. Rickshas take us thither. We cross the wide moat outside the city wall, and pass through the gate into the city. There are twelve gates—three on each side. The main streets extend across the city from gate to gate; the

Prome—The Temple

other streets are irregular, and there are canals along the sides of many of them. We meet a company of native troops wearing brass helmets and bright-red coats. The upper half of the company has certainly a military appearance, but the lower half consists of bare legs and very dirty feet. Many of the native people are wealthy, and one may find young men who have been educated in Europe. We meet people of the hill tribes decorated with brass jewelry, just as are the hill peoples

of India. We also see a great many Shans, who probably are the people from whom the Siamese descended. Mandalay has one very important industry; some of the finest silk cloth of India is made there, and it commands a high price in Europe.

On our way down the river, back to Rangun, we see great loads of teak logs. Teak is a wood that grows chiefly in

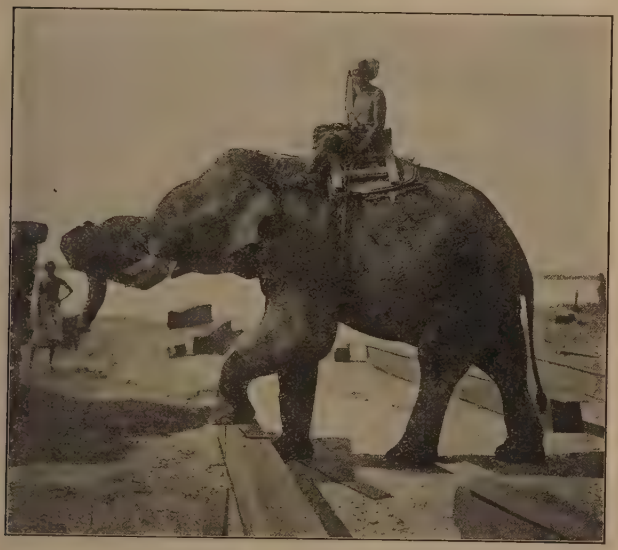
Mandalay—The Moat and Walls

Indo-China. It is much the color of seasoned oak, somewhat harder than chestnut, and about as fine in grain. It is very strong and does not split easily; it is therefore a most excellent timber for ship-building and for all sorts of frame-work. The most of it is cut in the forests of the interior and brought down the Irrawaddi to Rangun.

Rangun is the great market for teak, and the lumber yards are among the largest in the world. A great deal of the work in handling the logs and the heavy timbers is done by trained

Mandalay—The Water Front

elephants. The animal bends his fore knees, puts his tusks under the piece of timber, wraps his trunk over the top, and walks away with it. All the time the mahout perched on his neck is scolding, and perhaps prodding him with a sharp



The Elephant as a "Travelling Crane," Piling Teak Logs

metal point bent into a hook. The animal carries the log to a pile, and puts it carefully in place with the other timbers. In America we should have travelling cranes and steam "donkeys" to do this sort of work, but in Burma the elephant does it quite as well. All the heavy work about the lumber-yards is done by trained elephants—and they seem to be about as intelligent as their mahouts. When the time for

quitting work is at hand, the animal drops his load in a hurry and shambles off to get his feed.

In Upper Burma nearly all the ploughing and field work is done by trained elephants. When a piece of jungle is to be cleared, the top growth is first cut or burnt. Then an elephant is harnessed to a very heavy plough. Two or three stout men hold the handle of the plough in order to steer it, and the elephant walks away with it, cutting and pulling up the matted roots of the jungle growth, as easily as though they were weeds. The elephant is also the "post horse" of Upper Burma. He travels easily through dense jungle growths, and will swim a river as readily as a pack-mule wades a creek. Altogether the elephant is the most useful animal in Burma. Perhaps the elephant might get along very well without Burma, but certainly Burma could not get along without the elephant.

CHAPTER XIX

INDIA—THE HINDUS

We leave Rangun on a steamship much too crowded and not very clean. In the cabin are Europeans, several Oriental Jews, an Arab, and half a dozen rich-looking Parsi merchants. There are also several nuns with sweet faces, of whom we have an occasional glimpse. The steerage is crowded with Hindus and Chinese, but they are kept apart in order to prevent the quarrels that are likely to occur between the two races.

In two hours we are out of the muddy delta of the Irrawaddi, past Elephant Point; in another hour we are past China Bakeer light. A lookout is set for Krishna Shoals light; then seven hundred miles of the Bay of Bengal must be spanned before we reach the mouth of Hugli River, one of the delta arms of the Ganges. The sailors are "laskars," which means that they are Indian sailors by caste, and a pretty bad lot on general principles. The captain is a bronze-faced Englishman, very strict and a bit jolly; the chief engineer is a Scotchman; and that is also true of most English vessels in the Indian Ocean.

Our passage lasts four days, but long before we sight land the water of the sea begins to change in color from deep black to greenish tints, and then we see patches of muddy-looking water. By and by a light-ship is in sight, and then another, but we pass them at a distance. Signals to denote "safe passage and no stormy weather" are hoisted on the steamship. Then a light-house is in sight. At first it seems to

rise out of the sea, but very quickly we discover the low edge of green. It is Saugar Island, and as we approach it we see a flag-staff, from the outrigging of which a cone with a ball underneath is swinging. The captain tells us that it

Calcutta—A Panorama

signals a storm. The pilot who is to take the vessel up the Hugli boards the vessel at Saugar Island.

Before we enter the Hugli we hear much talk about the "James and Mary." This proves to be the name of a shoal but we are told that the tide is still high and we shall be able to cross it safely. On every side of us are shoals and bars made by the waves and tides from the mud brought down by the Ganges and Brahmaputra. Some of these mud deposits are great islands nowhere more than a few feet above high tide. They are called the Sunderbunds, and because of their fertile soil many of them are peopled. Years ago a

heavy storm-wind from the south blew so fiercely that the waters of the Bay of Bengal rose higher and higher until the Sunderbunds were covered. Then some of the islands seemed to melt away, and so quickly did they disappear that only a few of the thousands of people who lived on them escaped. When the storm was over, a large part of the Sunderbunds had disappeared, but here and there were great mud flats—new islands made out of the material of the old. Now these are all covered with jungle, and some of them are inhabited.

We anchor at Diamond harbor, where we stay until morning, for the Hugli is full of shifting quicksands, and no pilot dares to attempt to cross them at night. The Hugli is the western arm of the Ganges delta. The delta itself is one of the largest in the world, and the Ganges and Brahmaputra pour their combined floods into it through many hundred channels.

At daylight we are on our way. The river is wide, but the channel, marked with buoys, is very narrow and winding. We look along the banks for forests and jungles, but instead we see cultivated farms with here and there groves of cocoanut palms. In a few hours the domes and spires of Calcutta are in sight, and soon we are steaming along the ten miles of its water-front. Calcutta is the capital of British India, and British India is one of the great empires of the world. It is surpassed by Russia and China in size; by China in population; but by neither in wealth. India is ruled from Calcutta, and not from London. The country is kept in magnificent order, moreover, by not more than two hundred thousand Englishmen. They found it chaos; they have made it orderly, rich, and prosperous.

A century or more ago the invention of the steam-engine made the English people the foremost manufacturers in the world. Now people who manufacture commodities of all

sorts must also have markets in which to sell them; and India was one of the markets. At first the British possessions included only a small part of the peninsula of Hindustan; in time, one native state after another was acquired, until at

Calcutta—The Strand and Water Front

present British India includes about all of Asia that faces the Indian Ocean, except Arabia and Persia.

The name "India" means river, and one of the great rivers of the country, the Indus, has the same meaning. The name Hindu, applied to the people of the country, has the same meaning, too, and Hindustan means "country of the Hindus" —the country of great rivers.

Four rivers, the Indus, Ganges, Brahmaputra, and Irrawaddi, drain the greater part of India. They are not very long rivers, and aside from those named there are many streams not more than two or three hundred miles in length.

But all of them are large streams, a part of the year at least, and all of them are born in the Indian Ocean; let us see how.

The winds of India blow from the north half of the year, and from the Indian Ocean the other half. These winds are called monsoons. The northerly, or land, wind comes from the desert region north of the Himalaya Mountains; and while it blows, all India is dry and parched. But in September, when the monsoon changes, the wind blows from the sea; the air is laden with vapor which, falling as rain, transforms the dry and dead land into one of the most fertile regions on the face of the earth.

India is shut off from China by the Himalayas, the loftiest mountain wall in the world. Their crests are about three miles, and some of the highest peaks are more than five miles high. Rarely do the rain-clouds rise higher than these summits; almost all the rain is shed on the southern slopes, and it is this great rainfall that helps to grow the food-stuffs of three hundred millions of people. It is this, too, that fills the river channels.

Under the fierce, tropical sun and heavy rains there results, in many parts of India, an excessive thicket of shrubbery and brush, called the "jungle." There are miles upon miles of jungle so dense that a human being cannot crawl through it. Some of the jungle plants have sharp and thorny leaves, some are poisonous, and some are vines that are almost like a wire fence. A jungle that once gets started grows so rapidly that it is most difficult to clear the land. In some localities which, on account of famine, have been deserted for a few years, the village lands grow into such dense jungles that it will not pay to clear them; and many villages are wiped out of existence.

Man-eating tigers live in the jungles, and it is estimated that every year about three thousand people are killed by

them. The cobra, the deadliest snake known, kills about twenty thousand more each year. The jungle is also the home of wolves, hyenas, and jackals. Probably no other country in the world has so many fierce wild animals.

The people of India are of many kinds. First of all in number are the Hindus. They have very dark skins, but they belong to the white race. Their ancient language, called the Sanskrit, is much like Latin and Greek. Indeed, there are many words, such as "father," "mother," and other household words, that are almost the same in all three tongues.

The Muhammadans, of whom there are over sixty millions, are second in number. They are the descendants of peoples who came from the west. A few hundred years ago it was the fashionable thing for a Mogul chieftain to gather an army of rough riders and pounce upon the peaceful inhabitants of Hindustan. Having made themselves wealthy at the expense of the conquered people, they proceeded to live lives of ease. So many of these invasions were made that no one can tell much about them. In time a great Mogul empire was established, but the hot, dank climate made the conquerors just as lazy and listless as the conquered people, so in time the Mogul empire tumbled to pieces. Then the British came and made a new empire out of the wreck of the old. Both Hindu and Muhammadan are now living quite contentedly—for them, at least—under British rule. Moreover, under British rule, the government of India is far better, and the people are more prosperous than ever they were under native rule.

In the eastern part, especially in Burma, there are about fifteen millions of people who are of mixed Indian and Chinese blood; they are called Indo-Chinese—just as the Hindus of pure blood are called Indo-Europeans. They are Buddhists in religion and are peaceful and industrious. Far up in the

mountains are several native states whose peoples have never been conquered. Their position is much like that of the Indian tribes of the United States a century ago. Of these people there are several millions. On the west coast are many Arabs—possibly as many as live in the native states of Arabia. On the west coast, too, live a tribe of Jewish people, who claim to be the descendants of one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. There are also Parsis, the descendants of Persian sun-worshippers; they are wealthy, educated, and greatly respected.

British India is divided into provinces, the larger of which are called "presidencies." A governor, together with his commissioners and agents, manages the political affairs of each province. At the head of British India is the viceroy, who represents the emperor. Before the British occupation, there were several hundred native states. Many of them still exist. The native ruler carries on the government, but a British agent, or commissioner, is on hand to look after British interests.

The people of India, as we have learned, represent many different races, and between these there is no intercourse. Moreover, the Hindus themselves are divided into sects. One of these, the Sikhs, has a very simple faith which requires its members to be upright in their dealings with all mankind, kind to animals, and clean in habits. A Sikh never cuts nor trims the hair and never uses tobacco in any form. Another sect, the Jains, are much like the Friends, or Quakers. They are taught to harm no one, even in self-defence, and to desire nothing except the things that are necessary and useful in life.

Among the Hindus proper, everything in their lives is regulated by "caste." By his caste is meant the set or class in which a Hindu is born, lives, and dies. He may lose his caste by being put out of it, but he cannot change it. To keep

his caste is the chief object of his life; rather than lose it, many a Hindu of high caste has permitted himself to die. In losing caste he does not drop into the next lower; he is down and out of all castes—an outcast, or "pariah," shunned by all.

Hindus of Brahman Caste—Man and Wife

There are four great divisions of caste—the Brahmans, the warriors, the merchants and traders, and the laborers; and each caste has many classes within itself.

The Brahmans are the highest caste. From them the priests are chosen, and none but a Brahman may be a priest. More than twenty-four centuries ago, a great ruler of Hindustan declared that the Brahmans were holy and that all other Hindus must give to their support. Most Brahmans are well-to-do and thrifty; some are rich; many are scholars; some work as servants to Europeans; some have enlisted as soldiers in the native troops of India; a few have left India to engage in trade; and a few are beggars.

The second in rank are the warriors, descendants of the soldiers of former days. A few of these still find employment in the native regiments of the British army, but most of them have become farmers. They can become land-owners and cultivate the soil, for that is permitted by their caste; but if they were to become merchants they would lose caste,

as merchants and business men are a lower caste by themselves. Since the time the British began to rule India, the third, or merchant, class has gradually become the strongest caste so far as wealth and influence go.

Although it defiles a Brahman or a man of the warrior caste to touch anything that has been in the hands of a merchant, he nevertheless finds some way or other to borrow money of the latter at a most ruinous rate of interest. Moreover, the British Government does not make any distinction between the shopkeeper and the Brahman scholar when it comes to the payment of taxes; so what the Brahman and the warrior have lost, the shopkeeper caste has gained.

The day laborer is of the lowest caste. He is scarcely more than a patient beast of burden. If he has sons, they, too, must become laborers; they cannot hope to become anything else. But even he can look with contempt on the miserable pariah.

There is no question of "what shall we do with our boys" in India. A carpenter's son must become a carpenter; a weaver's son, a weaver; a merchant's son, a merchant: otherwise he will be an outcast. A man must marry a wife of the same caste; his food, when cooked, must not be touched by one of a lower caste. If a Brahman touches a piece of paper upon which a European or a lower-caste man has written, he is defiled, although he may have handled the paper before it had writing upon it. He may buy a new pencil, sharpen, and use it; but he cannot touch a pencil that has been used by another. He may buy anything from a merchant, but he is not permitted to use the same article that has been used by one of lower caste. A strict Brahman will not even take medicine from a European physician.

A high-caste man may eat sweetmeats with one of the next lower caste, but not rice. He may buy food from a merchant, but to eat it in the house of the latter would defile him. A

Brahman is permitted to be a secretary, or a servant, to an Englishman, but to serve him with food would be a defilement. He may even clean and polish his English master's shoes; but should he touch the untanned hide or pelt of an animal, he must suffer a long process of purification. The Hindu who takes care of his master's cows and sheep would not think of grooming a horse; to do so would make him unclean in the eyes of his caste. And when money is passed between people of different caste, it is often thrown on the ground by the one and picked up by the other.

Hindu Women of Rank

If a high-caste man is sent to jail, his jailer would never think of putting him in a cell with a prisoner of different caste. Nevertheless, if a Brahman travels third class from Bombay to Calcutta, he most likely will rub shoulders against half a dozen low-caste men and outcasts; for the laws of caste have been bent to meet just such cases.

The process of purification, when one breaks caste, is apt to be a painful one. The unlucky culprit may be required to eat a mixture of the nastiest and filthiest things that can be procured; he may be beaten; he may even have his tongue cut out. One thing, however, is certain; he must pay various fines, and these foot up to the very last rupee that the Brahmans can squeeze out of him.

The lot of a Hindu woman is hard. She is usually married at twelve and a mother at fourteen years. She is not only a slave, but often a prisoner as well. After marriage, she must shave her head and wear a ring in her nose as a token of subjection. She must not recognize her husband should she meet him in a public place; and in travelling, she cannot ride in the same railway coach.

The lower-caste Hindus are as great slaves to custom as they are to caste, and there are many customs which even the British Government does not dare to interfere with. Years ago, when thousands were dying daily from the plague, the British Government sought to disinfect the houses in which patients were ill; but such a thing was new to custom, and the people would have none of it. Once upon a time English cotton merchants tried to improve the method of cotton cultivation so that the land would yield more and better cotton. They offered selected seed, but the farmers refused it, because it was unlike that which had always been used. Ploughs which would turn twice as much soil with far less labor were loaned and even given them, but custom forbade their use. The ryots, or farm laborers who drove the oxen, complained that the oxen's tails could not be twisted when the oxen were hitched to the new plough. A contractor for a railway, noticing that the laborers carried their loads of earth in small baskets on their heads, provided wheelbarrows. But instead of wheeling them, the laborers put a small quantity of earth in the wheelbarrows and then hoisted them upon their heads. "It was the custom," they said.

Many of the customs of India have not changed in two thousand years. Nevertheless, the railway is slowly breaking down some of the senseless customs. The tailor has begun to use the sewing-machine; the spinning-machine is taking the place of hand spinning; the kerosene lamp has found a place in spite of caste; the umbrella is no longer used

solely by the Brahman; and perhaps in centuries to come the caste which rules India may disappear. But it will be centuries rather than years.

The house of a well-to-do Hindu is large but not comfortable. Usually it forms three sides of a square partly in-

A Native House

closing a court-yard. On the open side is a large space roofed over that is used as a great hall or reception-room. Wide verandas surround the house, and these are roofed over. The court-yard and ground-floor are paved; the floors of the second story are covered with clay. The walls are covered with a coating much like whitewash. There are no tables, chairs, nor furniture of any sort, save a great bedstead in the women's part of the house. On the floors are a few mats and rugs, but there are neither ornaments nor decorations.

In such a house perhaps twenty-five or thirty people are living. The head of the house is the grandfather. His eight or ten sons are married and have children. The children run about as they please until they are seven or eight years old; then they are separated, the girls being kept in the apartments of the women, the boys with the men. The women are kept so closely confined that a visitor at the house would never see one; and if a woman of the house is permitted to go out, she must keep her face closely covered. A very wealthy man is likely to have one or more Brahman cooks, because any Hindu may eat the food prepared by a Brahman. Otherwise the food is cooked by women. If among the women there is a widow, the hardest and dirtiest work of the household falls to her; she is a servant to servants.

The food is not served on tabrets, as in Japan, but the dishes are placed on the floor. A strict Hindu must bathe before taking his meals, and when the men gather at meal-time the clothing of each is a piece of cotton cloth wrapped around the waist hanging down as far as the ankles. A dinner usually consists of soup, fish, rice, pulse, ghee, or rancid butter, and a dessert of cakes and fruits. There are no plates, knives, and forks; each eats with his fingers from the dishes set before him. Usually the wife of each waits upon him to serve him, but she must carefully avoid touching the food after it is prepared, otherwise it is unclean. Each remains seated until all have finished. The women then remove the food, eat what they wish, and give whatever remains to outcasts and beggars.

During the hot season it is the custom to rise and breakfast at four. Business begins a little after daylight; and by ten o'clock the day's work is over; for it is too hot to be out between ten and five. Even Europeans stay in their bungalows and club-houses during the heat of the day.

The life of the Indian ryot, or small farmer, is hard. His

house may be his own property, but, as a rule, it is a mud hut of one room. The roof is thatched with straw or palm. His food is chiefly a sort of bread or porridge made of coarsely ground millet and pulse, with a dessert of red pepper and mangoes. Salt is his chief luxury, and he may travel a score of miles to purchase a farthing's worth. He works from dawn

A Native Farm Village

until noon; then he eats the dinner brought him by his wife; from noon till three o'clock he sleeps in the coolest place he can find; from three till dark he toils again. As in most Eastern countries, the farmers cluster in villages, many of which are surrounded by mud walls, which were built for protection. The ploughing and hauling are done by ox teams; the farming tools are of the rudest kind. A large part of the farmer's time is spent in carrying water to irrigate his

crops. He may even spend his nights watching his crops so that wild animals do not feed upon them. Perhaps, too, his caste may even forbid his killing the wild dogs and wild hogs that are seeking to destroy the food that is between him and starvation. There may be happiness in the life of the Indian ryot, but most certainly there is but little comfort.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT INDIA HAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD

India has given the rest of the world many useful and interesting things. A hundred and fifty years ago cotton cloth was almost unknown in Europe, although it was the chief fabric used in India. But the English were quick to see its value, and in time the manufacture of cotton cloth became one of the leading industries in England. In order to have the needed supply grown nearer than India, the cotton-plant was introduced into the United States, which soon became the chief cotton-field of the world. But India is still a great cotton-growing country; and the cotton fibre, once seeded, spun, and woven wholly by hand, is now made into cloth in great factories quite as modern as any in Europe and America.

Another fibre used in cloth-making is also a product of India—namely, jute. Jute is obtained from a reed-like plant that grows in wet, sandy soils along the river flood plains. The crop, which is planted late in the spring, is harvested early in summer. The stalks are kept under water until the outer covering is rotted; then the fine silky strands within the pithy part are removed. These strands are the jute of commerce. In India the fibre is woven into a coarse cloth used for making bags; but a great deal of the fibre is exported to the United States to be woven into burlap cloth. The finer jute takes dye readily and is much used in the United States for making rugs.

Tea is another product of India that is used pretty nearly all over the world. A great deal of tea is grown in Assam, a hill province in the valley of the Brahmaputra, but the tea of Ceylon is famous for its good quality the world over. The tea of India is regarded as equal to the best China tea.

Spinning Cotton

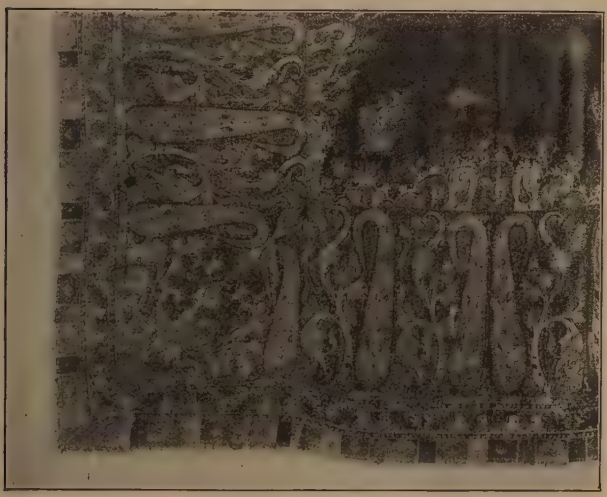
Opium is one of the most important products of India, and all the business connected with it is in the control of the government. Opium is obtained from the poppy, which is cultivated for the opium. The farmer who wishes to grow the opium poppy must first notify the officers of the government and bind himself to deliver the opium to them. The seeds of the poppy are planted late in the fall, and the plants are cultivated with great care. The seed pods are not unlike an urn in shape and are somewhat larger than acorns. While the poppy is still in flower, little gashes are scratched in the pods. From each gash a drop of milk-white sap flows, and by the following day it has hardened to a brownish-red gum. This gum is crude opium. It is scraped from the seed-pod, collected in jars, and delivered to the government agents. It is first purified and then made ready for market. By far the greater part is sold in China, where it is consumed. The use of opium produces a kind of drunkenness that sooner or later makes the user a hopeless wreck and crazes the mind. For that reason the Chinese

Government has long tried to stop the sale of the drug. But the British merchant has always found a way to sell his opium and the patient, half-fed coolie is always willing to spend his last penny for it.

Ivory is another product of India. The tusk of the elephant furnishes most of the ivory of commerce, and the greater part of it is used in making billiard balls. Formerly it was used for making such articles as piano keys and knife handles; but it is now much too scarce and high in price to be used for any except expensive articles. So many elephants have been slaughtered for their tusks that not many tusk-bearing animals remain. The governments of British India and Siam have both forbidden the killing of elephants except at certain seasons, and then only by the payment of a large fee.

The ivory-hunter is usually a white man—an Englishman as a rule, for Englishmen are famous as hunters. His supplies consist of tents, tools of various sorts, food-stuffs, and several rifles. The rifle upon which he most depends is a rapid-fire gun that will send a steel bullet through eight or ten inches of wood. Smokeless-powder cartridges are now almost always used, for a wounded elephant is pretty apt to charge in the direction in which he sees smoke. As helpers, the hunter usually employs Mulcers, a caste of huntsmen, and occasionally his help includes a whole village. The tribesmen know where the elephant herds are likely to be found; moreover, they can trail the animals better than the most expert white hunter. Perhaps a month may be spent in finding a herd, and then it sometimes happens that not a single tusker is among them. But once a herd with one or more tuskers is found, all except the best trackers are kept back. The trackers spread, trying to keep on the side of the herd from which the wind is blowing, for the elephant has a very keen scent. The hunter, with one or two

gun-bearers, creeps toward the front of the nearest tusker, the head being the only part of the animal in which he can be shot so as to kill; moreover if the elephant is charging, his trunk is in such a position that the bullet will not injure him. So he must wait until he can get a forehead shot. There is



A Cashmere Shawl

usually time to get a second shot, but if these fail to bring the animal down, all hands scatter as best they can, for if the elephant gets his wicked little eyes upon any of the would-be slayers there is not much chance for them. In much of the elephant-hunting the hunter takes only the tusks—sometimes, perhaps the skin. The tusks of the Indian elephant are usually between four and five feet in length. From the largest tusk not more than five or six billiard balls

can be made; the rest of the tusk is made into fan blades and other ornaments.

Cashmere shawls and brocaded silks of India are famous the world over. The shawls, now made in various parts of India, received their name from the fact that they were once marketed in the province of Kashmir. They are made of the finest floss combed from the Cashmere goat; and only a very small quantity is obtained from an animal. In weaving these shawls, the loose ends of the yarn are left hanging from its "wrong," or reverse side, giving it a rough, shaggy appearance. Cashmere shawls are the finest and most beautiful woollen fabrics made. A weaver may require several years to make one; and the finished shawl for which he receives perhaps not more than two hundred dollars will sell for three or four thousand dollars in the American department store. In the dull season, Kashmir weavers often go to Amritsar to work at carpet-making. One result has been the making of Amritsar a great centre of that industry.

Silk-weaving is an art of India, and although the silk fabrics of Persia may be equally as good and artistic, they are certainly no better than those of India. Some of the shawls are so fine and gauzy in texture that one may be drawn through a finger-ring. Silk lace so fine that one must use a magnifying-glass to see the design clearly is also made by Indian weavers. Most of the silk-weavers are Muhammadans, and silk-weaving is the occupation of families for generation after generation. If a man follows this trade, it is safe to say that his great-grandfathers were and that his grandchildren also will be weavers of silk fabrics.

In one kind of brocade, wire of gold or of silver is used to make the patterns. Hindu silversmiths are very clever in drawing wire, and from a silver rupee, a coin about the size of a half-dollar, an expert workman will draw a wire nearly a mile long. The coin is heated to soften it and beaten into a

rod. The silversmith then forces the slender rod through a hole in a steel plate that is a little too small for it; the rod therefore comes out smaller in size, but longer. It is then drawn through another hole just a little smaller than the first, and so on. The finest holes are drilled in crystal, and when the wire is drawn through the smallest of these it is finer than a hair.

CHAPTER XXI

AROUND AND ACROSS INDIA

One does not learn much about India by staying in Calcutta, for it is more European than Indian. The broad, well-paved streets are as clean and attractive as those of Paris, or Berlin, or London. The buildings are like those of an American or a European city, but are much cleaner, for coal smoke is unknown except near some of the great factories. The residences are roomy, and are built for comfort in a very hot climate. The porches and balconies are shut in by grass-cloth screens, called "tatties." In very hot days water is thrown on the screens and a huge punkah, or fan, is kept swinging by coolies in order to temper the fierce heat. Every hotel table and every private dining-room has its punkah and coolies.

During the hot season in Calcutta not much business is done after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. In some of the colleges the working part of the day begins at four in the morning and ends at nine. Excepting the few natives one may see about the streets, the city seems almost deserted in mid-day. We learn to distinguish the Brahmans by their robes. The priest looks fat and sleek as he struts leisurely along the street in white robe and turban. He appears to own about everything in sight, and low-caste Hindus bow with humility, or perhaps avoid meeting him face to face. Servants in gayly colored costumes are going to and from the market. Here and there are ghurries, or cabs, drawn by horses so poor and rickety one might expect them to drop in the street if

they were not held up by the shafts of the carriage. The drivers wear white cotton robes and brightly colored turbans.

By five o'clock the shops are open again and the city shows signs of stirring. A handsome carriage drawn by fine horses speeds along the street; a coachman and a footman are on the box of each, and two servants are on the seat behind. In the

Madras

carriage is an English officer. In order to be respected in India one must make a great show of wealth and power. The British officers in India have learned this, and that is one reason why a great army is kept there. An officer in the civil service must have half a dozen or more servants in India, though in London he would get along with one—and the latter would do about as much as the six in India.

We leave Calcutta for Madras on a small steamship. In spite of rough weather the trip of four days is pleasant. There

is no river estuary or protecting bay for vessels calling at Madras. Both steamships and sailing vessels formerly anchored off a shore exposed to storms and high winds. Not infrequently sailing vessels were blown ashore and dashed in pieces. During heavy cyclones, the masters of sailing vessels used to slip their anchor cables and put out to sea, in order to avoid the almost certain wrecking should the ship be blown aground. A steel pier and sea-wall were recently built so as to make an artificial harbor, but Madras is still regarded as a dangerous port. The Coromandel coast, as the south-east coast of India is called, has a very bad reputation—and it is fully deserved. Years ago a French fleet was destroyed by a hurricane and more than twelve hundred were drowned.

Passengers and freight are usually put ashore by broad lighters called "massula boats," though small steamships may go alongside the new steel pier. The massula boats are made of a light but tough wood that is ideal for building wooden craft. The planks, rather strangely, are not bolted to the ribs but are fastened by thongs. As we approach the shore we see a long line of massula boats, and great stacks of rice sacks which the stevedores are carrying to the flat-roofed warehouses just back of the shore.

Once we have reached Beach Street, as the bund is named, we are beset by swarms of beggars. They are half nude, wearing only pieces of cotton cloth wrapped around the waist and reaching to the knees. Their bodies are thin and bony and their faces are haggard. It is a case of hunger, pure and simple—hunger that is hardly a step from starvation. We scatter among them all the small coins in our possession—annas and small silver coins amounting to three or four rupees. The fierce scramble for possession of them is almost a riot; then we take refuge in a ghurry and are driven to the hotel. This is kept by a Parsi, who comes outside

after our request for food and lodging has been made. He wears white trousers, a black frock coat buttoned to the chin, and a high hat without brim or visor. He bows low and in a very dignified manner invites us to enter. The floors and walls of the hotel are of stone and there is a broad latticed balcony surrounding it. A native servant conducts us to our apartments. He brings us our meals, cares for our apartments, looks after our laundry work, and guides us about the city. This arrangement is common in the hotels of India and is a very convenient one.

Madras—A Parsi Fire-Worshipper

Madras is an important military station and Fort St. George, about the earliest British possession in India, is the centre about which the city is built. The city itself was originally a cluster of native villages, but within recent years the streets have been straightened and paved. Years ago Madras was called the "benighted" city, but it is now one of the prosperous ports of Asia. There are cotton-mills, cotton-presses, coffee-cleaning mills, and tanneries. A finely woven cloth of silk and cotton receives its name from the city in which it originated, but an imitation Madras cloth is now made in a dozen cities of the United States. The modern cloth contains no silk and is not made of the best cotton.

We take passage for Colombo, the chief city and port of Ceylon. At Colombo we find a goodly number of tourists, or "globe trotters." Eastbound travellers from New York,

or from London, may there shake hands with their countrymen who are westbound; for Colombo, next to Singapore, is the traveller's most important half-way house in the East, just as Honolulu is in the West. Many travellers think that Colombo is the most beautiful city in the tropics. The Dutch founders of the modern city were very generous with shade trees and well-paved streets, and so were the English

Colombo—The Harbor

engineers who built the magnificent road named the Galle Face. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, saw the value of Colombo as a port when he laid the corner-stone of the magnificent sea-wall.

The European quarter has low houses with broad balconies. They look much like Dutch buildings, and, indeed, the plans of the Dutch founders of Colombo have been followed, because they make the most comfortable houses that can be built in the tropics. In the native quarter we find a babel of tongues and most picturesque costumes. The "natives" include a population of Hindus, Burmese, Malays, Chinese,

Arabs, along with the Singhalese, as the natives of Ceylon are called. Strange to say, they live together with comparatively little quarrelling. The name Colombo has nothing

A Buddhist Temple

in common with Columbus. Arab merchants named the place Kalambre, and European sailors did the rest.

Kandy, the capital of Ceylon when that was a native kingdom, is about seventy-five miles from Colombo. A comfortable train with an odd-looking locomotive takes us thither with a ride of about four hours. Kandy surrounds

a beautiful artificial lake; it is the holy city of the Buddhists in Ceylon. There are about a dozen Buddhist temples, and several Brahman shrines and temples. The kings of Ceylon are buried in Kandy, and there are many tombs and mausoleums.

Opposite the hotel at which we stay is the Temple of the Sacred Tooth. We are told that the Princess Kalinga managed to obtain a tooth from the skull of Buddha and, concealing it in her hair, carried it from India to Ceylon. A thousand years afterward, some Malabar soldiers, learning about it, seized it and carried it back to India. The King of Ceylon then sent some of his shrewdest officers in disguise to India in search of the sacred relic. After following it for years, they found it, killed the guards who kept it, and started back to Ceylon. Unfortunately for them, they were captured by Portuguese and taken to Goa. The possessors of the tooth were put to death and the tooth was burned. But a little trifle of that sort did not disturb the King of Ceylon. He ordered a tooth to be made of ivory. The new tooth was duly finished and was acceptable. The fact that it is big enough for a man about one hundred feet tall does not disturb the pious Buddhists who place their gifts before it.

One of the products that connects Ceylon with the rest of the world is the spice we know as cinnamon. Centuries ago, it was regarded as too precious for ordinary people, and none but royal persons could use it. But commerce and ships have broken down ancient custom, and the spice that once commanded several hundred dollars per pound may now be bought for a few cents. The cinnamon of commerce is the inner bark of a kind of laurel, and most of the world's supply is shipped from Colombo.

We now return to Calcutta and prepare to cross the peninsula of Hindustan to Bombay; but our plan is to make the trip by going first to Darjiling, a village or "hill station" far up

in the foot-hills of the Himalayas, nearly seven thousand feet above the level of Calcutta. Darjiling is scarcely four hundred miles from Calcutta, but the journey requires nearly twenty-four hours. We leave Calcutta in the afternoon. The seats of the railway coaches are arranged so as to make very comfortable couches at night. Next morning we are in the midst of a jungle so dense that it is a wonder how enough of it was cut away for the railroad to be built; and it is equally a wonder that, even after the thicket was cut away, the refuse could have been carried out, there was so much of it.

Darjiling—The Railway Train

At the foot of the mountains we leave the train that has carried us from Calcutta and take the mountain road. It is a little affair that at first seems like a toy railway. The rails are about two feet apart, but the little, stocky locomotive is built for heavy work. The road winds and twists along one horseshoe curve after another, and we quickly lose all idea of direction. The road-bed is steep, and we are climbing up the mountain slope at the rate of a thousand feet an hour. We climb above the jungle region into the forest belt. Then we are in a thick fog. But the fog is a belt of cloud that we saw from far below. The locomotive puffs away, and soon we are above the cloud, which looks like a sea of snow-drifts. Then the forest of tropical trees, clad in hanging moss and dotted with orchids, gives place to the trees of the temperate zone. We reach Darjiling in the afternoon. It was hot and moist when we left Calcutta, but at Darjiling the air is cool

and dry. The village is in the midst of a famous tea-growing district, and the crop from this part of India brings a high price. As a matter of fact, the tea-tree is native to the south slope of the Himalaya Mountains, and was thence taken to China.

In Darjiling we see a number of people from the native state of Nepal. They are Ghurkas, and belong to the warrior caste. They look much like American Indians in features, and have a brownish colored skin. The states of Nepal and Bhotan are not a part of British India. The Ghurkas are thought to be of the same race as the Hindus, but many of the people living in these states are Tibetans. They are the laborers and artisans, although many of them live wandering lives. The Ghurkas are far superior to the other peoples of these states. At Darjiling the Himalayas, the great mountain wall between India and China, are in sight. Long after sunset we can see the golden light on their white crests; then they become gray and purple and stand like giant spectres in the sky. Early next morning we ride to the Tigers Hill to see the sun rise. From this place Everest and Kinchinjunga, the two highest peaks in the world, are in sight.

We leave Darjiling and return to the main railway line in the Ganges plain for Benares, the holy city of India. Among Hindus there is a belief that whoever bathes in the Ganges at Benares is blessed and receives forgiveness of sins. So every pious Hindu is as anxious to make a pilgrimage to Benares as is the disciple of Muhammad to go to Mecca. It is no uncommon thing for a pilgrim to go five hundred miles afoot in order to pray in the temples and bathe in the Ganges. Sometimes there are as many as one hundred thousand pilgrims in the city. Most of them are poor, and some are beggars. They sleep in the streets or on the steps that go down to the river. With the few

coins which they beg they buy enough rice to keep body and soul together. Many of the pilgrims are rich, however; they travel with dozens of servants and spend their money lavishly. Some of it is thrown by servants to the crowds

Mount Everest—The Top of the World

of beggars, but thousands of rupees are given to the sleek-looking priests in the temples.

There are several hundred temples in Benares; most of them are near the bank of the river, and the steps or stairs of stone leading from them to the water form a water-front about three miles long. One temple is sacred to monkeys, another to cows, others to whatever objects may be considered sacred. The Golden Temple is on the hill in the highest part of the city. Pilgrims, many of whom are women, enter

Benares—The River Front

it at dawn to scatter yellow flowers and sprinkle Ganges water in front of the shrines of the gods—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

The river front is called the Bathing Ghats, and early in the morning there may be more than twenty thousand bathers —men, women, and children—for no pious Hindu will eat before he bathes and offers prayers. There are hundreds of priests, each sitting under an umbrella, who preach to their disciples, or teach them, incidentally collecting harvests of rupees.

It is only about fifty miles distant to Cawnpur and about the same to Lucknow. These cities are in the most thickly peopled part of India. Years ago, in 1857, when the English had not long occupied this part of India, the native Indian troops mutinied and most of the English residents were killed. At Cawnpur we visit the place where a small body of English surrendered to the rebel leader, Nana Sahib, and were then massacred, their bodies being thrown into a well—now the "Memorial Well."

At Lucknow we visit the shops famous for Indian muslins and gold brocade. Lucknow has fine colleges, schools, and hospitals. On the banks of the Gumti, a branch of the Ganges, is the Chattar Manzil palace, with its gilded umbrella domes. About two thousand English victims of the mutiny are buried in the old cemetery of Lucknow.

We go on to Agra, a former capital of the district in which it is the chief city. Agra was once a native state, and one of its rulers, Jehan Shah, was a man of great ability. The city is famous for the Pearl Mosque and the Taj Mahal, both of which were built by Jehan Shah. The Taj Mahal, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," is the tomb, or mausoleum, of his favorite wife, and it is also his own burial-place. The building is in the midst of a beautiful garden and surmounts a great marble platform on the summit of a hill. The mausoleum is built of white marble and decorated with

most wonderful carved work. Within is the vault in which the shah and his favorite wife now rest.

Delhi, on the Jumna, also a branch of the Ganges, is our next stopping-place. In this part of India the cities and towns are very near to one another, and the railway service is good.

Benares—The Bathing Ghats

After resting at an excellent hotel, we take a carriage at daybreak to visit the ruins of the ancient city. A high wall built by Jehan Shah partly surrounds the modern city. Delhi was also a scene of an Indian mutiny, and just outside the Kashmir Gate a memorial column commemorates the event. It was in Delhi that the late Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India on New-Year's-Day, 1877.

We go on to Jaipur, the chief city of Rajputna. Rajputna

is a native province governed by a "maharajah," or native prince. A British "resident" is the real power, but the government of the various states is carried on by native officers, and the British Government does not interfere. The main business streets are very wide and are kept clean. The bazars, or shops, are among the finest in India, and the mar-

Agra—The Taj Mahal

kets at the intersection of the wide streets are interesting. The old capital, Ambir, is a few miles distant, and we ride thither—not in rickshas, nor on ponies, but on an elephant! The elephant is pretty old; his tusks have been sawn off and metal bands are fastened around the ends. The animal is very docile; on his back is a tiny house, called a "howdah," and the trappings are very fine rugs woven for the purpose. The animal has been trained to kneel on all-fours, and we mount to the howdah by means of a short ladder. He then

rises and puts out a fore leg, by means of which the mahout quickly swings to his place, striding the elephant's neck.

The sights in and about Ambir do not interest us much, but the trip does. We meet a driver with two camels, one of which has lain down with his load of grain. The driver is shrieking and cursing the camel, and the latter cries

Delhi—A Street

and howls in a most doleful way. The driver yells louder and shriller until he seems about ready to fall in a fit, at the same time laying a bamboo pole on the poor beast with all his might and main. Finally, the camel quits his blubbering, gets up, and shambles off as if nothing had happened.

From Jaipur to Bombay, across the western Ghats, is the pleasantest part of our trip across India. Bombay is on an island. The harbor lies between the island and the main-

land, but the city faces Back Bay on the south side of the island. The railways cross the shallow lagoon on the sea-wall built from the mainland to the north side of the island, and the sea-wall, or filling with mud at the sides, has made the island a peninsula. Bombay began to be a great city and

Bombay

port during the time of the civil war in America. While this war was in progress the English cloth-makers could not get cotton from the United States, so they turned to India, which, a century before, had furnished England with cotton for their supplies. The India cotton all went to Bombay to be shipped to England, and Bombay became the second city of India. In the bazar section, or business part, the buildings are much like those of a European city. The residences of the well-to-do Europeans are in a part of the city by themselves.

The houses are not quite so imposing as those of Calcutta, but are quite as comfortable. As a rule, each house is in a large garden or "compound." Many of them are built on Malabar Hill, a ridge on the west side of the island that overlooks the sea.

Khaibar Pass—The Gateway to India

There is a large population of Hindus. They are the skilled workmen and day laborers. The Parsis are shrewd business men. They are largely engaged in banking, and control much of the business of the city through their banks. A great deal of the cotton grown in India is now made into cloth in the mills of Bombay, where labor is much cheaper than in England. In Bombay, as in other large cities of India, we find telephone exchanges, electric car lines, a good sewer system, wholesome drinking water, and fine swimming baths; indeed, the cities of India surpass some of the large cities of Europe and America in such matters.

One of the grewsome sights of Bombay is the Towers of Silence. As a rule, the bodies of the dead in India are cremated, but among the Parsis the dead are carried to the Towers of Silence and there quickly consumed by vultures. Formerly in some parts of India, whenever a Hindu of high rank died, it was the custom to burn his widow in the fire that

consumed the body of her husband, but the British long since put an end to this practice.

From Bombay we take a steamship to Karachi, the great port at the mouth of the Indus. As age is reckoned in India, Karachi is young. A hundred years ago a native village was there because the harbor of Shah Bander, the ancient port of the Indus, had filled up with storm-swept sands. But when the English had mastered India, they saw that the mouth of the Indus was an open door that could be easily entered by the Russians, so they built Karachi to guard this doorway.

There is also an open door at the north end of the Indus valley through which the Russians might enter India were they to have an opportunity. This doorway is Khaibar Pass, a narrow canyon across the high summit of the Hindu Kush Mountains. There is an old saying that "whoso would be master of India must first make himself lord of Kabul." The British Government knew full well that Kabul guarded Khaibar Pass just as Karachi guarded the entrance to the mouth of the Indus; so various treaties were made with the Amir of Afghanistan, whose capital is at Kabul. At the present time, although Afghanistan is not a British possession, the British Government will support the Afghans if the Russians attempt to take away any of their territory; and the Afghans, in turn, agree to make Khaibar Pass an open highway to the British.

A railway, the "Sind-Pishin" it is called, has been built along the Indus valley, from Karachi to Peshawar, by the British, and a branch extends to Kandahar. Peshawar, a city of nearly one hundred thousand people, is in India and is near the eastern end of Khaibar Pass and also at the head of the Indus valley; it is therefore an important military position and likewise a collecting place for the commerce of the Indus valley. Most of the people of Peshawar are Muhammadans, and they have surrounded their city with

a wall of sun-baked brick. Camel caravans are always coming and going. Arab and Jewish merchants control a large part of the traffic which is gathered at Peshawar to be sent to Bombay.

CHAPTER XXII

THE IRAN PLATEAU—AFGHANISTAN AND BALUKISTAN

The Iran plateau really includes most of the rugged highland west of India and north of Arabia, but usually it means the three countries, Persia, Afghanistan, and Balukistan. It is one of the most difficult countries of the world to travel through; for although the three countries are about as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, there are scarcely one hundred miles of railway, and none at all in the interior. Moreover, the only navigable rivers near by are the Tigris-Euphrates, the Amu Darya, and the Indus. The first-named stream touches the border of Persia but does not enter it; a tributary of the Indus enters Afghanistan, but it is not navigable in that part of its course. Straw boats ply the Amu Darya, but the navigable part is in a desert.

Almost the whole plateau is mountainous, and on its borders the mountains are high and very rugged. Here and there are tracts of level plain, but most of them are deserts. Because of the sparse rainfall, the rivers in the interior are short mountain streams not one of which reaches the sea. Even many of those on the coast slopes do not flow into the near-by seas; these waters are lost by evaporation in the hot sands. Not a single lake has an outlet. The climate is one of extremes—the fiercest summer heat and intense winter cold. Along the coast regions only is the temperature mild, and even in these regions the climate is harsh to Europeans.

In spite of all these drawbacks, about fifteen millions of people live in the Iran plateau. Persia and Afghanistan are about as thickly peopled as Texas; Balukistan is very sparsely peopled. Lands which have no drainage to the sea are usually very fertile, because the nutrition of the soil is not washed out and lost. An acre of land having water near enough to produce crops will yield far more than an acre in the most fertile part of the Mississippi valley or the Danube flood plain. So this great plateau, in spite of its deserts, easily produces enough food-stuffs for its fifteen millions of people; and of all this land, three-fourths yields nothing except a little grass. Almost all the crop lands must be irrigated. The farms are along the short streams and the water is measured out almost as carefully as though it were gold.

The fruit grown in the Iran plateau is marvellous for its fine quality, and some of the fruits of Europe and America most likely came originally from Persia. Apples, pears, peaches, grapes, plums, apricots, and melons of all kinds are so profuse that even the poorest may have them in plenty; and the same is true of filberts and walnuts. There is little if any pine, fir, and cedar, but the beach, oak, and elm are abundant in the moist lands. As for flowers, there is scarcely a species known in the temperate zone of Europe and America that is not abundant in the cultivated lands of this plateau.

There are many kinds of wild animals. Tigers are plentiful about the Caspian Sea, but they are cowardly whelps that slink away at the sight of man and attack chiefly sheep and helpless calves. Lions are occasionally seen in the desert regions of the southern part. Wolves, hyenas, and jackals live wherever there may be herds of cattle and sheep. The Persian cat is one of the few animals of Asia which is sought in about every part of Europe and America. These animals are sometimes called "angora" cats, but they come,

not from Angora, but from Ispahan. Throughout this region the camel is the real "ship of the desert," and about all the goods that are carried to the railway are brought to it by camel caravans.

One product of the Iran plateau is world-wide in use—namely, Oriental rugs. These are made in the entire

A Persian Tree of Life Rug

plateau region and even in that part of Russia south of the Caucasus Mountains. The looms on which they are made consist of two long, upright pieces of wood joined by crossbars five or six feet in length. The crossbars may be eight or ten feet apart. Threads of wool or of cotton are stretched

from one crossbar to the other, so closely together that from twelve to twenty or more lie side by side within the space of an inch. These form the "warp" of the rug.

When the warp strings are laid, the weaver takes a thread of fine woollen yarn, ties a knot around two warp threads, and brings the ends on the side toward him. Having tied a row of knots, he runs a thread across the top of the row, back of one warp thread and in front of the next. With an instrument something like a great comb, he then pushes the knots and thread down as firm as they can be made. Then another row of knots is tied and another thread is woven through the warp. When he has made several rows he shears the loose ends of the knots pretty close to the warp. The shorn ends form the face of the rug, and the figured pattern is made by using wool of different colors.

Rug Weavers

All this seems very simple, but it is not. In the first place, wool and goat's hair fit for good rugs can be produced in arid regions only. The soil must be right; the grass on which the herds feed must be right; and the climate must be right. As a matter of fact, no other part of the world produces wool for rug-making so good as that grown in the Iran plateau. In the second place, no other part of the world produces dye-stuffs having the same quality as those growing in this region. Moreover, rug-making has been an industry in the Iran plateau for several thousand years, and the art has been handed down from family to family for many generations.

Rugs made in the same part of the plateau are apt to be much alike in both pattern and color, and one may easily learn to distinguish the rugs of one part of the plateau from those of another. Strong sunlight may soften the colors of these rugs, but it will not fade them. They are also far more durable than the rugs made in Europe and America. It is not uncommon to find an Oriental rug more than one hundred years old as beautiful as the day that it came from the loom.

Of the three states named, Afghanistan is the most important because it is a "buffer" state; that is, it is situated between Russia and India; and both nations regard it better to have Afghanistan an independent state than to go to war over dividing it between them. The Russians would like to possess the country because it would bring them much nearer to the Indian Ocean where for more than one hundred years they have wanted a seaport. The British want it because the only overland routes to India pass through the country.

Afghanistan is about the size of Texas. The northern part of Afghanistan is more fertile than Persia, but it is also very rugged. Many centuries ago, when trade was first opened between Europe and China, the trade route lay across this part of Afghanistan. The great highway was almost a continuous town or village, and there were several large cities along the route. Several of these, such as Herat, Balkh, and Kiva, are places of considerable trade even at the present day.

The Afghans proper are dark-skinned people who differ from the Hindus. They are much like the Arabs in character, and like the Hebrews in feature. They claim to have descended from King Saul and call themselves "Banai Israel," or children of Israel; but they are Muhammadans in religious belief. Some of the Afghan peoples have reached a low state of civilization, but many have tribal forms of govern-

ment and are barbarous. The better class are frank and hospitable, but they are apt to be treacherous to foreigners. They are somewhat boastful, and resent any attempt at enforcing laws to punish crimes. An old Afghan chief once said to a British officer: "We are content with war against our enemies; we are content with bloodshed and fighting among ourselves; but we will never be content with a master."

Most of the people live in tribes, and the tribes are parts of clans. The tribes and clans have chiefs; the head chief of a number of clans is called a "sirdar"; and the ruler of all Afghanistan is the Amir. The government is of a military kind and is not much unlike that practised by the Six Nations of Iroquois Indians during American colonial times.

There are also many Persians and Hindus among the Afghans. The Persians usually live in the cities and towns. Most of the business is carried on by them, for no Afghan will become a skilled workman nor carry on commercial business. The Afghans are soldiers whenever they can be, and herdsmen if they cannot be soldiers. They grow only enough food-stuffs for their own use, but sell their cattle and sheep pelts. The finer wool is used in making rugs and carpets. A kind of sheep known as the Persian sheep is greatly esteemed as food. This animal has a large, heavy tail that weighs ten or twelve pounds. The pelts of the sheep have very fine curly wool. The best are exported and are used in making overcoats and jackets. Out-of-door life with their herds makes the Afghans fine horsemen and the best kind of material for rough riders. Many Afghans live in tribes and wander from place to place with their herds. Some of these are but little better than robbers and bandits; they keep their herds as best they can, but murder and rob caravans whenever there may be an opportunity.

Herat is one of the most interesting cities in the Iran plateau. Much of the water of the Heri River, which flows past the city, is drawn off into irrigating canals, and the region above its plain is very fertile; it is the most thickly settled part of Afghanistan. The city is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high and more than twelve feet thick. This wall is built on a wide earthwork or bank about fifty feet high, in front of which is a deep ditch or moat nearly fifty feet wide. There are five gates in the walls. Within the city there is a great reservoir holding water enough to last the city a year. The principal street is covered for most of its extent and is an almost continuous line of bazars. The houses are built mainly of sun-dried brick, and are almost like pens. Most of the streets are very narrow and very filthy. The trade consists mainly of fine rugs, carpets, silk goods, and leather. Many of the Herat rugs are finally marketed in New York.

Kabul, the capital, rather singularly, has no walls. High walls formerly surrounded the city, but they were levelled; and both the British and the Russians have taken care that they were not rebuilt. There is a strong citadel in the city, however, and this is preserved. The houses are flat-topped and most of them only one story high. The streets are so narrow and crooked that to drive a horse and wagon any distance would be impossible. But Kabul is very important to the British because it lies along the only approach to Khaibar Pass. It is quite as much a great military camp as a business centre.

Balukistan is an arid country inhabited by tribes of herders. The Balukis belong to the same race as the Afghans and are like them in character—perhaps rather more treacherous. They will entertain a stranger, treating him with politeness and kindness, and then murder and rob him after he leaves their village. Almost all of them are herders.

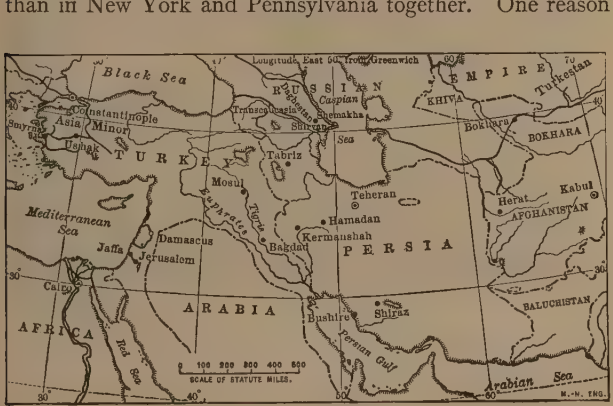
Unlike the Afghans, who use horses, the camel is the beast of burden in Balukistan. The only products of the country sold in Europe and America are the beautiful Balukistan rugs. The tribes elect their own chiefs and sirdars, and these are responsible to the chief ruler, or khan.

Kelat, the capital, is the only place of importance. There are several thousand people within its walls and about as many living without the inclosure. Kelat is cleaner and more pleasant than either Herat or Kabul. The streets are wider, and in some parts of the city the roofs of the houses project so as to cover the streets. The water that supplies the city is drawn from a great spring near by. Very curiously the water issuing from the spring at night is much warmer than that which flows from it in the daytime. Gwador is a port where occasionally a steamship lands supplies for the village. It is not British territory, but belongs to Oman, and is in the domain of the Sultan of Maskat.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE IRAN PLATEAU—PERSIA AND THE PERSIANS

PERSIA is larger than all the states of the Atlantic coast together—more than six hundred thousand square miles in all. But in this great country there are only a few more people than in New York and Pennsylvania together. One reason



Map of Iran Plateau

for the sparse population is the light rainfall. The rainfall is not sufficient to produce any great amount of food-stuffs. Almost all the food-stuffs are grown on irrigated lands, and the water of every available stream is drawn off into ditches that convey it to fields and gardens. But the lands thus

irrigated are so rich and fertile that an acre will yield three or four times as much as the best lands elsewhere. Many of the irrigating canals are fine examples of the engineer's skill.

The rivers themselves are short mountain streams. When they reach the plains, if the water is not drawn off into covered canals it evaporates so quickly that the stream bed is a dry

The Persian Frontier. The Near Side is Russian, the Opposite Side, Persian

wash most of the year. In many places, during part of the year, one may find stream-beds that are dry in the daytime and full of water at night. From May until November but little rain falls. Rather singularly, from December to March, the northern half of the country is covered with deep snow. But even in midwinter, when snow covers the Caspian Sea slope, the Persian Gulf slope is very hot. These two parts of Persia are much like California in this respect; for while Mount Shasta is buried deep in snow, the people in the southern part of the state are sweltering with heat.

In spite of the want of water and the absence of roads, farming is the chief industry of Persia. The plough is a sharpened stake to which an iron point is attached. Wheat is sown in the fall and is harvested in the following July. It is cut with a sickle, and usually it is not bound in bundles. It is threshed by passing over it a number of thin iron disks

A Caravansary—The Landing Place for the Commerce of the Caspian Sea

fastened to an axle. One end of the axle is made fast to a post, and the free end is drawn round and round. The iron disks cut the straw in short pieces, and cattle are then driven over the loose straw in order to husk the kernels of grain.

There are very few horses and oxen, because these animals are too expensive for the farmer to keep, and there is but little need for transportation. The donkey is almost always the beast of burden, and its keeping costs practically nothing.

The first cost of a donkey is about that of a good horse. The farmers live in villages as in most parts of Asia. As a rule they are very poor, and not many can read and write.

Persian Villagers

The herdsmen are much better off than the farmers. Most of them belong to wandering tribes.

In all Persia there are not more than fifty miles of railway. A branch of the Transcaspian Railway crosses the Persian border from Askabad, in Turkestan, to Kuchan, in Persia; there is also a line about ten miles long from Teheran to a small suburb. In place of the railway there are a number of post-roads. One of these extends from Mount Ararat in a pretty straight line south-west to Gwador, just across the border in Oman. It makes almost a bee-line from north-west to

south-east. At the city of Kashan a branch of this post-road extends to Shiraz, and then to Bushire, a very poor harbor, but the best on the Persian Gulf.

These post-roads are not wagon-roads, for there are but few wagon-roads in all Persia, and they are very poor ones at that. The post-road of Persia is only a trail. All along this trail, about fifteen or twenty miles apart, are stations, where little, stocky Arabian horses are kept. To go from Tabriz to Ispahan, for instance, one must first get a pass or permit from the government office. At each station along the line the traveller notes in a book his name, his servant's name, and the time of leaving the station. A rider goes along to the next station to return the horses.

In the towns or villages the houses are made usually of brick plastered or covered with stucco. The house of a well-to-do merchant is built in a court-yard, surrounded by a high wall. Few of the houses are more than two stories high, and most of them are but one. Perhaps one wall of the house may also be part of the wall of the court-yard; if so, there are two or more small windows overlooking the narrow street. There is usually a well, a fountain, or a stream running through the court-yard. Rows of Lombardy poplars are grown around the court-yard, which always contains a profusion of flowers.

Inside, the house is divided into "outer" and "inner" apartments. The latter are for the use of the women, for, as in India, the women are kept secluded. There is not much furniture. Usually there are one or more divans and couches, and always a number of rugs. Even in the cottages of the poorest people, almost always there are rugs. In the reception-room, which is used by men only, the *kalyon*, a huge tobacco pipe, is kept lighted much of the time. It has a large bowl with several mouth-pieces, and the smoke is drawn through water before it is inhaled by the smoker. The

kalyon stands in the centre of the room, and half a dozen men may sit about it, all smoking at the same time. The dwellings of the poorer people have floors of clay. There is very little, if any, furniture in them, and often the cooking is done in the street. At night the mattresses are spread on the floor.

In the Bazar

In hot weather, however, it is the custom to sleep on the flat roofs of the houses.

A well-to-do Persian gentleman rises at daybreak, and at sunrise prostrates himself in prayer, as is the custom of Muhammadans. His first breakfast is a cup of tea. Then he attends to his bath and toilet. His hair and beard must be dyed and his finger-nails stained. After this he may go to his

place of business. At ten o'clock he has his regular breakfast of bread and sour milk. From noon until about three o'clock little business is done, and the time is spent in rest and sleep. Even the day laborers spend much of the mid-day time in resting. By three or four in the afternoon business is resumed and carried on until early evening. The principal meal of the day comes after sunset, and consists of meats,

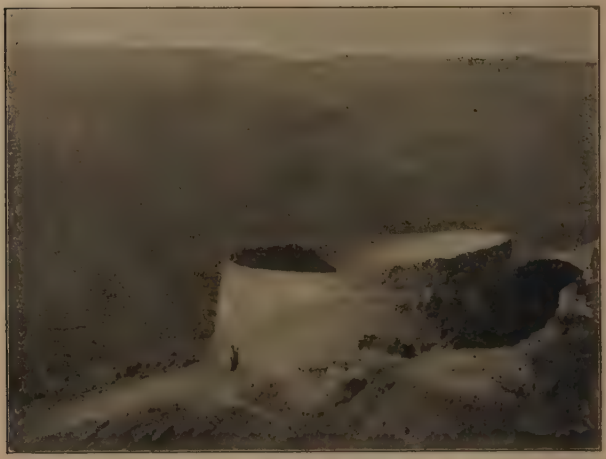
Teheran—A General View

fruits, salads, rice, and bread made of unbolted flour. Wine or liquor is forbidden to Muhammadans, but sherbets containing a very small proportion of wine are used freely, and tea is a universal drink. Rice is used more than any other food-stuff. Such things as plates, knives, and forks are found among the wealthier people only. Very often thin cakes of bread are used as plates.

The public bath is to be found in nearly every city and town. It is always a popular resort, and much time is spent there. There are tanks for plunge-baths, and every-

thing needed in the ordinary Turkish bath is provided for a small fee. There are also free baths. A tea-garden is usually a part of the public bath, and it is the favorite place where people do their visiting, and indulge in card-playing and gossip.

Persian boys are sent to school at the age of six or seven. There are no public schools, and no free schools as we know



Teheran—The Fire-Worshippers' Cemetery

them in our own land; but about every mosque has one or more schools. At the mosques, which are Muhammadan places of worship, the teachers are "mullahs," or priests. The boys sit on rugs around their teacher. They learn to read from the Koran, the sacred book of the Muhammadans. At these schools reading, writing, and a little arithmetic only are taught. If the pupils desire other studies they must hire private tutors. Almost all boys are trained to become good horsemen.

Boys that have learned to read, write, and figure accounts accurately are put to work. A boy usually follows the business of his father, and every carpenter, smith, mason, or tailor has one or more boys as apprentices.

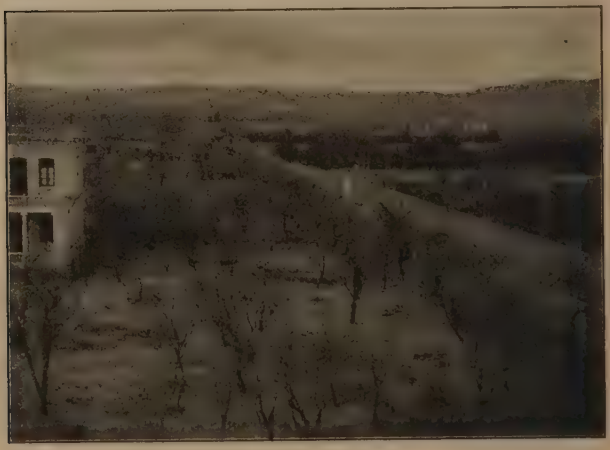
Girls are rarely taught to read and write, but most girls are taught housework. Among the wealthy Persians they are also taught embroidery and dress-making. Many parents would think it scandalous were a daughter sent to school. In several of the larger cities, like Tabriz and Teheran, the missionary societies have established schools for girls. Girls are usually betrothed when they are ten or twelve years of age, and married at sixteen. The women of Persia are far better off than those of India.

Teheran, the capital, has a population of 200,000. Formerly it was surrounded by a wall of mud brick about twenty feet high, but the city now extends beyond the walls. In the poorer parts of the city the houses are also built of mud brick, but there are many wooden buildings well built and comfortable. The flat roofs of the houses are the most comfortable part, especially in the evening. If there is a yard adjoining the house, it is pretty apt to be a stable as well. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty, but in recent years several wide, paved streets have been made. The shah and his royal household live in the inclosure containing the citadel.

There are several caravanseries, or markets, where trading is done. These are yards surrounded by walls, within which the camel caravans receive and deliver their goods. Instead of large stores, the retail traders gather in covered arcades called bazars. Each shop is very small. Most of the retail trade is carried on by Armenians from Turkey, but the caravan trade is largely controlled by Arabs. There are several beautiful mosques and a college to train young men for business.

Tabriz is the most important city of Persia, because it is

at this city that the commerce of Russia and Turkey is carried on with Persia. In population it is about as large as Teheran, but the amount of business is far greater. Silk fabrics and dried fruit are exported from Tabriz, and the famous Tabriz rugs are found in every civilized country in the world. There are said to be more than three hundred mosques in the city,



Tabriz—The Suburbs

and Tabriz is one of the few places in Persia where Christians are allowed to build churches. The Christian population consists chiefly of Armenian merchants and their families.

Not far from Tabriz, in the western part of Persia, is the famous Lake Urumia, or Urmia. The lake valley, or basin, is the most fertile part of Persia. There is a tradition that this valley was the Garden of Eden. Lake Urmia is the largest lake in the Iran plateau, and is about the size of Great Salt Lake, in the United States. Like Great Salt Lake, its waters

are so salt and briny that nothing can live in them. The city of Urmia, one of the most prosperous in Persia, is the headquarters of American missions. There is a tradition that Zoroaster, a great scholar and religious teacher, was born in this city.

Kirmanshah, Hamadan, Ispahan, and Shiraz are all famous for the beautiful rugs of which they are markets. The rugs are collected by camel caravans and most of them are carried to Constantinople or to Athens. Some of them are sold in the large cities of Europe, but most of them finally reach New York City, which is one of the chief rug markets of the world.

Persia has no seaport at which large steamships can land supplies. Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, is the only port that can be approached by large vessels, and they must anchor more than three miles from the town. During the season when Muhammadans make their pilgrimages to Mecca, mail steamers call at Bushire to take the pilgrims back and forth; but the town has very little to do with the outside world. A small area of Persia on the south-west coast belongs to the Arabian state of Oman, and Arabians have most of the trade on the south coast of Persia.

CHAPTER XXIV

THROUGH ARMENIA, THE HOLY LAND, AND ARABIA

The Turkish or Ottoman Empire is half as large as the United States and has half as many people. Turkey in Asia is historically one of the most interesting parts of the world. Next to Egypt it has the oldest historical records, and it certainly has the oldest written history, for it is the land of Bible history.

It is a country of strange geographical features, too, for within its borders only a few hundred miles apart are Mount Ararat, whose top is nearly four miles above sea-level, and the Dead Sea, whose briny waters are thirteen hundred feet below it. It is a region of extreme heat and of bitter cold. One may find at Erzerum, on the Black Sea, the temperature of Winnipeg, and at Aden, on the west coast of Arabia, the scorching sun of the Colorado desert; indeed, Aden is reputed to be the hottest place in the world.

As for people, pretty nearly every race is represented. In Asia Minor, or Anatolia, as it is called, the most important part of the population is the Armenian element. The Armenians are nominally Christians and are therefore most cordially hated by the Muhammadans, whose chief business seems to be slaughtering all who do not follow the faith of the Prophet. The Armenians are the progressive business people of the empire, and without them the sultan's income would be very small.

The Turkish element outnumbers all the rest of the population nearly ten to one but, so far as wealth and industry are concerned, it plays a very small part. This is partly due to the religious teachings of the Muhammadan faith, but chiefly to the government, which taxes all products so heavily that the Turkish farmer is better off if he grows only enough to keep body and soul together. Many of the Turks are tribes-

Turkoman Kurds

men who have no fixed homes. Even the most intelligent are inferior to the Turks—or Osmanli, as they call themselves in Europe.

The Circassians form a considerable part of the population, most of them living in the vicinity of the Caucasus Mountains. In the eastern part of Asia Minor are many Kurds. They live tribal lives in the main, and are herdsmen. In the western part are the Syrians. With the Greek merchants and sailors they practically control the trade of the Mediterranean coast.

The Jews form an interesting element of the population of the Mediterranean coast. They are remnants of the Israelites whom King David organized into a powerful king-

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A Farm Near Beirut

dom. They are not an important element in the affairs of Turkey, but they have not lost the thrift for which they are famous.

The Arabs of Arabia are the most picturesque of all the people in the sultan's domain. So far as any close control over them by the sultan is concerned, they might just as well be elsewhere. It is only along the coast of Arabia that the

sultan has any real power. But the Arabs are great traders and are rich; so it is more economical to be loyal to him at the seaports and the near-by plantations than to be at war with him. The Arabs control nearly all the trade that comes from the interior, and their caravans are everywhere in the deserts of Asia and Africa.

We may enter Turkey in Asia at several large seaports. Smyrna is the chief port of Asia Minor. We have heard

Villagers Weaving Mats

much about "Smyrna rugs," but, a few carpets excepted, rugs are not made in Smyrna. The alleged Smyrna rugs are made chiefly in Philadelphia, and Yonkers, New York. Many years ago the rugs made in Asia Minor were marketed in Smyrna, and came to be Smyrna rugs for that reason. A great many rugs are still exported from Smyrna, but they are the beautiful Oriental rugs which are named after the city or vilayet in which they are made.

But Smyrna is a great and prosperous city, with its 200,000 people. Its water-front is a sea-wall more than three miles long, and modern stone buildings give the city an imposing appearance from the harbor. These, with a fine electric railway along the sea-wall, give the city a European appearance; but this quickly changes as one gets a short distance from the water-front, for it is scarcely a minute's walk from the West to the Far East. The business buildings are of stone, or stone with timber frames. Away from the water-front they

A Turkish Hearth-Rug

are mainly of a sun-dried brick. High walls conceal the marble-tiled yards and gardens of the well-to-do. Beautiful flowers and fountains are within the walls; deep dust, intolerable heat, and discomfort are without.

A dozen or more caravan routes and several railways converge at Smyrna. Dried figs, bales of rugs, goat-skins, cotton, silk, and goats' hair to the amount of over twenty millions of dollars are brought by camel caravans and the railway every year. These are finally sold to the consumers in Europe and America. Smyrna figs are world-wide in

reputation. Formerly they were a pretty dirty lot of stuff as they came to the market, but in time European firms began to engage in the packing and export trade, and now the figs are clean enough to satisfy the most dainty.

Beirut is another port of considerable importance, though not much more than half as large as Smyrna. It is the port of a very productive country the centre of which is Damascus. Damascus is one of the oldest cities in the world. It was a place of importance in the time of Abraham, and it was the scene of the story of Naaman the leper, whose house is now a leper hospital. In turn the Hebrews, Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, and Saracens held the city. About the time that Columbus discovered America Turkish hordes captured it and have held it ever since. Here, nineteen hundred years ago, Saul, a man of wonderful ability, after having been a leader in persecuting Christians, was himself converted to Christianity and became St. Paul.

Damascus has a population of about a quarter of a million. Camel caravans scouring the country around and reaching even into Persia gather rugs, grain, apricots, prunes, and goat's hair. The Turkish prunes and apricots have a ready market in Europe and America. The goat's hair is mixed with fine wool and made into rugs by Jewish manufacturers in Beirut.

To two famous products Damascus has given a name which is known all over the world—a cloth this day called "damask" and a most famous quality of steel. The damascene sword blade, inlaid with gold, was so elastic and so finely tempered that it could be coiled like a watch-spring. Damascene swords are still made, but they are clumsy imitations, good for nothing except to deceive tourists.

At a distance Damascus is beautiful with the gilded minarets of its hundreds of mosques. A massive wall surrounds the city. Within the walls there is more of comfort

Smyrna—A Panorama

than in any other city of Asiatic Turkey. The "Street which is called Straight" traverses the city. It is lined with bazars in which beautifully brocaded silks, killims, and rugs are sold. The bazars are among the finest in the world. Sleek-looking merchants sit in tiny stalls surrounded by their wares. They know pretty nearly at a glance whether

Damascus—The River Abana

or not a prospective customer has money to spend and how much. A merchant pulls from a cloth case a score of cashmere shawls worth from one to three thousand dollars apiece; then he takes from his turban a packet of precious stones, in value a small fortune. If these do not attract the customer a lot of rich laces follow; then comes beautiful jewelry. Finally he is content to sell an amber mouth-piece of a pipe for five piastres.

Public letter-writers sit at street corners, almost always surrounded by groups of peasants. Engravers of seals are here and there. They are very important persons, because in this part of Turkey deeds and contracts bear seals instead of signatures. At the bakers' shops one may see the bakers rolling dough into thin sheets and pasting them against hot stones. As fast as they are baked men and boys carry them to the streets shouting, "O Allah, send customers." Lemonade, raisin water, and liquorice water are peddled about the streets in glass jars or in goatskin bottles.

After the bazars the most attractive features are the baths and the cafés. In the hot part of the day, from twelve till four, all people who have leisure go to the baths, where great volumes of cool water, flowing from the mountains, are caught in fountains, streams, and swimming pools. "Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" From four until six or seven all are at business again, and at nightfall the crowds go to the cafés. Perhaps they are not so stylish as the cafés of Paris and New York, but they are mighty comfortable and one has the best of food and service. At Damascus the river breaks into hundreds of small channels, and the cafés are hidden in the dense foliage growing along them.

The private houses are the wonder of the Far East, and a visitor is fortunate who may be a guest in one of them. The house is surrounded by a mud wall that is not unlike the wall of a corral in Mexico; a low door and a narrow, winding passage lead to a reception-room. From this, one passage leads to the apartments of the women and another to the court-yard. The latter is filled with flowers and fruit trees, and if there are no fountains there is at least a well of running water. Arched doorways of the finest marble lead to the men's apartments, which are furnished with rugs and divans. The floors are marble and the walls are mosaic

patterns. Beautifully wrought bronze lamps hang from the carved ceilings.

The houses of the very poor are in strong contrast—mud walls inside and out, mud floors with never a rug, no courtyard, no running water; nothing but a hovel that is unfit to be a stable for the sore-backed donkey which is the entire fortune of its owner. The breakfast of the ryot consists of a little fruit, some coarse sour bread, and possibly some coffee. His dinner and supper are about the same, with possibly a little rancid butter or a drink of goat's milk. The donkey fares about as well. During the day it is the riding animal of the tourist, while the owner, running behind, beats the poor beast and shrieks himself into hysterics with shrill cursings. The driver and the donkey are brutes of a kind and either one is about as near human as the other.

Of all the cities of Asia, Jerusalem is the most interesting. Just how old it is no one knows. When David had gathered the Israelites into a kingdom he needed a capital and Jerusalem looked good to him. It was then a stronghold of the Canaanites—Jebusites, they called themselves—and was supposed to be the one fortress that King David could not capture. But capture it he did and made it the capital of his kingdom. It was not much of a city at that time, and King David lived in a very humble wooden palace built by foreign laborers. He planned the magnificent temple, which he did not live to see, but which Solomon built with the aid of his friend Hiram, King of Tyre.

Years afterward the city was attacked and looted by nearby enemies, and then it was captured by Nebuchadnezzar, who carried many of the people off into captivity. Twice it was captured by Roman soldiers, one of whom, Titus, destroyed it. For many centuries it was held by one or another invader and even now it is in the hands of Muhammadans. No one knows with certainty the site of King David's pal-

ace, or that of Solomon's temple, for modern Jerusalem is built on the ruins of the old city.

Yafa—Joppa, it used to be called—is the port of Jerusalem. It is built on a rocky height that overlooks the Mediterranean Sea. Its narrow streets are deep with dust, and the landing-place swarms with beggars. The low, stone-built

Jerusalem—The Road to Bethlehem

houses seem but little better than hovels. The Turkish authorities have made a fine carriage-road to Jerusalem, and more recently a railway has been built. Each is about forty miles long. Both roads pass through the rich Plain of Sharon, a beautiful pasture-land, with here and there thrifty-looking orchards and fields of blood-red poppies.

Jerusalem is on a plateau, surrounded on three sides by deep valleys. There are hills around and about the city, one

of which, the Mount of Olives, has a name that will never be forgotten. From its top, on a clear day one may get a glimpse of the Dead Sea toward the south-east, and the Mediterranean Sea on the west.

The city is surrounded by high walls of yellowish limestone. From the outside the walls are so high that a ladder of ordinary length would reach less than half-way to the top, and the slopes of the valley sides are so steep that one can scarcely climb them except where paths have been cut. So far as trade and commerce are concerned Jerusalem has but little importance, and most of the money brought into the city comes from the pocket-books of tourists.

Within the walls the stone-built houses seem to be piled up like packing-cases in a warehouse. Some of them are nothing but caves in the limestone rock; most of them are without windows; others are much like the dugouts of mining camps; a hole has been cut into the side of a cliff and a front has been built upon the edge, the whole being covered with a flat roof of clay. Some of the houses are built one atop of another. Some of the larger and more pretentious dwellings are roofed with grass-plots or gardens, and in hot weather these are the only comfortable places within the walls. For the greater part the Jews, Armenians, and Muhammadans are each in a quarter of the city by themselves.

The streets are very narrow—so narrow that in some of them an ordinary carriage cannot be driven. Some of them are paved with blocks of limestone, others are deep with dust or with mud. In places the narrower streets are partly covered by stone houses that have been built over them. In two or three places the street is much like a tunnel. The less pretentious shops are very small—so small, indeed, that the customer must stay in the street while making purchases. One of the streets, the Via Dolorosa,

is said to be the street upon which Jesus bore the cross on his way to the crucifixion; but this is very improbable, for the streets of Herod's time are covered many feet deep.

Several gateways are in the walls. The Yafa and Damascus gates mark the roads to the cities whose names they bear. Turkish soldiers stand at each gate—not to guard it, but to collect a tax on everything passing through. Even a small basket of fruit carried into the city must be taxed one-tenth of its value; not only that, but the soldiers help themselves liberally to anything they want.

Jerusalem A Street Scene

The place of chief interest in the city is a walled square, now called "Haram esh-Sherif," or chief sanctuary. It is in this place that King David built the first altar, and it is also the site of Solomon's Temple. But the temple was destroyed and the children of its builders were made captives and taken to Babylon. A second temple was built and it was destroyed. Then King Herod began the building of a third temple that was to be grander than either of the others, but it was never finished. Long before the beginning of the Christian era the

Ark of the Covenant was stolen from its resting-place, the Holy of Holies, and to this day no one knows what became of it. Years afterward the Seven Golden Candlesticks were seized, when the city was captured, and taken to Rome. There they remained until Rome was sacked, and they too disappeared.

Jerusalem—The Wailing Place

A mosque, the Dome of the Rock, is built over the place where the Holy of Holies is thought to have been, and upon which the Ark of the Covenant rested. Muhammadans say that the Prophet Muhammad once offered prayer upon this rock, and it is therefore sacred to them. But even to this day pious Jews will not enter the inclosure, fearing to tread upon what was once a holy place. The mosque, or dome, was built about twelve centuries ago; it is also called the Mosque of Omar. Just outside the Haram is the "Wailing Place" where pious Jews from all parts of the world gather to lament the destruction of Jerusalem and pray for its restoration.

Much has been done for the city both by Jews and by Christians. There are schools, hospitals, and churches supported by people who are generously inclined; for the industries of Jerusalem come nowhere near to supporting the life of its population, and most of the people are wretchedly poor. In each vilayet, or political division, there is a Turkish governor, and usually he lives in a city or

other important place in the vilayet. The governor usually acts as a judge, and he sees to it that the taxes are collected.

As in most parts of Asia, the farmers do not live on their farms; they cluster in villages, and in most villages there is a headman called a "sheik." He is responsible to the governor for the conduct of the villagers, and is allowed to use his own methods in governing them. The badge of his office is very commonly a good, stout cudgel, and he is not at all sparing in the use of it.

All the produce, whether crops or herds, must be brought to the public threshing-floor or market-place, and the watchmen of the tax-gatherers are stationed around and about to see that nothing is carried away until the taxes are collected. In many places watchmen stand at the top of towers built for the purpose. Of all crops and produce the government gets its tenth, good measure. And, inasmuch as the government officers are not given to asking questions about things, the tax-collectors—they used to be called publicans—help themselves pretty liberally from the rest. If a poor victim is suspected of hiding a part of his crop in order to escape the tax-collector, the sheik's cudgel is at once brought into vigorous use, and it never fails to produce the tax-money.

The road to the river Jordan passes through the village of Bethany where Jesus once lived, and where Mary and Martha also dwelt. Then the road descends to Jericho, now a collection of hovels and beggars. Not far away is the old town of Jericho whose walls fell when the trumpets of Joshua sounded. A few miles from Jericho is the bathing-place of the Jordan where Jesus was baptized.

Although the Jordan rises high on the slopes of Mount Hermon, at the pilgrims' bathing-place it is below sea-level, and the Dead Sea into which it flows is at the lowest point of the land surface of the earth. Its waters are a brine so salty

that nothing can live in them. It is said that more than six million tons of water flow daily into the Dead Sea, but all this water evaporates as fast as it flows into the sea.

Of all the land in Asiatic Turkey the lower part of the plain between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers is the most fertile. This region is called Mesopotamia, "the country between rivers." From Mosul to Bagdad the Tigris skirts the foothills of mountains, and the Euphrates flows through the Syrian Desert. Below Bagdad, however, the low flood plain is a maze of canals and irrigating ditches. This region produces dates and grain, which are consumed chiefly at home; wool and goat's hair, which are made into rugs and sold throughout America and Europe; cotton, which is made into a gaudily colored cloth at Bagdad; and horses, which are sold in India.

Because of its fertility it has always been coveted. More than three thousand years ago, Nebuchadnezzar I. made it a part of his great kingdom of Babylon. Since that time Chaldeans, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Turks have held it. Babylon was once the chief city of the region, but King Sennacherib punished its rebellious people by putting most of them to death, tearing down the buildings, and turning the Euphrates through the city.

There was a Babylonian colony about fifty miles up the river, however, and this settlement became the city of Bagdad. Even to this day bricks stamped with the name of Nebuchadnezzar are found along the banks of the river. The present city was founded by the caliph Haroun el-Raschid, made famous in modern times by the delightful stories of the "Arabian Nights."

For many centuries Bagdad was a very rich city, to which gathered much of the trade between Europe and India. But when Vasco da Gama discovered a trade route to India around Africa, which the Turks could neither pillage nor

blockade, Bagdad little by little lost its trade. The old city was on the west side of the Tigris; a new Bagdad has been built on the opposite side. Bridges of boats cross the river between the old and the new cities. There are mosques with brightly colored and gilded minarets, churches for the Christian population, and synagogues for those of Jewish faith. The bazars are much like those of other Turkish cities, and

Bagdad—The Custom House and the Euphrates River

the merchants who ask a customer fifty piastres for an article will be satisfied with ten.

Below Bagdad very comfortable little river steamboats have taken the place of the boats built of straw that only a few years ago were used to carry freight to Basra, or Bassorah, near the mouth of the Tigris. Passengers and freight from Mosul, the centre of a famous rug-making district, are sent by keleks. The kelek is a very ingenious raft. To the under side of a loosely covered framework about two hundred sheep bladders are attached, and on the top a rough cabin is built. Two or three boatmen manage to keep the kelek from breaking to pieces as the swift current carries it to Bagdad. But the river steamboat is fast taking the place of the

native boats, and a railway from Constantinople is nearing completion.

In the past few years the Arabian peninsula has been more closely connected with the rest of the Ottoman Empire than ever before, for a railway now connects Mecca, the holy city of the Muhammadans, with Damascus and the Mediterranean Sea. With the exception of the coast provinces, however, Arabia has but little to do with the rest of the world. The interior of the peninsula is a hot desert region, inhabited by half-savage Bedouins, many of whom are herdsmen when they are not robbers. In this part of Asia the children of Israel wandered for forty years as a punishment for their disobedience. Fed by manna, and led by a pillar of cloud or by a gleam of light, they wandered and wandered until all who had sinned were sleeping their last sleep in the desert.

A Sheik

But Arabia of the present day has given several things to the rest of the world, and these have been of no little importance. One, the gum exuding from the acacia-tree, has made the name of the peninsula a household word—gum arabic. The Arabian horse is another. The stocky little pony bearing the name is neither so large nor so strong as the ordinary American horse, but it is hardier and can endure more hardship than any other horse in existence. The Moors who overran Spain were great horsemen, and carried the Arabian breed of horses into Spain. The Spaniards carried them to Mexico and the Pacific coast, and the

mustangs and cayuses of to-day are descendants of the Arabian horse.

Coffee is another product that has made Arabia famous. The vilayet of Yemen, which borders the entrance to the Red Sea, for centuries has been celebrated for its coffee. This was marketed at Mocha and came to be called Mocha coffee. The little, rounded kernels are not sightly in appearance, but they have a flavor that is not surpassed. Arab traders gather the coffee at the various plantations, and the camel caravans head—not for Mocha, but for Hodeida, from which port the coffee is now shipped. On the way to Hodeida, trader and drivers spend every spare minute in sorting the coffee berries into different grades. The sorting is done by hand, and every berry is inspected. The choicest berries are not exported from Turkey; they are sold in the larger cities, where they command a price sometimes as great as five dollars per pound. None but the lowest grade reaches western Europe and America.

Bedouin Arabs

The religious life of a pious Muhammadan is very strict. Five times a day—at daybreak, at mid-day, in early afternoon, at sunset, and at nightfall—a priest, or muezzin, calls from the minaret of the mosque: "Allah is great: I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet: come to

prayer." To bathe before prayer is a religious duty, and in every village and city there are pools for the purpose. In the desert one may use sand instead of water. At the first sound of the muezzin's voice, the faithful turn their faces toward Mecca, prostrate themselves until their foreheads touch the

A Mosque—The Tower from which the Muezzin Calls to Prayer

ground, and recite the prayer: "In the name of God, the merciful and gracious: praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the merciful and gracious, the Prince of the day of judgment. Thee we serve, and to Thee we pray for help: lead us in the right way, the way of those to whom Thou hast shown mercy, upon whom no wrath resteth, and who go not astray. Amen."

Every good Muhammadan is expected to fast one day

a year, and from sunrise to sunset not a drop of food or drink is taken. During summer, especially in the desert regions, the intense thirst causes great suffering, but the fast is faithfully kept. After sunset, however, a feast follows.

Every faithful follower is also bound to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city, at least once in his lifetime. Since

Medina

the building of the railway from Damascus southward toward Mecca, Damascus has become the chief gathering-place. Thousands yearly make the pilgrimage, most of the pilgrims stopping a short time at Medina, where the Prophet is buried. Perhaps the railway may never enter Medina, for it would defile such a holy place were the shadow of a Christian structure ever to fall upon it. But the railway is mighty, and,

sooner or later, it will bring Western civilization even to the gates of Medina and Mecca. Just before reaching Mecca all clothing is put aside, an apron is bound about the waist, and a cloth is thrown over the left shoulder.

In the inclosure of the sanctuary is a stone building, the

The Kaaba

Kaaba, built in the form of a cube. Within the kaaba is the black stone, most likely a meteoric stone, that is said to have been given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel. After entering the sanctuary the pilgrim walks seven times around it, stopping to kiss the black stone and to touch each holy object. Thence he proceeds to the sacred mount to hear a sermon, ending his ceremonies by stoning Satan in the near-by valley of Mina. Few Muhammadans make more than one pilgrimage to Mecca, but whoever makes the one is a person of distinction for the rest of his life.

One port of Arabia has commercial importance—Aden.

It is a calling-place for many of the steam-ships of the canal route to India. Aden has one distinction; it is the hottest place in the world. It is told that a very wicked Englishman, who had long lived in Aden, died and went to the place where the wicked are said to go. After a few days he came back in ghostly form and called for an overcoat and fur cap.

There is more money in fresh water than in anything else

Dromedaries

belonging to Aden, because only a mighty little of it is to be had. In the main, it is made by evaporating sea-water and condensing the steam. The plutocrats who own the water-making machinery are the only rich men in Aden. The town is a dazzling white mass of sand, rock, and stone houses with here and there touches of brown. The brown is the dirt on the native faces; and it must be cheap, because there is a lot of it. Not a thing of living green is in sight —well, yes; there is. It is the tourist who asks for a drink of water. But he, too, changes color when he pays the charges. Selling coal and water to steam-ships is the only paying business in Aden. A

company or two of British soldiers keep things orderly. They are well groomed and natty in appearance. Evidently they use plenty of water externally, but it is too expensive to drink.

The traveller who takes the steam-ship from Bombay westward is thankful when the Red Sea and Suez Canal are traversed, joyful when he boards the transatlantic greyhound, and happy when the shores of the American continent are once more in sight.

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